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THE GROWTH AND EXPRESSION OF PUBLIC OPINION.

PUBLIC opinion, like democracy itself, is a new power which has come into the world since the Middle Ages. In fact, it is safe to say that before the French Revolution nothing of the kind was known or dreamt of in Europe. There was a certain truth in Louis XIV.'s statement, which now sounds so droll, that he was himself the state. Public opinion was *his* opinion. In England, it may be said with equal safety, there was nothing that could be called public opinion, in the modern sense, before the passage of the Reform Bill. It began to form itself slowly after 1816. Sir Robert Peel was forced to remark in a letter to Croker in March, 1820: —

"Do you not think that the tone of England, of that great compound of folly, weakness, prejudice, wrong feeling, right feeling, obstinacy, or newspaper paragraphs, which is called public opinion, is more liberal — to use an odious but intelligible phrase — than the policy of the government? Do not you think that there is a feeling becoming daily more general and more confirmed — that is independent of the pressure of taxation, or any immediate cause — in favor of some undefined change in the mode of governing the country? It seems to me a curious crisis, when public opinion never had such influence in public measures, and yet never was so dissatisfied with the share which it possessed. It is growing too large for the channels that it has been accustomed to run through. God knows it is very dif-

ficult to widen them equally in proportion to the size and force of the current which they have to convey, but the engineers that made them never dreamed of various streams that are now struggling for vent."

In short, Peel perceived the growth of the force, and he recognized it as a new force. In America public opinion can hardly be said to have existed before the Revolution. The opinions of leading men, of clergymen and large landholders, were very powerful, and settled most of the affairs of state, but the opinion of the majority did not count for much, and the majority, in truth, did not think that it should. In other words, public opinion had not been created. It was the excitement of the Revolutionary War which brought it into existence, and made it seem omnipotent. It is obvious, however, that there are two kinds of public opinion. One kind is the popular belief in the fitness or rightness of something, which Mr. Balfour calls "climate," a belief that certain lines of conduct should be followed, or a certain opinion held, by good citizens, or right thinking persons. Such a belief does not impose any duty on anybody beyond outward conformity to the received standards. The kind I am now talking of is the public opinion, or consensus of opinion, among large bodies of persons, which acts as a political force, imposing on those in authority certain enactments, or certain lines of policy. The first of these does not change, and is not seriously modified in much

less than fifty years. The second is being incessantly modified by the events of the day.

All the writers on politics are agreed as to the influence which this latter public opinion ought to have on government. They all acknowledge that in modern constitutional states it ought to be omnipotent. It is in deciding from what source it should come that the democrats and the aristocrats part company. According to the aristocratic school, it should emanate only from persons possessing a moderate amount of property, on the assumption that the possession of property argues some degree of intelligence and interest in public affairs. According to the democratic school, it should emanate from the majority of the adult males, on the assumption that it is only in this way that legislators can be made to consult the greatest good of the greatest number, and that, in the long run, the majority of adult males are pretty sure to be right about public questions. President Lincoln came near defining this theory when he said, "You can fool part of the people all the time, and all the people part of the time, but you cannot fool all the people all the time." This probably meant that under the democratic system public opinion forms slowly, and has to be clarified by prolonged discussion, but it is sure to prove correct eventually.

What appears most to concern us in the tendencies of democratic government is not so much the quality of public opinion, as the way in which it exercises its power over the conduct of affairs. I was struck recently by a remark in a private letter, that "public opinion is as sound as ever, but that the politicians" — that is, the men in control of affairs — "pay just as little attention to it as ever." There is an assumption here that we can get at public opinion in some other way than through elections; that is, that we may know what the public thinks on any particular question, without paying atten-

tion to what men in power, who seek to obey the popular will, do or say as a condition of their political existence. Is this true of any democratic country? Is it true, in particular, of the United States of America?

There are only two ways in which public opinion upon political questions finds expression, or is thought to find it. One is the vote at elections, the other is journalism. But public opinion declares itself through elections only at intervals of greater or less length: in England, once in five or six years; in America, once in two years, or at most in four; in France, once in four years. It is only at these periods that public opinion must be sought; at others, it is consulted at the will of the minister or sovereign, and he rarely consults it when he can help it if he thinks that its decision will be against him, and that the result will be a loss of power. The imperfection of elections, however, as a means of making public opinion known, is very obvious. It is seldom, indeed, that a definite issue is submitted to the public, like the Swiss referendum, and that the voters are asked to say yes or no, in answer to a particular question. As a rule, it is the general policy of the party in power, on all sorts of subjects, which appears to determine the action of the voters. The bulk of them, on both sides, vote for their own party in any event, no matter what course it has pursued, on the principle that if what it has done in a particular case is not right, it is as nearly right as circumstances will permit. The remnant, or "independents," who turn the scale to one side or the other, have half a dozen reasons for their course, or, in other words, express by their vote their opinions on half a dozen subjects, besides the one on which the verdict of the majority is sought. During the last thirty years, for instance, in the United States, it would have been almost useless to consult the voters on any subject except the tariff. No matter what question might

have been put to them, it would almost surely have been answered with reference mainly to the effect of the answer on the tariff. All other matters would have been passed over. In like manner, it has probably been impossible in England, for ten or twelve years, to get a real expression of opinion on any subject except Irish home rule. To the inquiry what people thought about the Armenian massacres, or education, or liquor regulation, the voters were pretty sure to answer, "We are opposed to Irish home rule." Accordingly, after every election there are disputes as to what it means. The defeated party seldom acknowledges that its defeat has been due to the matters on which the other side claims a victory. The great triumph of the Conservatives in 1894 was ascribed by them to home rule, but by the Liberals to local option and clerical hostility to the common schools. Similarly, the Republican defeat in America in 1890 was due, according to one party, to the excesses of the McKinley tariff, and, according to the other, to gross deceptions practiced on the voters as to its probable effect on prices.

What are called "electioneering devices" or "tricks" are largely based on this uncertainty. That is, they are meant to influence the voters by some sort of matter irrelevant to the main issue. This is called "drawing a red herring across the scent." A good example of it is to be found in the practice, which has prevailed during nearly the whole tariff agitation, of citing the rage, or disgust, or misery of foreigners due to our legislation, as a reason for persisting in it, — as if any legislation which produced this effect on foreigners must be good. But, obviously, there might be much legislation which would excite the hostility of foreigners, and be at the same time injurious to this country. In voting on the tariff, a large number of voters — the Irish for instance — might be, and doubtless were, influenced in favor of high du-

ties by the fact that, to a large extent, they would exclude British goods, and thus they appeared to be approving a protective policy in general. Nobody believes that in Germany the increasing Socialist vote represents Socialist ideas — properly so called. It expresses discontent generally with the existing régime. In Ireland, too, the vote at a general election does not express simply an opinion on the question which has dissolved Parliament. Rather, it expresses general hostility to English rule. In Italy elections mostly turn on the question of the temporal power of the Pope. In fact, wherever we look at the modes of obtaining expressions of public opinion, we find that elections are not often reliable as to particular measures, except through the referendum. In all democratic countries, it is the practice of the bulk of the voters to indicate by their votes rather their confidence in, or distrust of, the party in power, than their opinions on any particular measure. It is the few who turn the scale who are really influenced by the main question before the voters. The rest follow their party prepossessions, or rely on the party managers to turn the majority, if they secure it, to proper account.

In England some reliance is placed on what are called "bye elections," — or elections caused by vacancies occurring between two general elections, — as indications of the trend of public opinion touching the acts or policy of the ministry. But these elections very seldom show more than slight diminution or slight increase of preceding majorities, and the result, as an instruction, is very often made uncertain by local causes, such as the greater or less popularity of one of the candidates. They may, and generally do, reveal the growing or declining popularity of the party in power in the constituency in which they occur, but rarely can be held to express the opinion of the majority on any particular matter. There are several ways of

accounting for any changes which have occurred in the total vote, all equally plausible. In America town or county elections serve somewhat the same purpose. They are watched, not so much with reference to their influence on local affairs, as with reference to the light they throw on the feelings of the voters toward the administration for the time being. It is taken for granted that no local wants or incidents will prevent the bulk of the voters from casting their ballots as members of federal parties.

It is, probably, this disposition to vote on the general course of the administration, rather than on any particular proposal, which causes what it is now the fashion to call the "swinging of the pendulum," — that is, the tendency both in England and in America to vote in a different way at alternate elections, or never to give any party more than one term in power. If public attention were apt to be concentrated on one measure, this could hardly occur so frequently. It doubtless indicates, not positive condemnation of any particular thing, so much as disapproval or weariness of certain marked features of the government policy. The voters get tired both of praise and of blame of particular men, and so resolve to try others; or they get tired of a particular policy, and long for something new. It is a little difficult to fix on the exact cause of such changes, but it seems pretty certain that they cannot be considered definite expressions of opinion on specific subjects. And then, owing to the electoral divisions through which every country chooses legislators, a far greater change may often be made in the legislature than the vote in the separate constituencies warrants. For instance, a President may readily be chosen in the United States by a minority of the popular vote; and in England, an enormous majority in the House of Commons may rest on a very small aggregate majority of the electors. There never was a more striking illustration of the difficulty of

getting at popular opinion than the defeat of the Disraeli ministry in 1880. It was the confident belief of all the more instructed portion of the community — the gentry, the clergy, and the professional class — that, rightly or wrongly, public opinion was on the side of the ministry, and approved what was called its "imperial policy," — the provocation given to Afghanistan, and the interference in the Russo-Turkish War on the side of Turkey. One heard, it was said, nothing else in the clubs, the trains, the hotels, and the colleges. But the result showed that these indications were of little value, that the judgment of the classes most occupied in observing political tendencies was at fault, and that the bulk of the constituencies had apparently taken quite a different view of the whole matter.

A striking example of the same thing was afforded in the State of New York in 1892. The leaders of the Democratic party at that time were men of more than usual astuteness and political experience. It was of the last importance to them to learn the popular judgment on the more recent acts of the party, particularly on the mode in which it had secured control of the state Senate. Up to the day of election they seem to have had the utmost confidence in an overwhelming popular verdict in their favor. The result, however, was their overwhelming defeat. They apparently had but a very slight knowledge of the trend of public opinion. In truth, it may be said that the great political revolutions wrought by elections, both in England and in America, have been unexpected by the bulk of observers, either wholly or as to their extent. No change at all was looked for, or it was not expected to be so great a change.

Why this should be so, why in a democratic society people should find so much difficulty in discovering beforehand what the sovereign power is thinking, and what it is going to do, is not so difficult to explain as it seems. We must first bear in mind that the democratic societies

prodigiously increased in size almost at the moment at which they acquired control of the State. There was no previous opportunity for examining their tastes, prejudices, weaknesses, or tendencies. Most of the descriptions of democracies within the present century, as I have already pointed out, have been only guesses, or deductions from the history of those of antiquity. Nearly every modern writer on this subject has fallen into mistakes about democratic tendencies, merely through *a priori* reasoning. Certain things had happened in the ancient democracies, and were sure to happen again in the modern democracies, much as the conditions had changed. Singularly enough, the one absolutely new difficulty, the difficulty of consulting a modern democracy, has hardly been noticed. This difficulty has produced the boss, who is a sufficiently simple phenomenon. But how, without the boss, to get at what the people are thinking, has not been found out, though it is of great importance. We have not yet hit on the best plan of getting at "public opinion." Elections, as we have seen, are the medium through which this force manifests itself in action, but they do not furnish the reason of this action, the considerations which led to it, or all the consequences it is expected to produce. Moreover, at best they tell us only what half the people are thinking; for no party nowadays wins an electoral victory by much over half the voters. So that we are driven back, for purposes of observation, on the newspaper press.

Our confidence in this is based on the theory, not so much that the newspapers make public opinion, as that the opinions they utter are those of which their readers approve. But this ground is being made less tenable every year by the fact that more and more newspapers rely on advertising, rather than on subscriptions, for their support and profits, and agreement with their readers is thus less and less important to them. The old threat

of "stopping my paper," if a subscriber came across unpalatable views in the editorial columns, is therefore not so formidable as it used to be, and is less resorted to. The advertiser, rather than the subscriber, is now the newspaper bogie. He is the person before whom the publisher cowers and whom he tries to please, and the advertiser is very indifferent about the opinions of a newspaper. What interests him is the amount or quality of its circulation. What he wants to know is, how many persons see it, not how many persons agree with it. The consequence is that the newspapers of largest circulation, published in the great centres of population where most votes are cast, are less and less organs of opinion, especially in America. In fact, in some cases the advertisers use their influence — which is great, and which the increasing competition between newspapers makes all the greater — to prevent the expression in newspapers of what is probably the prevailing local view of men or events. There are not many newspapers which can afford to defy a large advertiser.

Nothing is more striking in the reading public to-day, in our democracy, than the increasing incapacity for continuous attention. The power of attention is one that, just like muscular power, needs cultivation or training. The ability to listen to a long argument or exposition, or to read it, involves not only strength but habit in the muscles of the eye and the nerves of the ear. In familiar language, one has to be used to it, to do it easily.

There seems to be a great deal of reason for believing that this habit is becoming much rarer. Publishers complain more and more of the refusal of nearly every modern community to read books, except novels, which keep the attention alive by amusing incidents and rapid changes of situation. Argumentative works can rarely count on a large circulation. This may doubtless be ascribed in part to the multiplicity of the objects of attention in modern times, to the

opportunities of simple amusement, to the large area of the world which is brought under each man's observation by the telegraph, and to the general rapidity of communication. But this large area is brought under observation through the newspaper; and that the newspaper's mode of presenting facts does seriously affect the way in which people perform the process called "making up their minds," especially about public questions, can hardly be denied. The nearest approach we can make to what people are thinking about any matter of public interest is undoubtedly by "reading the papers." It may not be a sure way, but there is no other. It is true, often lamentably true, that the only idea most foreigners and observers get of a nation's modes of thought and standards of duty and excellence, and in short of its manners and morals, comes through reading its periodicals. To the outsider the newspaper press is the nation talking about itself. Nations are known to other nations mainly through their press. They used to be known more by their public men; but the class of public men who represent a country is becoming every day smaller, and public men speak less than formerly; with us they can scarcely be said to speak at all. Our present system of nomination and the loss of the habit of debating in the legislature have almost put an end to oratory, except during exciting canvasses. Elsewhere than in England, the names of the leading men are hardly known to foreigners; their utterances, not at all. If I want to learn the drift of opinion in any country, on any topic, the best thing I can do, therefore, is to read the papers; and I must read a large number.

In America more than in any other country, the collection of "news" has become a business within half a century, and it has been greatly promoted by the improvements in the printing-press. Before this period, "news" was generally news of great events, — that is, of events

of more than local importance; so that if a man were asked, "What news?" he would try, in his answer, to mention something of world-wide significance. But as soon as the collection of it became a business, submitted to the ordinary laws of competition, the number of things that were called "news" naturally increased. Each newspaper endeavored to outdo its rivals by the greater number of facts it brought to the public notice, and it was not very long before "news" became everything whatever, no matter how unimportant, which the reader had not previously heard of. The sense of proportion about news was rapidly destroyed. Everything, however trifling, was considered worth printing, and the newspaper finally became, what it is now, a collection of the gossip not only of the whole world, but of its own locality. Now, gossip, when analyzed, consists simply of a collection of actual facts, mostly of little moment, and also of surmises about things, of equally little moment. But business requires that as much importance as possible shall be given to them by the manner of producing each item, or what is called "typographical display." Consequently they are presented with separate and conspicuous headings, and there is no necessary connection between them. They follow one another, column after column, without any order, either of subject or of chronology.

The diligent newspaper reader, therefore, gets accustomed to passing rapidly from one to another of a series of incidents, small and great, requiring simply the transfer, from one trifle to another, of a sort of lazy, uninterested attention, which often becomes sub-conscious; that is, a man reads with hardly any knowledge or recollection of what he is reading. Not only does the attention become habituated to frequent breaches in its continuity, but it grows accustomed to short paragraphs, as one does to passers-by in the street. A man sees and observes them, but does not remember

what he sees and observes for more than a minute or two. That this should have its effect on the editorial writing is what naturally might be expected. If the editorial article is long, the reader, used to the short paragraphs, is apt to shrink from the labor of perusing it; if it is brief, he pays little more attention to it than he pays to the paragraphs. When, therefore, any newspaper turns to serious discussion in its columns, it is difficult, and one may say increasingly difficult, to get a hearing. It has to contend both against the intellectual habit of its readers, which makes prolonged attention hard, and against *a priori* doubts of its honesty and competency. People question whether it is talking in good faith, or has some sinister object in view, knowing that in one city of the Union, at least, it is impossible to get published any criticism on the larger advertisers, however nefarious their doings; knowing also that in another city there have been rapid changes of journalistic views, made for party purposes or through simple changes of ownership.

The result is that the effect of newspaper editorial writing on opinion is small, so far as one can judge. Still, it would be undeniably large enough to possess immense power if the press acted unani- mously as a body. If all the papers, or a great majority of them, said the same thing on any question of the day, or told the same story about any matter in dispute, they would undoubtedly possess great influence. But they are much divided, partly by political affiliations, and partly, perhaps mainly, by business rivalry. For business purposes, each is apt to think it necessary to differ in some degree from its nearest rivals, whether of the same party or not, in its view of any question, or at all events not to support a rival's view, or totally to ignore something to which it is attaching great importance. The result is that the press rarely acts with united force or expresses a united opinion. Nor do many readers

subscribe to more than one paper; and consequently few readers have any knowledge of the other side of any question on which their own paper is, possibly, preaching with vehemence. The great importance which many persons attach to having a newspaper of large circulation on their side is due in some degree to its power in the presentation of facts to the public, and also to its power of annoyance by persistent abuse or ridicule.

Another agency which has interfered with the press as an organ of opinion is the greatly increased expense of starting or carrying on a modern newspaper. The days when Horace Greeley or William Lloyd Garrison could start an influential paper in a small printing-office, with the assistance of a boy, are gone forever. Few undertakings require more capital, or are more hazardous. The most serious item of expense is the collection of news from all parts of the world, and this cannot be evaded in our day. News is the life-blood of the modern newspaper. No talent or energy will make up for its absence. The consequence is that a very large sum is needed to establish a newspaper. After it is started, a large sum must be spent without visible return, but the fortune that may be accumulated by it, if successful, is also very large. One of the most curious things about it is that the public does not expect from a newspaper proprietor the same sort of morality that it expects from persons in other callings. It would disown a book-seller and cease all intercourse with him for a tithe of the falsehoods and petty frauds which it passes unnoticed in a newspaper proprietor. It may disbelieve every word he says, and yet profess to respect him, and may occasionally reward him; so that it is quite possible to find a newspaper which nearly everybody condemns, and whose influence most men would repudiate, circulating very freely among religious and moral people, and making handsome profits. A newspaper proprietor, therefore, who

finds that his profits remain high, no matter what views he promulgates and what kind of morality he practices, can hardly, with fairness to the community, be treated as an exponent of its opinions. He will not consider what it thinks, when he finds he has only to consider what it will buy, and that it will buy his paper without agreeing with it.

But it is as an exponent of the nation's feeling about other nations that the press is most defective. The old diplomacy, in which, as Disraeli said, "sovereigns and statesmen" regulated international affairs in secret conclave in gorgeous salons, has all but passed away. The "sovereigns and statesmen" and the secret conclave and the gorgeous salons remain, but of the old indifference to what the world outside thought of their work not very much remains. Now and then a king or an emperor gratifies his personal spites, in his instructions to his diplomatic representatives, like the Emperor of Germany in the case of the unfortunate Greeks; but most governments, in their negotiations with foreign powers, now listen closely to the voice of their own people. The democracy sits at every council board, and the most conservative of ministers, consciously or unconsciously, consults it as well as he can. He tries to find out what it wishes in any particular matter, or, if this be impossible, he tries to find out what will most impress its imagination. Whether he brings peace or war, he tries to make it appear that the national honor has been carefully looked after, and that the national desires, and even the national weaknesses, have been considered and provided for. But it is from the press that he must learn all this; and it is from the press, too, that each diplomatist must learn whether his opponent's country is really behind him. The press is never silent, and it has the field to itself; any one who wishes to know what the people are feeling and thinking has to rely on it, for the want of anything better.

In international questions, however, the press is often a poor reliance. In the first place, business prudence prompts an editor, whether he fully understands the matter under discussion or not, to take what seems the patriotic view; and tradition generally makes the selfish, quarrelsome view the patriotic view. The late editor of the *Sun* expressed this tersely by advising young journalists "always to stand by the Stars and Stripes." It was long ago expressed still more tersely by the cry, "Our country, right or wrong!" All first-class powers still live more or less openly, in their relations with one another, under the old dueling code, which the enormous armaments in modern times render almost a necessity. Under this code the one unbearable imputation is fear of somebody. Any other imputation a nation supports with comparative meekness; the charge of timidity is intolerable. It has been made more so by the conversion of most modern nations into great standing armies, and no great standing army can for a moment allow the world to doubt its readiness, and even eagerness, to fight. It is not every diplomatic difference that is at first clearly understood by the public. Very often, the pros and cons of the matter are imperfectly known until the correspondence is published, but the agitation of the popular mind continues; the press must talk about the matter, and its talk is rarely pacific. It is bound by tradition to take the ground that its own government is right; and that even if it is not, it does not make any difference, — the press has to maintain that it is right.

The action of Congress on the recent Venezuelan complication well illustrated the position of the press in such matters. When Mr. Cleveland sent his message asking Congress to vote the expense of tracing the frontier of a foreign power, Congress knew nothing of the merits of the case. It did not even know that any such controversy was pending. As

the message was distinctly one that might lead to war, and as Congress was the war-making power, the Constitution presumptively imposed on it the duty of examining the causes of the dispute thoroughly, before complying with the President's request. In most other affairs, too, it would have been the more disposed to discharge this duty because the majority was hostile to Mr. Cleveland. But any delay or hesitation, it feared, would be construed by the public as a symptom of fear or of want of patriotism, so it instantly voted the money without any examination whatever. The press was in an almost similar condition. It knew no more of the merits of the case than Congress, and it had the same fear of being thought wanting in patriotism, so that the whole country in twenty-four hours resounded with rhetorical preparation for and justification of war with England.

As long as this support is confined to argumentation no great harm is done. The diplomatists generally care but little about the dialectical backing up that they get from the newspapers. Either they do not need it, or it is too ill informed to do them much good. But the newspapers have another concern than mere victory in argument. They have to maintain their place in the estimation of their readers, and, if possible, to increase the number of these readers. Unhappily, in times of international trouble, the easiest way to do this always *seems* to be to influence the public mind against the foreigner. This is done partly by impugning his motives in the matter in hand, and partly by painting his general character in an odious light. Undoubtedly this produces some effect on the public mind by begetting a readiness to punish in arms, at any cost, so unworthy an adversary. The worst effect, however, is that which is produced on the ministers conducting the negotiations. It frightens or encourages them into taking extreme positions, in putting forward im-

possible claims, or in perverting history and law to help their case. The applause and support of the newspapers seem to be public opinion. They must bring honor at home, no matter how the controversy ends. In short, it may be said, as a matter of history, that in few diplomatic controversies in this century has the press failed to make moderate ground difficult for a diplomatist, and retreats from untenable positions almost impossible. The press makes his case seem so good that abandonment of it looks like treason to his country.

Then there is another aspect of the case which cannot be passed without notice, though it puts the press in a less honorable light. Newspapers are made to sell; and for this purpose there is nothing better than war. War means daily sensation and excitement. On this almost any kind of newspaper may live and make money. Whether the war brings victory or defeat makes little difference. The important thing is that in war every moment may bring important and exciting news, — news which does not need to be accurate or to bear sifting. What makes it most marketable is that it is probable and agreeable, although disagreeable news sells nearly as well. In the tumult of a great war, when the rules of evidence are suspended by passion or anxiety, invention, too, is easy, and has its value, and is pretty sure never to be punished. Some newspapers, which found it difficult to make a livelihood in times of peace, made fortunes in our last war; and it may be said that, as a rule, troublous times are the best for a newspaper proprietor.

It follows from this, it cannot but follow, that it is only human for a newspaper proprietor to desire war, especially when he feels sure that his own country is right, and that its opponents are enemies of civilization, — a state of mind into which a man may easily work himself by writing and talking much during an international controversy. So that I do not think it an exaggeration or a

calumny to say that the press, taken as a whole, — of course with many honorable exceptions, — has a bias in favor of war. It would not stir up a war with any country, but if it sees preparations made to fight, it does not fail to encourage the combatants. This is particularly true of a naval war, which is much more striking as a spectacle than a land war, while it does not disturb industry or distribute personal risk to nearly the same extent. Of much more importance, however, than the manner in which public opinion finds expression in a democracy is the manner in which it is formed, and this is very much harder to get at. I do not mean what may be called people's standing opinion about things in general, which is born of hereditary prejudice and works itself into the manners of the country as part of each individual's moral and intellectual outfit. There is a whole batch of notions about things public and private, which men of every nation hold because they are national, — called "Roman" by a Roman, "English" by an Englishman, and "American" by an American, — and which are defended or propagated simply by calling the opposite "un-English" or "un-American." These views come to people by descent. They are inherited rather than formed. What I have in mind is the opinions formed by the community about new subjects, questions of legislation and of war and peace, and about social needs or sins or excesses, — in short, about anything novel which calls imperatively for an immediate judgment of some kind. What is it that moves large bodies or parties in a democracy like ours, for instance, to say that its government should do this, or should not do that, in any matter that may happen to be before them?

Nothing can be more difficult than an answer to this question. Every writer about democracy, from Montesquieu down, has tried to answer it by a priori predictions as to what democracy will say or do or think under certain given

circumstances. The uniform failure naturally suggests the conclusion that the question is not answerable at all, owing largely to the enormously increased number of influences under which all men act in the modern world. It is now very rare to meet with one of the distinctly defined characters which education, conducted under the régime of authority, used to form, down to the close of the last century. There are really no more "divines," or "gentlemen," or "Puritans," or "John Bulls," or "Brother Jonathan." In other words, there are no more moral or intellectual moulds. It used to be easy to say how a given individual or community would look at a thing; at present it is well-nigh impossible. We can hardly tell what agency is exercising the strongest influence on popular thought on any given occasion. Most localities and classes are subject to some peculiar dominating force, and if you discover what it is, you discover it almost by accident. One of the latest attempts to define a moral force that would be sure to act on opinion was the introduction into the political arena in England of the "Nonconformist conscience," or the moral training of the dissenting denominations, — Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists. In the discussions of Irish home rule and various cognate matters, much use has been made of the *term*, but it is difficult to point to any particular occasion in which the *thing* has distinctly made itself felt. One would have said, twenty years ago, that the English class of country squires would be the last body in the world, owing to temperament and training, to approve of any change in the English currency. We believe they are to-day largely bimetallicists. The reason is that their present liabilities, contracted in good times, have been made increasingly heavy by the fall in agricultural produce.

The same phenomena are visible here in America. It would be difficult to-day to say what is the American opinion, pro-

perly so called, about the marriage bond. One would think that in the older States, in which social life is more settled, it would strongly favor indissolubility, or, at all events, great difficulty of dissolution. But this is not the case. In Connecticut and Rhode Island divorce is as easy, and almost as little disreputable, as in any of the newer Western States. In the discussion on the currency, most observers would have predicted that the power of the government over its value would be most eagerly preached by the States in which the number of foreign voters was greatest. As a matter of fact, these States proved at the election to be the firmest friends of the gold standard. Within our own lifetime the Southern or cotton States, from being very conservative, have become very radical, in the sense of being ready to give ear to new ideas. What we might have said of them in 1860 would be singularly untrue in 1900. One might go over the civilized world in this way, and find that the public opinion of each country, on any given topic, had escaped from the philosophers, so to speak, — that all generalizing about it had become difficult, and that it was no longer possible to divide influences into categories.

The conclusion most readily reached about the whole matter is that authority, whether in religion or in morals, which down to the last century was so powerful, has ceased to exert much influence on the affairs of the modern world, and that any attempt to mould opinion on religious or moral or political questions, by its instrumentality, is almost certain to prove futile. The reliance of the older political writers, from Grotius to Locke, on the sayings of other previous writers or on the Bible, is now among the curiosities of literature. Utilitarianism, however we may feel about it, has fully taken possession of political discussion. That is to say, any writer or speaker on political subjects has to show that his proposition will make people more comfort-

able or richer. This is tantamount to saying that historic experience has not nearly the influence on political affairs it once had. The reason is obvious. The number of persons who have something to say about political affairs has increased a thousandfold, but the practice of reading books has not increased, and it is in books that experience is recorded. In the past, the governing class, in part at least, was a reading class. One of the reasons which are generally said to have given the Southern members special influence in Congress before the war is that they read books, had libraries, and had wide knowledge of the experiments tried by earlier generations of mankind. Their successors rarely read anything but the newspapers. This is increasingly true, also, of other democratic countries. The old literary type of statesmen, of which Jefferson and Madison and Hamilton, Guizot and Thiers, were examples, is rapidly disappearing, if it has not already disappeared.

The importance of this in certain branches of public affairs is great, — the management of currency, for example. All we know about currency we learn from the experience of the human race. What man will do about any kind of money, — gold, silver, or paper, — under any given set of conditions, we can predict only by reading of what man has done. What will happen if, of two kinds of currency, we lower or raise the value of one, what will happen if we issue too much irredeemable paper, why we must make our paper redeemable, what are the dangers of violent and sudden changes in the standard of value, are all things which we can ascertain only from the history of money. What any man now thinks or desires about the matter is of little consequence compared with what men in times past have tried to do. The loss of influence or weight by the reading class is therefore of great importance, for to this loss we undoubtedly owe most of the prevalent wild theories

about currency. They are the theories of men who do not know that their experiments have been tried already and have failed. In fact, I may almost venture the assertion that the influence of history on politics was never smaller than it is to-day, although history was never before cultivated with so much acumen and industry. So that authority and experience may fairly be ruled out of the list of forces which seriously influence the government of democratic societies. In the formation of public opinion they do not greatly count.

The effect of all this is not simply to lead to hasty legislation. It also has an injurious effect on legislative decision, in making every question seem an "open" or "large" question. As nothing, or next to nothing, is settled, all problems of politics have a tendency to seem new to every voter, — matters of which each man is as good a judge as another, and as much entitled to his own opinion; he is likely to consider himself under no special obligation to agree with anybody else. The only obligation he feels is that of party, and this is imposed to secure victories at the polls rather than to insure any particular kind of legislation. For instance, a man may be a civil service reformer when the party takes no action about it, or a gold man when the party rather favors silver, or a free-trader when the party advocates high tariff, and yet be a good party man as long as he votes the ticket. He may question all the opinions in its platform, but if he thinks it is the best party to administer the government or distribute the offices, he may and does remain in it with perfect comfort. In short, party discipline does not insure uniformity of opinion, but simply uniformity of action at election. The platform is not held to impose any line of action on the voters. Neither party in America to-day has any fixed creed. Every voter believes what is good in his own eyes, and may do so with impunity, without loss of party

standing, as long as he votes for the party nominee at every important election.

The pursuit of any policy in legislation is thus, undoubtedly, more difficult than of old. The phrase, well known to lawyers, that a thing is "against public policy" has by no means the same meaning now that it once had, for it is very difficult to say what "public policy" is. National policy is something which has to be committed to the custody of a few men who respect tradition and are familiar with records. A large assembly which is not dominated by a leader, and in which each member thinks he knows as much as any other member, and does not study or respect records, can hardly follow a policy without a good deal of difficulty. The disappearance from the governments of the United States, France, and Italy of commanding figures, whose authority or character imposed on minor men, accordingly makes it hard to say what is the policy of these three countries on most questions. Ministers who do not carry personal weight always seek to fortify themselves by the conciliation of voters, and what will conciliate voters is, under every democratic régime, a matter of increasing uncertainty, so free is the play of individual opinion.

Of this, again, the condition of our currency question at this moment is a good illustration. Twenty-five years ago, the custody and regulation of the standard of value, like the custody and regulation of the standard of length or of weight, were confided to experts, without objection in any quarter. There was no more thought of disputing with these experts about it than of disputing with mathematicians or astronomers about problems in their respective sciences. It was not thought that there could be a "public opinion" about the comparative merits of the metals as mediums of exchange, any more than about the qualities of triangles or the position of stars. The experts met now and then, in private conclave, and decided, without criticism from any one

else, whether silver or gold should be the legal tender. All the public asked was that the standard, whatever it was, should be the steadiest possible, the least liable to fluctuations or variations.

With the growing strength of the democratic régime all this has been changed. The standard of value, like nearly everything else about which men are concerned, has descended into the political arena. Every man claims the right to have an opinion about it, as good as that of any other man. More than this, nearly every man is eager to get this opinion embodied in legislation if he can. Nobody is listened to by all as an authority on the subject. The most eminent financiers find their views exposed to nearly as much question as those of any tyro. The idea that money should be a standard of value, as good as the nature of value will permit, has almost disappeared. Money has become a means in the hands of governments of alleviating human misery, of lightening the burdens of unfortunate debtors, and of stimulating industry. On the best mode of doing these things, every man thinks he is entitled to his say. The result is that we find ourselves, in the presence of one of the most serious financial problems which has ever confronted any nation, without a financial leader. The finances of the Revolution had Alexander Hamilton, and subsequently Albert Gallatin. The finances of the civil war had first Secretary Chase, and subsequently Senator Sherman, both of whom brought us to some sort of conclusion, if not always to the right conclusion, by sheer weight of authority. To Senator Sherman we were mainly indebted for the return to specie payment in 1879. At present we have no one who fills the places of these men in the public eye. No one assumes to lead in this crisis, though many give good as well as bad advice, but all, or nearly all, who advise, advise as politicians, not as financiers. Very few who speak on the subject say

publicly the things they say in private. Their public deliverances are modified or toned down to suit some part of the country, or some set or division of voters. They are what is called "politically wise." During the twenty years following the change in the currency in 1873 no leading man in either party disputed the assertions of the advocates of silver as to the superiority of silver to gold as a standard of value. Nearly all politicians, even of the Republican party, admitted the force of some of the contentions of those advocates, and were willing to meet them halfway by some such measure as the purchase of silver under the Sherman Act. The result was that when Mr. Bryan was nominated on a silver platform, his followers attacked the gold standard with weapons drawn from the armory of the gold men, and nearly every public man of prominence was estopped from vigorous opposition to them by his own utterances on the same subject.

It is easy to see that under circumstances like these a policy about finance — the most important matter in which a nation can have a policy — is hardly possible. There are too many opinions in the field for the formation of anything that can be called public opinion. And yet, I cannot recall any case in history, or, in other words, in human experience, in which a great scheme of financial reform was carried through without having some man of force or weight behind it, some man who had framed it, who understood it, who could answer objections to it, and who was not obliged to alter or curtail it against his better judgment. The great financiers stand out in bold relief in the financial chronicles of every nation. They may have been wrong, they may have made mistakes, but they spoke imperiously and carried their point, whatever it was.

Whether the disposition to do without them, and to control money through popular opinion, which seems now to have taken possession of the democratic world,

will last, or whether it will be abandoned after trial, remains to be seen. But one is not a rash prophet who predicts that it will fail. Finance is too full of details, of unforeseen effects, of technical conditions, to make the mastery of it possible, without much study and experience. There is no problem of government which comes so near being strictly "scientific," that is, so dependent on principles of human nature and so little dependent on legislative power. No government can completely control the medium of exchange. It is a subject for psychology rather than for politics. Democracy has apparently been taken possession of by the idea, either that a perfect standard of value may be contrived, or that the standard of value may be made a philanthropic instrument. But in view of the incessant and rapid change of cost of production which everything undergoes in this age of invention and discovery, gold and silver included, the idea of a perfect standard of value must be set down as a chimera. Every one acknowledges this. What some men maintain is that the effects of invention and discovery may be counteracted by law and even by treaty, which is simply an assertion that parliaments and congresses and diplomatists can determine what each man shall give for everything he buys. This proposition hardly needs more than a statement of it for its refutation. It is probably the most unexpected of all the manifestations of democratic feeling yet produced. For behind all proposals to give currency a legal value differing from the value of the marketplace lies a belief in the strength of law such as the world has never yet seen. All previous régimes have believed in the power of law to enforce physical obedience, and to say what shall constitute the legal payment of a debt, but never until now has it been maintained that government can create in each head the amount of desire which fixes the price of a commodity.

In short, the one thing which can be said with most certainty about democratic public opinion in the modern world, is that it is moulded as never before by economic rather than by religious or moral or political considerations. The influences which governed the world down to the close of the seventeenth century were respect for a reigning family, or belief in a certain form of religious worship and horror of others, or national pride and corresponding dislike or distrust of foreigners, or commercial rivalry. It is only the last which has now much influence on public opinion or in legislation. There is not much respect, that can be called a political force, left for any reigning family. There is a general indifference to all forms of religious worship, or at least sufficient indifference to prevent strong or combative attachment to them. Religious wars are no longer possible; the desire to spread any form of faith by force of arms, which so powerfully influenced the politics of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, has completely disappeared. It is only in Spain and in Turkey that this feeling can now be said to exist as a power in the state.

The growth of indifference to what used to be called political liberty, too, has been curiously rapid. Political liberty, as the term was understood at the beginning of this century, was the power of having something to say in the election of all officers of the state, and through them of influencing legislation and administration; or, in other words, of enforcing strict responsibility for its acts on the part of the governing body towards the people. There is apparently much less importance attached to this now than formerly, as is shown by the surrender of the power of nomination to "the bosses" in so many States; and in New York by the growing readiness to pass legislation without debate under direction from the outside. Similarly, socialism, which seems to be the political

creed which has strongest hold on the working classes to-day, is essentially a form of domination over the whole individual by the constituted authorities, without consulting him. The only choice left him is one of an occupation, and of the kind of food he will eat and the kind of clothes he will wear. As there is to be no war, no money, no idleness, and no taxation, there will be no politics, and consequently no discussion. In truth, the number of men who would hail such a form of society with delight, as relieving them from all anxiety about sustenance, and from all need of skill or character, is probably large and increasing. For similar reasons, the legislation which excites most attention is apt to be legislation which in some way promises an increase of physical comfort. It is rarely, for instance, that a trades union or workingman's association shows much interest in any law except one which promises to increase wages, or shorten hours of labor, or lower fares or the price of something. Protection, to which a very large number of workingmen are attached, is only in their eyes a mode of keeping wages up. "Municipal ownership" is another name for low fares; restrictions on immigration are a mode of keeping competitors out of the labor market.

All these things, and things of a sim-

ilar nature, attract a great deal of interest; the encroachments of the bosses on constitutional government, comparatively little. The first attempt to legislate for the economical benefit of the masses was the abolition of the English corn laws. It may seem at first sight that the enactment of the corn laws was an economical measure. But such was not the character in which the corn laws were originally advocated. They were called for, first, in order to make England self-supporting in case of a war with foreign powers, a contingency which was constantly present to men's minds in the last century; secondly, to keep up the country gentry, or "landed interest," as it was called, which then had great political value and importance. The abolition of these laws was avowedly carried out simply for the purpose of cheapening and enlarging the loaf. It was the beginning of a series of measures in various countries which aim merely at increasing human physical comfort, whatever their effect on the structure of the government or on the play of political institutions. This foreshadowed the greatest change which has come over the modern world. It is now governed mainly by ideas about the distribution of commodities. This distribution is not only what most occupies public opinion, but what has most to do with forming it.

E. L. Godkin.

THE WILD PARKS AND FOREST RESERVATIONS OF THE WEST.

"Keep not standing fix'd and rooted,
Briskly venture, briskly roam;
Head and hand, where'er thou foot it,
And stout heart are still at home.
In each land the sun does visit
We are gay, whate'er betide:
To give room for wandering is it
That the world was made so wide."

THE tendency nowadays to wander in wildernesses is delightful to see. Thou-

sands of tired, nerve-shaken, over-civilized people are beginning to find out that going to the mountains is going home; that wildness is a necessity; and that mountain parks and reservations are useful not only as fountains of timber and irrigating rivers, but as fountains of life. Awakening from the stupefying effects of the vice of over-industry and



the deadly apathy of luxury, they are trying as best they can to mix and enrich their own little ongoing with those of Nature, and to get rid of rust and disease. Briskly venturing and roaming, some are washing off sins and cobweb cares of the devil's spinning in all-day storms on mountains; sauntering in rosy pinewoods or in gentian meadows, brushing through chaparral, bending down and parting sweet, flowery sprays; tracing rivers to their sources, getting in touch with the nerves of Mother Earth; jumping from rock to rock, feeling the life of them, learning the songs of them, panting in whole-souled exercise and rejoicing in deep, long-drawn breaths of pure wildness. This is fine and natural and full of promise. And so also is the growing interest in the care and preservation of forests and wild places in general, and in the half-wild parks and gardens of towns. Even the scenery habit in its most artificial forms, mixed with spectacles, silliness, and kodaks; its devotees arrayed more gorgeously than scarlet tanagers, frightening the wild game with red umbrellas, — even this is encouraging, and may well be regarded as a hopeful sign of the times.

All the Western mountains are still rich in wildness, and by means of good roads are being brought nearer civilization every year. To the sane and free it will hardly seem necessary to cross the continent in search of wild beauty, however easy the way, for they find it in abundance wherever they chance to be. Like Thoreau they see forests in orchards and patches of huckleberry brush, and oceans in ponds and drops of dew. Few in these hot, dim, frictiony times are quite sane or free; choked with care like clocks full of dust, laboriously doing so much good and making so much money, — or so little, — they are no longer good themselves.

When, like a merchant taking a list of his goods, we take stock of our wildness, we are glad to see how much of even

the most destructible kind is still unspoiled. Looking at our continent as scenery when it was all wild, lying between beautiful seas, the starry sky above it, the starry rocks beneath it, to compare its sides, the East and the West, would be like comparing the sides of a rainbow. But it is no longer equally beautiful. The rainbows of to-day are, I suppose, as bright as those that first spanned the sky; and some of our landscapes are growing more beautiful from year to year, notwithstanding the clearing, trampling work of civilization. New plants and animals are enriching woods and gardens, and many landscapes wholly new, with divine sculpture and architecture, are just now coming to the light of day as the mantling folds of creative glaciers are being withdrawn, and life in a thousand cheerful, beautiful forms is pushing into them, and new-born rivers are beginning to sing and shine in them. The old rivers, too, are growing longer like healthy trees, gaining new branches and lakes as the residual glaciers at their highest sources on the mountains recede, while their rootlike branches in their flat deltas are at the same time spreading farther and wider into the seas and making new lands.

Under the control of the vast mysterious forces of the interior of the earth all the continents and islands are slowly rising or sinking. Most of the mountains are diminishing in size under the wearing action of the weather, though a few are increasing in height and girth, especially the volcanic ones, as fresh floods of molten rocks are piled on their summits and spread in successive layers, like the wood-rings of trees, on their sides. And new mountains are being created from time to time as islands in lakes and seas, or as subordinate cones on the slopes of old ones, thus in some measure balancing the waste of old beauty with new. Man, too, is making many far-reaching changes. This most influential half animal, half angel is rapidly

multiplying and spreading, covering the seas and lakes with ships, the land with huts, hotels, cathedrals, and clustered city shops and homes, so that soon, it would seem, we may have to go farther than Nansen to find a good sound solitude. None of Nature's landscapes are ugly so long as they are wild; and much, we can say comfortingly, must always be in great part wild, particularly the sea and the sky, the floods of light from the stars, and the warm, unspoilable heart of the earth, infinitely beautiful, though only dimly visible to the eye of imagination. The geysers, too, spouting from the hot underworld; the steady, long-lasting glaciers on the mountains, obedient only to the sun; Yosemite domes and the tremendous grandeur of rocky cañons and mountains in general, — these must always be wild, for man can change them and mar them hardly more than can the butterflies that hover above them. But the continent's outer beauty is fast passing away, especially the plant part of it, the most destructible and most universally charming of all.

Only thirty years ago, the great Central Valley of California, five hundred miles long and fifty miles wide, was one bed of golden and purple flowers. Now it is ploughed and pastured out of existence, gone forever, — scarce a memory of it left in fence corners and along the bluffs of the streams. The gardens of the Sierra also, and the noble forests in both the reserved and the unreserved portions, are sadly hacked and trampled, notwithstanding the ruggedness of the topography, — all excepting those of the parks guarded by a few soldiers. In the noblest forests of the world, the ground, once divinely beautiful, is desolate and repulsive, like a face ravaged by disease. This is true also of many other Pacific Coast and Rocky Mountain valleys and forests. The same fate, sooner or later, is awaiting them all, unless awakening public opinion comes forward to stop it. Even the great deserts in Arizona, Ne-

vada, Utah, and New Mexico, which offer so little to attract settlers, and which a few years ago pioneers were afraid of, as places of desolation and death, are now taken as pastures at the rate of one or two square miles per cow, and of course their plant treasures are passing away, — the delicate abronias, phloxes, gilia, etc. Only a few of the bitter, thorny, unbitable shrubs are left, and the sturdy cactuses that defend themselves with bayonets and spears.

Most of the wild plant wealth of the East also has vanished, — gone into dusty history. Only vestiges of its glorious prairie and woodland wealth remain to bless humanity in boggy, rocky, unploughable places. Fortunately, some of these are purely wild, and go far to keep Nature's love visible. White water-lilies, with rootstocks deep and safe in mud, still send up every summer a Milky Way of starry, fragrant flowers around a thousand lakes, and many a tuft of wild grass waves its panicles on mossy rocks, beyond reach of trampling feet, in company with saxifrages, bluebells, and ferns. Even in the midst of farmers' fields, precious sphagnum bogs, too soft for the feet of cattle, are preserved with their charming plants unchanged, — *chiogenes*, *Andromeda*, *Kalmia*, *Linnæa*, *Arethusa*, etc. *Calypso borealis* still hides in the arbor vitæ swamps of Canada, and away to the southward there are a few unspoiled swamps, big ones, where miasma, snakes, and alligators, like guardian angels, defend their treasures and keep them pure as paradise. And beside a' that and a' that, the East is blessed with good winters and blossoming clouds that shed white flowers over all the land, covering every scar and making the saddest landscape divine at least once a year.

The most extensive, least spoiled, and most unspoilable of the gardens of the continent are the vast tundras of Alaska. In summer they extend smooth, even, undulating, continuous beds of flowers

and leaves from about lat. 62° to the shores of the Arctic Ocean; and in winter sheets of snowflowers make all the country shine, one mass of white radiance like a star. Nor are these Arctic plant people the pitiful frost-pinch'd unfortunates they are guessed to be by those who have never seen them. Though lowly in stature, keeping near the frozen ground as if loving it, they are bright and cheery, and speak Nature's love as plainly as their big relatives of the south. Tenderly huddled and tucked in beneath downy snow to sleep through the long white winter, they make haste to bloom in the spring without trying to grow tall, though some rise high enough to ripple and wave in the wind, and display masses of color — yellow, purple, and blue — so rich that they look like beds of rainbows, and are visible miles and miles away.

As early as June one may find the showy *Geum glaciale* in flower, and the dwarf willows putting forth myriads of fuzzy catkins, to be followed quickly, especially on the drier ground, by *mercurialis*, *eritrichium*, *polemonium*, *oxytropis*, *astragalus*, *lathyrus*, *lupinus*, *myosotis*, *dodecatheon*, *arnica*, *chrysanthemum*, *nardosmia*, *saussurea*, *senecio*, *erigeron*, *matrecaria*, *caltha*, *valeriana*, *stellaria*, *Tofieldia*, *polygonum*, *papaver*, *phlox*, *lychnis*, *cheiranthus*, *Linnæa*, and a host of *drabas*, *saxifrages*, and *heathworts*, with bright stars and bells in glorious profusion, particularly *Cassiope*, *Andromeda*, *ledum*, *pyrola*, and *vaccinium*, — *Cassiope* the most abundant and beautiful of them all. Many grasses also grow here, and wave fine purple spikes and panicles over the other flowers, — *poa*, *aira*, *calamagrostis*, *alopecurus*, *trisetum*, *elymus*, *festuca*, *glyceria*, etc. Even ferns are found thus far north, carefully and comfortably unrolling their precious fronds, — *aspidium*, *cystopteris*, and *woodsia*, all growing on a sumptuous bed of mosses and lichens; not the scaly kind seen on rails and trees and fallen logs to the southward, but massive, round-

headed, finely colored plants like corals, wonderfully beautiful, worth going round the world to see. I should like to mention all the plant friends I found in a summer's wanderings in this cool reserve, but I fear few would care to read their names, although everybody, I am sure, would love them could they see them blooming and rejoicing at home.

On my last visit to the region about Kotzebue Sound, near the middle of September, 1881, the weather was so fine and mellow that it suggested the Indian summer of the Eastern States. The winds were hushed, the tundra glowed in creamy golden sunshine, and the colors of the ripe foliage of the *heathworts*, willows, and birch — red, purple, and yellow, in pure bright tones — were enriched with those of berries which were scattered everywhere, as if they had been showered from the clouds like hail. When I was back a mile or two from the shore, reveling in this color-glory, and thinking how fine it would be could I cut a square of the tundra sod of conventional picture size, frame it, and hang it among the paintings on my study walls at home, saying to myself, "Such a Nature painting taken at random from any part of the thousand-mile bog would make the other pictures look dim and coarse," I heard merry shouting, and, looking round, saw a band of Eskimos — men, women, and children, loose and hairy like wild animals — running towards me. I could not guess at first what they were seeking, for they seldom leave the shore; but soon they told me, as they threw themselves down, sprawling and laughing, on the mellow bog, and began to feast on the berries. A lively picture they made, and a pleasant one, as they frightened the whirring ptarmigans, and surprised their oily stomachs with the beautiful acid berries of many kinds, and filled sealskin bags with them to carry away for festive days in winter.

Nowhere else on my travels have I

seen so much warm-blooded, rejoicing life as in this grand Arctic reservation, by so many regarded as desolate. Not only are there whales in abundance along the shores, and innumerable seals, walruses, and white bears, but on the tundras great herds of fat reindeer and wild sheep, foxes, hares, mice, piping marmots, and birds. Perhaps more birds are born here than in any other region of equal extent on the continent. Not only do strong-winged hawks, eagles, and water-fowl, to whom the length of the continent is merely a pleasant excursion, come up here every summer in great numbers, but also many short-winged warblers, thrushes, and finches, repairing hither to rear their young in safety, reinforce the plant bloom with their plumage, and sweeten the wilderness with song; flying all the way, some of them, from Florida, Mexico, and Central America. In coming north they are coming home, for they were born here, and they go south only to spend the winter months, as New Englanders go to Florida. Sweet-voiced troubadours, they sing in orange groves and vine-clad magnolia woods in winter, in thickets of dwarf birch and alder in summer, and sing and chatter more or less all the way back and forth, keeping the whole country glad. Oftentimes, in New England, just as the last snow-patches are melting and the sap in the maples begins to flow, the blessed wanderers may be heard about orchards and the edges of fields where they have stopped to glean a scanty meal, not tarrying long, knowing they have far to go. Tracing the footsteps of spring, they arrive in their tundra homes in June or July, and set out on the return journey in September, or as soon as their families are able to fly well.

This is Nature's own reservation, and every lover of wildness will rejoice with me that by kindly frost it is so well defended. The discovery lately made that it is sprinkled with gold may cause some

alarm; for the strangely exciting stuff makes the timid bold enough for anything, and the lazy destructively industrious. Thousands at least half insane are now pushing their way into it, some by the southern passes over the mountains, perchance the first mountains they have ever seen, — sprawling, struggling, gasping for breath, as, laden with awkward, merciless burdens of provisions and tools, they climb over rough-angled boulders and cross thin miry bogs. Some are going by the mountains and rivers to the eastward through Canada, tracing the old romantic ways of the Hudson Bay traders; others by Bering Sea and the Yukon, sailing all the way, getting glimpses perhaps of the famous fur-seals, the ice-floes, and the innumerable islands and bars of the great Alaska river. In spite of frowning hardships and the frozen ground, the Klondike gold will increase the crusading crowds for years to come, but comparatively little harm will be done. Holes will be burned and dug into the hard ground here and there, and into the quartz-ribbed mountains and hills; ragged towns like beaver and muskrat villages will be built, and mills and locomotives will make rumbling, screeching, disenchanting noises; but the miner's pick will not be followed far by the plough, at least not until Nature is ready to unlock the frozen soil-beds with her slow-turning climate key. On the other hand, the roads of the pioneer miners will lead many a lover of wildness into the heart of the reserve, who without them would never see it.

In the meantime, the wildest health and pleasure grounds accessible and available to tourists seeking escape from care and dust and early death are the parks and reservations of the West. There are four national parks, — the Yellowstone, Yosemite, General Grant, and Sequoia, — all within easy reach, and thirty forest reservations, a magnificent realm of woods, most of which, by rail-

roads and trails and open ridges, is also fairly accessible, not only to the determined traveler rejoicing in difficulties, but to those (may their tribe increase) who, not tired, not sick, just naturally take wing every summer in search of wildness. The forty million acres of these reserves are in the main unspoiled as yet, though sadly wasted and threatened on their more open margins by the axe and fire of the lumberman and prospector, and by hooped locusts, which, like the winged ones, devour every leaf within reach, while the shepherds and owners set fires with the intention of making a blade of grass grow in the place of every tree, but with the result of killing both the grass and the trees.

In the million acre Black Hills Reserve of South Dakota, the easternmost of the great forest reserves, made for the sake of the farmers and miners, there are delightful, reviving sauntering-grounds in open parks of yellow pine, planted well apart, allowing plenty of sunshine to warm the ground. This tree is one of the most variable and most widely distributed of American pines. It grows sturdily on all kinds of soil and rocks, and, protected by a mail of thick bark, defies frost and fire and disease alike, daring every danger in firm, calm beauty and strength. It occurs here mostly on the outer hills and slopes where no other tree can grow. The ground beneath it is yellow most of the summer with showy *Wythia*, *arnica*, *aplopappus*, *solidago*, and other sun-loving plants, which, though they form no heavy entangling growth, yet give abundance of color and make all the woods a garden. Beyond the yellow pine woods there lies a world of rocks of wildest architecture, broken, splintery, and spiky, not very high, but the strangest in form and style of grouping imaginable. Their countless towers and spires, pinnacles and slender-domed columns, are crowded together, and feathered with sharp-pointed Engelmann spruces, making curiously mixed

forests, — half trees, half rocks. Level gardens here and there in the midst of them offer charming surprises, and so do the many small lakes with lilies on their meadowy borders, and bluebells, anemones, daisies, castilleias, *comman-dras*, etc., together forming landscapes delightfully novel, and made still wilder by many interesting animals, — elk, deer, beavers, wolves, squirrels, and birds. Not very long ago this was the richest of all the red man's hunting-grounds here-about. After the season's buffalo hunts were over, — as described by Parkman, who, with a picturesque cavalcade of Sioux savages, passed through these famous hills in 1846, — every winter deficiency was here made good, and hunger was unknown until, in spite of most determined, fighting, killing opposition, the white gold-hunters got into the fat game reserve and spoiled it. The Indians are dead now, and so are most of the hardly less striking free trappers of the early romantic Rocky Mountain times. Arrows, bullets, scalping-knives, need no longer be feared; and all the wilderness is peacefully open.

The Rocky Mountain reserves are the Teton, Yellowstone, Lewis and Clark, Bitter Root, Priest River, and Flathead, comprehending more than twelve million acres of mostly unclaimed, rough, forest-covered mountains in which the great rivers of the country take their rise. The commonest tree in most of them is the brave, indomitable, and altogether admirable *Pinus contorta*, widely distributed in all kinds of climate and soil, growing cheerily in frosty Alaska, breathing the damp salt air of the sea as well as the dry biting blasts of the Arctic interior, and making itself at home on the most dangerous flame-swept slopes and ridges of the Rocky Mountains in immeasurable abundance and variety of forms. Thousands of acres of this species are destroyed by running fires nearly every summer, but a new growth springs quickly from the ashes. It is

generally small, and yields few sawlogs of commercial value, but is of incalculable importance to the farmer and miner ; supplying fencing, mine timbers, and firewood, holding the porous soil on steep slopes, preventing landslips and avalanches, and giving kindly nourishing shelter to animals and the widely outspread sources of the life-giving rivers. The other trees are mostly spruce, mountain pine, cedar, juniper, larch, and balsam fir ; some of them, especially on the western slopes of the mountains, attaining grand size and furnishing abundance of fine timber.

Perhaps the least known of all this grand group of reserves is the Bitter Root, of more than four million acres. It is the wildest, shaggiest block of forest wildness in the Rocky Mountains, full of happy, healthy, storm-loving trees, full of streams that dance and sing in glorious array, and full of Nature's animals, — elk, deer, wild sheep, bears, cats, and innumerable smaller people.

In calm Indian summer, when the heavy winds are hushed, the vast forests covering hill and dale, rising and falling over the rough topography and vanishing in the distance, seem lifeless. No moving thing is seen as we climb the peaks, and only the low, mellow murmur of falling water is heard, which seems to thicken the silence. Nevertheless, how many hearts with warm red blood in them are beating under cover of the woods, and how many teeth and eyes are shining ! A multitude of animal people, intimately related to us, but of whose lives we know almost nothing, are as busy about their own affairs as we are about ours : beavers are building and mending dams and huts for winter, and storing them with food ; bears are studying winter quarters as they stand thoughtful in open spaces, while the gentle breeze ruffles the long hair on their backs ; elk and deer, assembling on the heights, are considering cold pastures where they will be farthest away from

the wolves ; squirrels and marmots are busily laying up provisions and lining their nests against coming frost and snow foreseen ; and countless thousands of birds are forming parties and gathering their young about them for flight to the southlands ; while butterflies and bees, apparently with no thought of hard times to come, are hovering above the late-blooming goldenrods, and, with countless other insect folk, are dancing and humming right merrily in the sunbeams and shaking all the air into music.

Wander here a whole summer, if you can. Thousands of God's wild blessings will search you and soak you as if you were a sponge, and the big days will go by uncounted. But if you are business-tangled, and so burdened with duty that only weeks can be got out of the heavy-laden year, then go to the Flathead Reserve ; for it is easily and quickly reached by the Great Northern Railroad. Get off the track at Belton Station, and in a few minutes you will find yourself in the midst of what you are sure to say is the best care-killing scenery on the continent, — beautiful lakes derived straight from glaciers, lofty mountains steeped in lovely nemophila-blue skies and clad with forests and glaciers, mossy, ferny waterfalls in their hollows, nameless and numberless, and meadowy gardens abounding in the best of everything. When you are calm enough for discriminating observation, you will find the king of the larches, one of the best of the Western giants, beautiful, picturesque, and regal in port, easily the grandest of all the larches in the world. It grows to a height of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, with a diameter at the ground of five to eight feet, throwing out its branches into the light as no other tree does. To those who before have seen only the European larch or the Lyell species of the eastern Rocky Mountains, or the little tamarack or hackmatack larch of the Eastern States and Canada, this Western king must be a revelation.

Associated with this grand tree in the making of the Flathead forests is the large and beautiful mountain pine, or Western white pine (*Pinus monticola*), the invincible contorta or lodge-pole pine, and spruce and cedar. The forest floor is covered with the richest beds of *Linnæa borealis* I ever saw, thick fragrant carpets, enriched with shining mosses here and there, and with *Clintonia*, *pyrola*, *moneses*, and *vaccinium*, weaving hundred-mile beds of bloom that would have made blessed old Linnæus weep for joy.

Lake McDonald, full of brisk trout, is in the heart of this forest, and Avalanche Lake is ten miles above McDonald, at the feet of a group of glacier-laden mountains. Give a month at least to this precious reserve. The time will not be taken from the sum of your life. Instead of shortening, it will indefinitely lengthen it and make you truly immortal. Nevermore will time seem short or long, and cares will never again fall heavily on you, but gently and kindly as gifts from heaven.

The vast Pacific Coast reserves in Washington and Oregon — the Cascade, Washington, Mount Rainier, Olympic, Bull Run, and Ashland, named in order of size — include more than 12,500,000 acres of magnificent forests of beautiful and gigantic trees. They extend over the wild, unexplored Olympic Mountains and both flanks of the Cascade Range, the wet and the dry. On the east side of the Cascades the woods are sunny and open, and contain principally yellow pine, of moderate size, but of great value as a cover for the irrigating streams that flow into the dry interior, where agriculture on a grand scale is being carried on. Along the moist, balmy, foggy, west flank of the mountains, facing the sea, the woods reach their highest development, and, excepting the California redwoods, are the heaviest on the continent. They are made up mostly of the Douglas spruce (*Pseudotsuga*

taxifolia), with the giant arbor vitæ, or cedar, and several species of fir and hemlock in varying abundance, forming a forest kingdom unlike any other, in which limb meets limb, touching and overlapping in bright, lively, triumphant exuberance, 250, 300, and even 400 feet above the shady, mossy ground. Over all the other species the Douglas spruce reigns supreme. It is not only a large tree, the tallest in America next to the redwood, but a very beautiful one, with bright green drooping foliage, handsome pendent cones, and a shaft exquisitely straight and round and regular. Forming extensive forests by itself in many places, it lifts its spiry tops into the sky close together with as even a growth as a well-tilled field of grain. And no ground has been better tilled for wheat than these Cascade Mountains for trees: they were ploughed by mighty glaciers, and harrowed and mellowed and outspread by the broad streams that flowed from the ice-ploughs as they were withdrawn at the close of the glacial period.

In proportion to its weight when dry, Douglas spruce timber is perhaps stronger than that of any other large conifer in the country, and being tough, durable, and elastic, it is admirably suited for ship-building, piles, and heavy timbers in general; but its hardness and liability to warp when it is cut into boards render it unfit for fine work. In the lumber markets of California it is called "Oregon pine." When lumbering is going on in the best Douglas woods, especially about Puget Sound, many of the long slender boles are saved for spars; and so superior is their quality that they are called for in almost every shipyard in the world, and it is interesting to follow their fortunes. Felled and peeled and dragged to tide-water, they are raised again as yards and masts for ships, given iron roots and canvas foliage, decorated with flags, and sent to sea, where in glad motion they go cheerily over the ocean prairie in every latitude and longitude,

singing and bowing responsive to the same winds that waved them when they were in the woods. After standing in one place for centuries they thus go round the world like tourists, meeting many a friend from the old home forest; some traveling like themselves, some standing head downward in muddy harbors, holding up the platforms of wharves, and others doing all kinds of hard timber work, showy or hidden.

This wonderful tree also grows far northward in British Columbia, and southward along the coast and middle regions of Oregon and California; flourishing with the redwood wherever it can find an opening, and with the sugar pine, yellow pine, and libocedrus in the Sierra. It extends into the San Gabriel, San Bernardino, and San Jacinto Mountains of southern California. It also grows well on the Wasatch Mountains, where it is called "red pine," and on many parts of the Rocky Mountains and short interior ranges of the Great Basin. But though thus widely distributed, only in Oregon, Washington, and some parts of British Columbia does it reach perfect development.

To one who looks from some high standpoint over its vast breadth, the forest on the west side of the Cascades seems all one dim, dark, monotonous field, broken only by the white volcanic cones along the summit of the range. Back in the untrodden wilderness a deep furred carpet of brown and yellow mosses covers the ground like a garment, pressing about the feet of the trees, and rising in rich bosses softly and kindly over every rock and mouldering trunk, leaving no spot uncared for; and dotting small prairies, and fringing the meadows and the banks of streams not seen in general views, we find, besides the great conifers, a considerable number of hardwood trees, — oak, ash, maple, alder, wild apple, cherry, arbutus, Nuttall's flowering dogwood, and in some places chestnut. In a few favored spots the

broad-leaved maple grows to a height of a hundred feet in forests by itself, sending out large limbs in magnificent interlacing arches covered with mosses and ferns, thus forming lofty sky-gardens, and rendering the underwoods delightfully cool. No finer forest ceiling is to be found than these maple arches, while the floor, ornamented with tall ferns and rubus vines, and cast into hills by the bulging, moss-covered roots of the trees, matches it well.

Passing from beneath the heavy shadows of the woods, almost anywhere one steps into lovely gardens of lilies, orchids, heathworts, and wild roses. Along the lower slopes, especially in Oregon, where the woods are less dense, there are miles of rhododendron, making glorious masses of purple in the spring, while all about the streams and the lakes and the beaver meadows there is a rich tangle of hazel, plum, cherry, crab-apple, cornel, gaultheria, and rubus, with myriads of flowers and abundance of other more delicate bloomers, such as erythronium, brodiaea, fritillaria, calochortus, Clintonia, and the lovely hider of the north, Calypso. Beside all these bloomers there are wonderful ferneries about the many misty waterfalls, some of the fronds ten feet high, others the most delicate of their tribe, the maiden-hair fringing the rocks within reach of the lightest dust of the spray, while the shading trees on the cliffs above them, leaning over, look like eager listeners anxious to catch every tone of the restless waters. In the autumn berries of every color and flavor abound, enough for birds, bears, and everybody, particularly about the stream-sides and meadows where sunshine reaches the ground: huckleberries, red, blue, and black, some growing close to the ground, others on bushes ten feet high; gaultheria berries, called "sal-al" by the Indians; salmon berries, an inch in diameter, growing in dense prickly tangles, the flowers, like wild roses, still more beautiful than the

fruit; raspberries, gooseberries, currants, blackberries, and strawberries. The underbrush and meadow fringes are in great part made up of these berry bushes and vines; but in the depths of the woods there is not much underbrush of any kind,—only a thin growth of rubus, huckleberry, and vine-maple.

Notwithstanding the outcry against the reservations last winter in Washington, that uncounted farms, towns, and villages were included in them, and that all business was threatened or blocked, nearly all the mountains in which the reserves lie are still covered with virgin forests. Though lumbering has long been carried on with tremendous energy along their boundaries, and home-seekers have explored the woods for openings available for farms, however small, one may wander in the heart of the reserves for weeks without meeting a human being, Indian or white man, or any conspicuous trace of one. Indians used to ascend the main streams on their way to the mountains for wild goats, whose wool furnished them clothing. But with food in abundance on the coast there was little to draw them into the woods, and the monuments they have left there are scarcely more conspicuous than those of birds and squirrels; far less so than those of the beavers, which have dammed streams and made clearings that will endure for centuries. Nor is there much in these woods to attract cattle-keepers. Some of the first settlers made farms on the small bits of prairie and in the comparatively open Cowlitz and Chehalis valleys of Washington; but before the gold period most of the immigrants from the Eastern States settled in the fertile and open Willamette Valley of Oregon. Even now, when the search for tillable land is so keen, excepting the bottom-lands of the rivers around Puget Sound, there are few cleared spots in all western Washington. On every meadow or opening of any sort some one will be found keeping cattle, raising hops, or

cultivating patches of grain, but these spots are few and far between. All the larger spaces were taken long ago; therefore most of the newcomers build their cabins where the beavers built theirs. They keep a few cows, laboriously widen their little meadow openings by hacking, girdling, and burning the rim of the close-pressing forest, and scratch and plant among the huge blackened logs and stumps, girdling and killing themselves in killing the trees.

Most of the farm lands of Washington and Oregon, excepting the valleys of the Willamette and Rogue rivers, lie on the east side of the mountains. The forests on the eastern slopes of the Cascades fail altogether ere the foot of the range is reached, stayed by drought as suddenly as on the west side they are stopped by the sea; showing strikingly how dependent are these forest giants on the generous rains and fogs so often complained of in the coast climate. The lower portions of the reserves are solemnly soaked and poulticed in rain and fog during the winter months, and there is a sad dearth of sunshine, but with a little knowledge of woodcraft any one may enjoy an excursion into these woods even in the rainy season. The big, gray days are exhilarating, and the colors of leaf and branch and mossy bole are then at their best. The mighty trees getting their food are seen to be wide-awake, every needle thrilling in the welcome nourishing storms, chanting and bowing low in glorious harmony, while every raindrop and snowflake is seen as a beneficent messenger from the sky. The snow that falls on the lower woods is mostly soft, coming through the trees in downy tufts, loading their branches, and bending them down against the trunks until they look like arrows, while a strange muffled silence prevails, making everything impressively solemn. But these lowland snowstorms and their effects quickly vanish. The snow melts in a day or two, sometimes in a few hours, the bent

branches spring up again, and all the forest work is left to the fog and the rain. At the same time, dry snow is falling on the upper forests and mountain tops. Day after day, often for weeks, the big clouds give their flowers without ceasing, as if knowing how important is the work they have to do. The glinting, swirling swarms thicken the blast, and the trees and rocks are covered to a depth of ten to twenty feet. Then the mountaineer, snug in a grove with bread and fire, has nothing to do but gaze and listen and enjoy. Ever and anon the deep, low roar of the storm is broken by the booming of avalanches, as the snow slips from the overladen heights and rushes down the long white slopes to fill the fountain hollows. All the smaller streams are hushed and buried, and the young groves of spruce and fir near the edge of the timber-line are gently bowed to the ground and put to sleep, not again to see the light of day or stir branch or leaf until the spring.

These grand reservations should draw thousands of admiring visitors at least in summer, yet they are neglected as if of no account, and spoilers are allowed to ruin them as fast as they like. A few peeled spars cut here were set up in London, Philadelphia, and Chicago, where they excited wondering attention; but the countless hosts of living trees rejoicing at home on the mountains are scarce considered at all. Most travelers here are content with what they can see from car windows or the verandas of hotels, and in going from place to place cling to their precious trains and stages like wrecked sailors to rafts. When an excursion into the woods is proposed, all sorts of dangers are imagined, — snakes, bears, Indians. Yet it is far safer to wander in God's woods than to travel on black highways or to stay at home. The snake danger is so slight it is hardly worth mentioning. Bears are a peaceable people, and mind their own business, instead of going about like the

devil seeking whom they may devour. Poor fellows, they have been poisoned, trapped, and shot at until they have lost confidence in brother man, and it is not now easy to make their acquaintance. As to Indians, most of them are dead or civilized into useless innocence. No American wilderness that I know of is so dangerous as a city home "with all the modern improvements." One should go to the woods for safety, if for nothing else. Lewis and Clark, in their famous trip across the continent in 1804-1805, did not lose a single man by Indians or animals, though all the West was then wild. Captain Clark was bitten on the hand as he lay asleep. That was one bite among more than a hundred men while traveling nine thousand miles. Loggers are far more likely to be met than Indians or bears in the reserves or about their boundaries, brown weather-tanned men with faces furrowed like bark, tired-looking, moving slowly, swaying like the trees they chop. A little of everything in the woods is fastened to their clothing, rosiny and smeared with balsam, and rubbed into it, so that their scanty outer garments grow thicker with use and never wear out. Many a forest giant have these old woodmen felled, but, round-shouldered and stooping, they too are leaning over and tottering to their fall. Others, however, stand ready to take their places, stout young fellows, erect as saplings; and always the foes of trees outnumber their friends. Far up the white peaks one can hardly fail to meet the wild goat, or American chamois, — an admirable mountaineer, familiar with woods and glaciers as well as rocks, — and in leafy thickets deer will be found; while gliding about unseen there are many sleek furred animals enjoying their beautiful lives, and birds also, notwithstanding few are noticed in hasty walks. The ouzel sweetens the glens and gorges where the streams flow fastest, and every grove has its singers, however silent it seems, — thrushes, linnets, war-

blers; humming-birds glint about the fringing bloom of the meadows and peaks, and the lakes are stirred into lively pictures by water-fowl.

The Mount Rainier forest reserve should be made a national park and guarded while yet its bloom is on; for if in the making of the West Nature had what we call parks in mind, — places for rest, inspiration, and prayers, — this Rainier region must surely be one of them. In the centre of it there is a lonely mountain capped with ice; from the ice-cap glaciers radiate in every direction, and young rivers from the glaciers; while its flanks, sweeping down in beautiful curves, are clad with forests and gardens, and filled with birds and animals. Specimens of the best of Nature's treasures have been lovingly gathered here and arranged in simple symmetrical beauty within regular bounds.

Of all the fire-mountains which like beacons once blazed along the Pacific Coast, Mount Rainier is the noblest in form, has the most interesting forest cover, and, with perhaps the exception of Shasta, is the highest and most flowery. Its massive white dome rises out of its forests, like a world by itself, to a height of fourteen thousand to fifteen thousand feet. The forests reach to a height of a little over six thousand feet, and above the forests there is a zone of the loveliest flowers, fifty miles in circuit and nearly two miles wide, so closely planted and luxuriant that it seems as if Nature, glad to make an open space between woods so dense and ice so deep, were economizing the precious ground, and trying to see how many of her darlings she can get together in one mountain wreath, — daisies, anemones, geraniums, columbines, erythroniums, larkspurs, etc., among which we wade knee-deep and waist-deep, the bright corollas in myriads touching petal to petal. Picturesque detached groups of the spiry *Abies subalpina* stand like islands along the lower margin of the garden zone, while on

the upper margin there are extensive beds of bryanthus, *Cassiope*, *Kalmia*, and other heathworts, and higher still saxifrages and drabas, more and more lowly, reach up to the edge of the ice. Altogether this is the richest subalpine garden I ever found, a perfect floral elysium. The icy dome needs none of man's care, but unless the reserve is guarded the flower bloom will soon be killed, and nothing of the forests will be left but black stump monuments.

The Sierra of California is the most openly beautiful and useful of all the forest reserves, and the largest, excepting the Cascade Reserve of Oregon and the Bitter Root of Montana and Idaho. It embraces over four million acres of the grandest scenery and grandest trees on the continent, and its forests are planted just where they do the most good, not only for beauty, but for farming in the great San Joaquin Valley beneath them. It extends southward from the Yosemite National Park to the end of the range, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. No other coniferous forest in the world contains so many species or so many large and beautiful trees, — *Sequoia gigantea*, king of conifers, "the noblest of a noble race," as Sir Joseph Hooker well says; the sugar pine, king of all the world's pines, living or extinct; the yellow pine, next in rank, which here reaches most perfect development, forming noble towers of verdure two hundred feet high; the mountain pine, which braves the coldest blasts far up the mountains on grim, rocky slopes; and five others, flourishing each in its place, making eight species of pine in one forest, which is still further enriched by the great Douglas spruce, *libocedrus*, two species of silver fir, large trees and exquisitely beautiful, the Paton hemlock, the most graceful of evergreens, the curious tumion, oaks of many species, maples, alders, poplars, and flowering dogwood, all fringed with flowery underbrush, manzanita, *ceanothus*, wild rose, cherry,

chestnut, and rhododendron. Wandering at random through these friendly, approachable woods, one comes here and there to the loveliest lily gardens, some of the lilies ten feet high, and the smoothest gentian meadows, and Yosemite valleys known only to mountaineers. Once I spent a night by a camp-fire on Mount Shasta with Asa Gray and Sir Joseph Hooker, and, knowing that they were acquainted with all the great forests of the world, I asked whether they knew any coniferous forest that rivaled that of the Sierra. They unhesitatingly said: "No. In the beauty and grandeur of individual trees, and in number and variety of species, the Sierra forests surpass all others."

This Sierra Reserve, proclaimed by the President of the United States in September, 1893, is worth the most thoughtful care of the government for its own sake, without considering its value as the fountain of the rivers on which the fertility of the great San Joaquin Valley depends. Yet it gets no care at all. In the fog of tariff, silver, and annexation politics it is left wholly unguarded, though the management of the adjacent national parks by a few soldiers shows how well and how easily it can be preserved. In the meantime, lumbermen are allowed to spoil it at their will, and sheep in uncountable ravenous hordes to trample it and devour every green leaf within reach; while the shepherds, like destroying angels, set innumerable fires, which burn not only the undergrowth of seedlings on which the permanence of the forest depends, but countless thousands of the venerable giants. If every citizen could take one walk through this reserve, there would be no more trouble about its care; for only in darkness does vandalism flourish.

The reserves of southern California, — the San Gabriel, San Bernardino, San Jacinto, and Trabuco, — though not large, only about two million acres altogether, are perhaps the best appreciated. Their

slopes are covered with a close, almost impenetrable growth of flowery bushes, beginning on the sides of the fertile coast valleys and the dry interior plains. Their higher ridges, however, and mountains are open, and fairly well forested with sugar pine, yellow pine, Douglas spruce, libocedrus, and white fir. As timber fountains they amount to little, but as bird and bee pastures, cover for the precious streams that irrigate the lowlands, and quickly available retreats from dust and heat and care, their value is incalculable. Good roads have been graded into them, by which in a few hours lowlanders can get well up into the sky and find refuge in hospitable camps and club-houses, where, while breathing reviving ozone, they may absorb the beauty about them, and look comfortably down on the busy towns and the most beautiful orange groves ever planted since gardening began.

The Grand Cañon Reserve of Arizona, of nearly two million acres, or the most interesting part of it, as well as the Rainier region, should be made into a national park, on account of their supreme grandeur and beauty. Setting out from Flagstaff, a station on the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé Railroad, on the way to the cañon you pass through beautiful forests of yellow pine, — like those of the Black Hills, but more extensive, — and curious dwarf forests of nut pine and juniper, the spaces between the miniature trees planted with many interesting species of eriogonum, yucca, and cactus. After riding or walking seventy-five miles through these pleasure-grounds, the San Francisco and other mountains, abounding in flowery parklike openings and smooth shallow valleys with long vistas which in fineness of finish and arrangement suggest the work of a consummate landscape artist, watching you all the way, you come to the most tremendous cañon in the world. It is abruptly countersunk in the forest plateau, so that you see nothing of it until you are sud-

denly stopped on its brink, with its immeasurable wealth of divinely colored and sculptured buildings before you and beneath you. No matter how far you have wandered hitherto, or how many famous gorges and valleys you have seen, this one, the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, will seem as novel to you, as unearthly in the color and grandeur and quantity of its architecture, as if you had found it after death, on some other star; so incomparably lovely and grand and supreme is it above all the other cañons in our fire-moulded, earthquake-shaken, rain-washed, wave-washed, river and glacier sculptured world. It is about six thousand feet deep where you first see it, and from rim to rim ten to fifteen miles wide. Instead of being dependent for interest upon waterfalls, depth, wall

sculpture, and beauty of parklike floor, like most other great cañons, it has no waterfalls in sight, and no appreciable floor spaces. The big river has just room enough to flow and roar obscurely, here and there groping its way as best it can, like a weary, murmuring, overladen traveler trying to escape from the tremendous, bewildering labyrinthic abyss, while its roar serves only to deepen the silence. Instead of being filled with air, the vast space between the walls is crowded with Nature's grandest buildings, — a sublime city of them, painted in every color, and adorned with richly fretted cornice and battlement spire and tower in endless variety of style and architecture. Every architectural invention of man has been anticipated, and far more, in this grandest of God's terrestrial cities.

John Muir.

AFTER A SUNSET OF GREAT SPLENDOR.

WHEN I remember that the starry sky
 Was once but dusty darkness; that the air
 Can take such glory and such majesty
 From smoky fragments and the sun's fierce glare,
 And vapors cold, drawn from the far salt seas;
 If out of shapeless matter, void and bare,
 And rude, oblivious atoms, Time can raise
 This splendid planet; if the formless air,
 Earth's barren clods, decay, and wracks of death
 Can wear the bloom of summer, or put on
 Man's strength and beauty, surely this strange world hath
 Some certainty; some meaning will be won
 Out of the stubborn silence, and our blind
 And baffled thoughts some sure repose will find.

William A. Dunn.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

PROEM.

THERE is no man living to-day who could tell you how the morning broke and the sun rose on the first day of January, 1801, who walked in the Mall, who sauntered in the Park with the Prince; none lives who heard and remembers the gossip of the hour, or can give you the exact flavor of the speech and accent of the time. We may catch the air but not the tone, the trick of form but not the inflection. The lilt of the sensations, the idiosyncrasy of voice, emotion, and mind of the first day of our century, must now pass from the printed page to us, imperfectly realized, and not through the convincing medium of actual presence and retrospection. The more distant the scene, the more uncertain the reflection; and so it must needs be with this tale, which will take you back to twenty years before the century began.

Then, as now, England was a great power outside the British Isles. She had her foot firmly planted in Australia, in Asia, and in America, — though, in bitterness, the thirteen colonies had broken free, and only Canada was left to her in North America. She has had to strike hard blows even for Scotland, Ireland, and Wales. But among her possessions there is one which, from the day its charter was granted it by King John, has been loyal, unwavering, and unpurchasable. Until the beginning of this century the language of this province was not our language, nor is English its official language to-day; and with a pretty pride oblivious of contrasts, and a simplicity unconscious of mirth, its people say, "We are the conquering race: we conquered England; England did not conquer us."

A little island lying in the wash of St. Michael's basin off the coast of France,

speaking Norman-French still, Norman in its foundations and in its racial growth, it has been as the keeper of the gate to England, though so near to France is it that from its shores, on a fine day, may be seen the spires of Coutances, whence its spiritual welfare was ruled long after England lost Normandy. A province of British people, speaking the Norman-French that the Conqueror spoke, such is the island of Jersey, which with Guernsey, Alderney, Sark, Herm, and Jethou forms what we call the Channel Islands and the French call the *Iles de la Manche*.

I.

In all the world there is no coast like that of Jersey; so treacherous, so snarling, serrated with rocks seen and unseen, tortured by currents maliciously whimsical, washed and circled by tides that sweep up from the Antarctic world with the devouring force of some monstrous serpent projecting itself towards its prey. The captain of these tides, traveling up through the Atlantic at the rate of a thousand miles an hour, enters the English Channel, and drives on to the Thames. Presently retreating, it meets another pursuing Antarctic wave, which, thus opposed in its straightforward course, recoils into St. Michael's Bay, then plunges, as it were, upon a terrible foe. They twine and strive in the mystic conflict, and in their rage of equal power, neither vanquished nor conquering, circle, furious and desperate, round the Channel Isles. Ungovernable, willful, violent, they sweep between the islands; impeded, cooped up, they turn violently and smite the cliffs and rocks and walls and towers of their prison-house. With the mad winds helping them, the island coasts and the shores of Normandy

are battered by their hopeless onset. And in that channel between Alderney and Cap de la Hague man or ship must well beware, for the Race of Alderney is one of the death-flumes of the tides! Before they find their way into the Atlantic, these harridans of nature bring forth a brood of currents which ceaselessly fret the boundaries of the isles.

Always, always, the white foam beats the rocks, and always must man go warily along these coasts. A swimmer plunges into a quiet pool, the snowy froth that masks the reefs seeming only the pretty fringe of sentient life to a sleeping sea; but presently an invisible hand reaches up and clasps him, an unseen power drags him exultingly out to the main, and he returns no more. Many a Jersey boatman and fisherman, who has lived his whole life in sight of the Paternosters on the north, the Ecréhos on the east, the Dog's Nest on the south, or the Corbière on the west, has in some helpless moment been caught by the sleepless currents that harry his peaceful borders, or by the rocks that have eluded the hunters of the sea, and has yielded up his life within sight of his own doorway, an involuntary sacrifice to the navigator's knowledge and to the calm perfection of an Admiralty chart.

Yet within the circle of danger bounding this green isle the love of home and country is stubbornly, almost pathetically strong. Isolation, pride of lineage, independence of government, antiquity of law and custom, and jealousy of imperial influence or action have played their important part in making a race self-reliant even to perverseness, proud and maybe vain, sincere almost to commonplaceness, unimaginative and reserved, with the melancholy born of monotony; for the life of the little country has coiled in upon itself, and the people have drooped to see but just their own selves reflected in all the dwellers of the land, whichever way they turn. A hundred years ago, however, there was a

greater and more general lightness of heart and vivacity of spirit than now. Then the song of the harvester and the fisherman, the boat-builder and the stocking-knitter, was heard on a summer afternoon, or from the veille of a winter night, when the dim cresset hung from the roof and the seaweed burned in the chimney; when the gathering of the *vraic* was a fête, and the lads and lasses footed it on the green or on the hard sand to the chance flageolet of some sportive seaman home from the war. This simple gayety was heartiest at Christmastide, when the yearly reunion of families took place; and because nearly everybody in Jersey was "*couzain*" to his neighbor these gatherings were as patriarchal as they were festive.

The New Year of 1781 had been ushered in by the last impulse of such festivities. The English cruisers which had been in port had vanished up the Channel; and at Elizabeth Castle, Mont Orgueil, the Blue Barracks and the Hospital, three British regiments had taken up the dull round of duty again, so that by the fourth day of the year a general lethargy, akin to happiness or content, had settled on the whole island.

On the morning of the fifth day of the year a little snow was lying upon the ground, but the sun rose strong and unclouded, the whiteness vanished, and there remained only a pleasant dampness which made the sod and sand firm, yet springy and easy to the foot. As the day wore on, the air became more amiable still, and a delicate haze settled over the water and the land, making softer to the sight house and hill and rock and sea.

There was little life in the town of St. Helier's, and few persons upon the beach, though now and then some one who had been praying beside a grave in the parish churchyard came to the railings and looked out on the calm sea almost washing its foundations, and on the dark range of rocks which, when the tide was out, showed like a vast gridiron blackened

by large fires ; or some loitering sailor eyed the yawl-rigged fishing-craft from Holland, and the codfish-smelling cul-de-poule schooners of the great fishing-company which exploited the far-off fields of Gaspé in Canada.

St. Helier's lay in St. Aubin's Bay, which, shaped like a horseshoe, had Noirmont Point for one end of the segment, and the lofty Town Hill for the other. At the foot of this hill, hugging it close, straggled the town. From the bare green promontory above one might see two thirds of the south coast of the island : to the right, St. Aubin's Bay ; to the left, Grève d'Azette, with its fields of volcanic-looking rocks ; and St. Clement's Bay beyond. Than this no better place for a watch-tower could be found ; a perfect spot for the reflective idler, and for the sailorman who on land still must be within smell and sound and sight of the sea, and loves that spot best which gives him the widest prospect.

This day a solitary figure was pacing back and forth upon the cliff edge, stopping at intervals to turn a telescope now upon the water and now upon the town. It was a lad of not more than sixteen years, erect, well-poised, and with an air of self-reliance, even of command. Yet it was a boyish figure, too, and the face was very young, save for the eyes : these were frank, but still sophisticated.

The first time he looked towards the town he laughed outright, freely, spontaneously ; threw his head back with merriment, and then glued his eye to the glass again. What he had seen was a girl, about six years of age, and a man, in the Rue d'Egypte, near the old prison, even then called the Vier Prison. The man had stooped and kissed the child, and she, indignant, snatching the cap from his head, had thrown it into the stream running through the street. The lad on the hill grinned, for the man was none other than the lieutenant-bailly of the island, next in importance to the lieutenant-governor.

The boy could almost see the face of the child, its humorous anger and indignant and willful triumph ; and also the enraged face of the lieutenant-bailly, as he raked the stream with his long stick tied with a sort of tassel of office. Presently he saw the child turn at the call of a woman in the Place du Vier Prison, who appeared to apologize to the lieutenant-bailly, busy now with drying his recovered hat by whipping it through the air. The lad recognized the woman as the child's mother.

This little episode over, he turned once more toward the sea, watching the light of late afternoon fall upon the towers of Elizabeth Castle and the great rock out of which St. Helier the hermit had chiseled his lofty home. He breathed deep and strong, and the carriage of his body was light, for he had a healthy enjoyment of all physical sensations and of all the obvious drolleries of life. A certain sort of humor was written in every feature, — in the full, quizzical eye, in the width across the cheek-bone, in the broad mouth, in the depth of the laugh, which, however, often ended in a sort of chuckle not quite pleasant to hear. It suggested a selfish enjoyment of the odd or the melodramatic side of other people's difficulties.

At last the youth encased the telescope, and turned to descend the hill to the town. As he did so a bell began to ring. From where he stood he could look down into the Vier Marchi, or market-place, where was the Cohue Royale and place of legislature. In the belfry of this court-house the bell was ringing to call the jurats together for a meeting of the states. A monstrous tin pan would have yielded as much assonance. Walking down towards the Vier Marchi, the lad gleefully recalled the remark of a wag who, some days before, had imitated the sound of the bell with the words : —

" *Chicane — chicane ! Chicane — chicane !* "

The native had, as he thought, suffered somewhat at the hands of the twelve jurors of the royal court, whom his vote had helped to elect, and this was his revenge; so successful that, for generations, when the bell called the states or the royal court together, it said in the ears of the Jersey people, thus insistent is the apt metaphor:—

“*Chicane — chicane ! Chicane — chicane !*”

As the lad came down to the town, tradespeople whom he met touched their hats to him, and sailors and soldiers saluted respectfully. In this regard the lieutenant-bailly could not have fared better. It was not due to the fact that the youth came of an old Jersey family, nor by reason of his being genial and handsome, but because he was a midshipman of the King's navy, home on leave; and these were the days when sailors were more popular than soldiers.

He came out of the Vier Marchi into the Grande Rue, along the stream called the Fauxbie, which flowed through it, till he passed under the archway of the Vier Prison, making towards the place where the child had snatched the hat from the head of the lieutenant-bailly. Presently the door of a cottage opened, and the child came out, followed by her mother. The young gentleman touched his cap politely, for though the woman was not fashionably dressed, she was neat and even distinguished in her appearance, with an air of remoteness that gave her a sort of agreeable mystery.

“Madame Landresse,” said he, with deference.

“Monsieur d'Avranche,” responded the lady quietly, pausing.

“Did the lieutenant-bailly make a stir?” asked d'Avranche, smiling. “I saw the little affair from the hill, through my telescope.”

“My little daughter must have better manners,” said Madame Landresse, looking down at her child reprovingly, yet lovingly.

“Or the lieutenant-bailly must, eh, madame?” replied d'Avranche, and, stooping, he offered his hand to the little girl. Glancing up at her mother, she took it. She was so demure, one could scarcely think her capable of tossing the lieutenant-bailly's hat into the stream; yet, looking closely, one might see in her eyes a slumbrous sort of fire, a touch of mystery. They were neither blue nor gray, but a mingling of both, rendering them the most tender, grayish sort of violet. Down through generations of Huguenot refugees had passed sorrow and fighting and piety and love and occasional joy, until in the eyes of this child they all met, delicately vague, and with the wistfulness of the early morning of life.

“What is your name?” inquired the lad.

“Guida, sir,” the child answered simply.

“Mine is Philip. Won't you call me Philip?”

She looked up at him, turned to her mother, regarded him again, and then answered, “Yes, Philip — sir.”

D'Avranche wanted to laugh, but the girl's face was sensitive and serious, and he only smiled.

“Say, ‘Yes, Philip,’ won't you?” he asked.

“Yes, Philip,” came the reply obediently.

After a moment of speech with Madame Landresse, Philip stooped to say good-by to the child.

“Good-by, Guida.”

A queer, mischievous little smile flitted over her face; a second, and it was gone.

“Good-by, sir — Philip,” she said, and they parted.

Her last words kept ringing in his ears as he made his way homeward: “Good-by, sir — Philip.” The arrangement of the words was odd and amusing, and at the same time suggested something more. “Good-by, Sir Philip,” had a dif-

ferent meaning, though the words were the same.

"Sir Philip, eh?" he said to himself, with a jerk of the head. "I'll be more than that some day!"

II.

The night came down with leisurely gloom. A dim starlight pervaded rather than shone in the sky. Nature appeared somnolent and gravely meditative; it brooded as broods a man who is finding his way through a labyrinth of ideas to a conclusion which still evades him. This sense of cogitation enveloped land and sea, and was as tangible and sensible to feeling as human presence.

At last the night seemed to rouse itself from reverie. A movement, a thrill, ran through the spangled vault of dusk and sleep, and seemed to pass over the world, rousing the sea and the earth. There was no wind, apparently no breath of air, yet the leaves of the trees trembled, the weather-vanes moved slightly, the animals in the byres roused themselves, and slumbering folk opened their eyes, turned over in their beds, and dropped into a troubled sleep again.

Presently there came a long moaning sound from the sea; not loud, but rather mysterious and distant, — a plaint, a threatening, a warning, a prelude?

A dull laborer, returning from late toil, felt it, and raised his head in a perturbed way, as though some one had brought him news of a far-off disaster. A midwife, hurrying to a lowly birth-chamber, shivered and gathered her mantle more closely about her. She looked up at the sky, she looked out over the sea; then she bent her head and said to herself that this would not be a good night, that ill luck was in the air. "Either the mother or the child will die," she muttered. A longshoreman, reeling home from deep potations, was conscious of it, and, turning round to the sea, snarled at

it and said "Yah!" in swaggering defiance. A young lad, wandering along the deserted street, heard it, began to tremble, and sat down on a block of stone in the doorway of a baker's shop. He dropped his head on his arms and his chin on his knees, shutting out the sound, and sobbing quietly. It was more the influence of the night and the deserted street and the awe of loneliness than his sufferings which overpowered him.

Yesterday his mother had been buried; to-night his father's door had been closed in his face. He scarcely knew whether his being locked out was an accident or whether it was intended. He remembered the time when his father had ill treated his mother and him. That, however, had stopped at last, for the woman had threatened her husband with the royal court, and, having no wish to face its summary convictions, he thereafter conducted himself towards them both with a morose indifference, until this year of her death, when forbearance and suffering ended for the unhappy wife.

During this year the father had even pursued his profession as an *écrivain* with something like industry, though he had lived long on his wife's rapidly diminishing income. The house belonged to him, but the mother had left all her little property to her son. The boy was called Ranulph, — a name which had passed to him through several generations of Jersey forbears, — Ranulph Delagarde. He was being taught the trade of ship-building in St. Aubin's Bay. He was not beyond fourteen years of age, though he looked more, so tall and straight and self-possessed was he.

He sat for a long time in the doorway. His tears having soon ceased, he began to think of what he was to do in the future. He would never go back to his father's house or be dependent on him for anything. He began to make plans. He would learn his trade of ship-building; he would become a master builder; then he would become a ship-

owner; then he would have fishing-ves-sels like the great company which sent fleets to Gaspé.

At the moment when these plans had reached the highest point of imagination and satisfaction, the upper half of the door beside which he sat opened suddenly, and he heard men's voices. He was about to rise and disappear, but the words arrested him, and he cowered down beside the stone. One of the men was leaning on the half-door, speaking in French.

"I tell you it can't go wrong. The pilot knows every crack in the coast. I left Granville at three; Rullecour left Chaussey at nine. If he lands safe, and the English troops are not alarmed, he'll take the town and hold the island easy enough."

"But the pilot, — is he safe and sure?" asked another voice. Ranulph recognized it as that of the baker, Carcaud, who owned the shop. "Olivier Delagarde is n't so sure of him."

Olivier Delagarde! The lad started: that was his father's name! He shrank as from a blow, — his father betraying Jersey to the French!

"Of course, the pilot, — he's all right," the Frenchman answered. "He was to have been hung here for murder. He got away, and now he's having *his* turn by fetching Rullecour's wolves to eat up these green-bellies! By to-morrow at seven Jersey'll belong to King Louis."

"I've done my promise," rejoined Carcaud: "I've been to three of the guard-houses on St. Clement's and Grouville. In two the men are drunk as don-keys; in another they sleep like squids. Rullecour, he can march straight to the town and seize it — if he land safe. But will he stand by his word to we? 'Cadet Roussel has two sons: one's a thief, t'other's a rogue!' There's two Rulle-cours: Rullecour before the catch, and Rullecour after!"

"He'll be honest to us, man, or he'll be dead inside a week, — that's all."

"I'm to be *connétable* of St. Helier's, and you're to be harbor-master?"

"Nothing else. You don't catch flies with vinegar. Give us your hand. Why, man, it's doggish cold!"

"Cold hand, healthy heart. How many men will Rullecour bring?"

"Two thousand; mostly conscripts and devils' beauties from Granville and St. Malo jails."

"Any signals yet?"

"Two from Chaussey at five o'clock. Rullecour'll try to land at Gorey. Come, let's be off. Delagarde's at Grouville now."

The boy stiffened with horror: his father was a traitor! The thought pierced his brain like a hot iron. He must prevent this crime and warn the governor. He prepared to steal away.

Carcaud laughed a low, malicious laugh as he replied to the Frenchman: "Trust the quiet Delagarde! There's nothing worse than still waters! He'll do his trick, and he'll have his share if the rest suck their thumbs. He does n't wait for larks to drop into *his* mouth. What's that?"

It was Ranulph stealing away.

In an instant the two men were on him, and a hand was clapped to his mouth. In another minute he was bound and thrown on the stone floor of the bake-room, his head striking, and he lost consciousness.

When he came to himself, there was absolute silence round him, — deathly, oppressive silence. At first he was dazed, but gradually all that had happened came back to him.

Where was he now? His feet were free; he began to move them about. He remembered that he had been flung on the stone floor of the bake-room. This place was hollow underneath; it certainly was not the bake-room! He rolled over and over. Presently he touched a wall: it was stone. He drew himself up to a sitting posture, but his head struck a curved stone ceiling. Then he swung

round and moved his foot along the wall: it touched iron. He felt further with his foot: something clicked. Then he understood: he was in the baker's oven, with his hands bound.

The iron door had no inside latch. There was a small damper covering a barred hole, through which perhaps he might be able to get a hand, if it were only free. He turned so that his fingers could feel the grated opening. The edges of the little bars were sharp. He placed the straps which bound his wrists against these sharp edges, and drew his arms up and down, a hard and painful business. He cut his hands and wrists at first, so awkward was the movement; but, steeling himself, he kept on steadily.

At last the straps fell apart, and his hands were free. With difficulty he thrust one of them between the bars: his fingers could just lift the latch. The door creaked on its hinges, and in a moment he was out on the stone flags of the bake-room. Hurrying through an unlocked passage into the shop, he felt his way to the street door; but it was securely fastened. The windows? He tried them both, one on either side; but while he could free the stout wooden shutters on the inside, a heavy iron bar secured them without, and it was impossible to open them.

Feverish with anxiety, he sat down on the low counter, with his hands between his knees, and tried to think what to do. There was only the window in the bake-room, and it also was fastened with a heavy iron bar. In the numb hopelessness of the moment he became very quiet. His mind was confused, but his senses were alert; he was in a kind of dream, yet he was acutely conscious of the smell of new-made bread. It pervaded the air of the place; it somehow crept into his brain and his being, so that, as long as he might live, the smell of new-made bread would fetch back upon him the nervous shiver and numbness of this hour of danger.

As he waited he heard a noise outside, a *clac-clac! clac-clac!* which seemed to be echoed back from the wood and stone of the houses in the street, and then to be lifted up and carried away over the roofs and out to sea, — *clac-clac! clac-clac!* It was not the tap of a blind man's staff, — at first he thought it might be; it was not a donkey's foot on the cobbles; it was not the broomsticks of the witches of St. Clement's Bay, for the rattle was below in the street, and the broomstick rattle is heard only on the roofs as the witches fly across country from Roberth to Cat's Corner at Bonne Nuit Bay.

This sound came from the sabots of some nightfarer. Should he make a noise and attract the attention of the passer-by? No, that would not do. It might be some one who would wish to know whys and wherefores. He must, of course, do his duty to his country, but he must save his father, too. Bad as he was, he must save him, though the alarm must be given, no matter what happened to his father. His reflections tortured him. Why had he not stopped the nightfarer?

Even as these thoughts passed through the lad's mind, the *clac-clac* had faded away into the murmur of the stream flowing through the Rue d'Egypte to the sea, and almost beneath his feet. There flashed on him at that instant what little Guida Landresse had said to him a few days before, as she lay down beside this very stream and watched the water wimpling by. Trailing her fingers through it dreamily, the little child had asked, "Ro, won't it never come back?" She always had called him "Ro," because when beginning to talk she could not say "Ranulph."

"Ro, won't it never come back?" As he repeated the child's question another sound mingled with the stream, — *clac-clac! clac-clac!* Suddenly it came to him who was the wearer of the sabots which made this peculiar clatter in the

night. It was Dormy Jamais, the man who never slept. For two years the *clac-clac* of Dormy Jamais' sabots had not been heard in the streets of St. Helier's; he had been wandering in France, a daft pilgrim. Ranulph remembered how they used to pass and repass the doorway of his own home. It was said that while Dormy Jamais paced the streets there was no need of guard or watchman. Many a time Ranulph had shared his supper with the poor *béganne*, whose origin no one knew, and whose real name had long since dropped into oblivion.

The rattle of the sabots came nearer; the footsteps were now in front of the window. Even as Ranulph was about to knock and call the poor vagrant's name the *clac-clac* stopped, and then there came a sniffing at the shutters as a dog sniffs at the door of a larder. Following the sniffing came a guttural noise of emptiness and desire. Now there was no mistake: it was the half-witted fellow beyond all doubt, and he would help him, — Dormy Jamais should help him. He should go and warn the governor and the soldiers at the hospital, while he himself would speed to Grouville Bay in search of his father; and he would alarm the regiment there at the same time.

He knocked and shouted. Dormy Jamais, frightened, jumped back into the street. Ranulph called again, and yet again, and now at last Dormy recognized the voice. With a growl of mingled reassurance and hunger, he lifted down the iron bar from the shutters. In a moment Ranulph was outside with two loaves of bread, which he put into Dormy Jamais' arms. The daft one whined with delight.

"What's o'clock, bread-man?" he asked, with a chuckle.

Ranulph gripped his shoulders. "See, Dormy Jamais," said he, "I want you to go to the governor's house at La Motte and tell him that the French are coming; that they're landing at Gorey now.

Then go to the hospital and tell the sentry there. Go, Dormy, — *allez kédainne!*"

Dormy Jamais tore at a loaf with his teeth, and crammed a huge piece of crust into his mouth.

"Come, tell me, tell me, will you go, Dormy?" the lad asked impatiently.

Dormy Jamais nodded his head and grunted, and, turning on his heel with Ranulph, clattered slowly up the street. The boy sprang ahead of him, and ran swiftly up the Rue d'Egypte into the Vier Marchi, and on over the Town Hill along the road leading to Grouville.

III.

Since the days of Henry III. of England the hawk of war that broods in France has hovered along that narrow strip of sea which divides the island of Jersey from the duchy of Normandy. Eight times has it descended, and eight times has it hurried back with broken pinion. Among these episodes of invasion two stand out boldly: the spirited and gallant attack by Bertrand du Guesclin, Constable of France, and the freebooting adventure of Rullecour and his motley following of gentlemen and criminals. Rullecour it was — soldier of fortune, gambler, ruffian and adventurer, embezzler and refugee — to whom the King of France had secretly given the mission to conquer the unconquerable little island.

From the Chaussey Isles the filibuster saw the signal-light which the traitor Olivier Delagarde had set upon the heights of Le Couperon, where, ages ago, Cæsar built fires to summon from Gaul his devouring legions.

All was propitious for the adventure. There was no moon, only a meagre starlight, when the French set forth from Chaussey. The journey was made in little more than an hour, and Rullecour himself was among the first to see the shores of Jersey loom darkly in front.

Beside him stood the murderous pilot (secured by Delagarde) who was leading in the expedition.

Presently the pilot gave an exclamation of surprise and anxiety: the tides and currents had borne them away from the intended landing-place! It was now low water, and, instead of an immediate shore, there lay before them a vast field of scarred rocks, dimly seen. He gave the signal to lay to, and himself took the bearings. The tide was going out rapidly, disclosing reefs on either hand. He drew in carefully to the right of the rock known as L'Echiquelez, up through a passage scarce wide enough for canoes, and to La Roque Platte, the southeastern projection of the island.

You may range the seas from the Yugon Strait to the Erebus volcano, and you will find no such landing-place forimps or men as that field of rocks on the southeast corner of Jersey, called, with a malicious irony, the Banc des Violettes. The great rocks La Conière, La Longy, Le Gros Etac, Le Têton, and Le Petit Sambière rise up like volcanic monuments from a floor of lava and trailing vraie, which at half-tide makes the sea a tender mauve and violet. The passages of safety between these ranges of reef are but narrow at high tide, and at half-tide, when the currents are changing most, the violet field becomes the floor of a vast mortuary chapel for unknowing mariners.

A battery of four guns defended the post on the landward side of this bank of the heavenly name. Its guards were asleep or in their cups. They yielded without resistance to the foremost of the invaders. Here Rullecour and his pilot, looking back upon the way they had come, found the currents driving the transport boats hither and thither in confusion. Jersey was not to be conquered without opposition; no army of defense was abroad, but the elements roused themselves and furiously attacked the fleet. Battalions unable to land

drifted back with the tides to Granville, whence they had come. Boats containing the heavy ammunition and a regiment of conscripts were battered upon the rocks, and hundreds of the invaders found an unquiet grave upon the Banc des Violettes.

Night wore on, and at last the remaining legions were landed. Presently the traitor Delagarde arrived, and was welcomed warmly by Rullecour. A force was left behind to guard La Roque Platte, and then the journey across country to the sleeping town began.

With silent, drowsing batteries in front and on either side of them, the French troops advanced, the marshes of Samarès and the sea on their left, churches and manor-houses on their right, — all silent. Not yet had a blow been struck for the honor of the land and of the kingdom.

But a blind injustice was, in its own way, doing the work of justice too. On the march, Delagarde, suspecting treachery to himself, not without reason, required of Rullecour guarantee for the fulfillment of his promise to make him vicomte of the island when victory should be theirs. Rullecour had also promised it to a reckless young officer, the Comte de Tournay, of the house of Vaufontaine, who, under the assumed name of Yves Savary *dit* Détrican, marched with him. Rullecour answered Delagarde churlishly, and would say nothing till the town was taken; the écrivain must wait. Delagarde had been drinking; he was in a mood to be reckless; he would not wait; he demanded an immediate pledge.

"By and by, my doubting Thomas," said Rullecour.

"No, now, by the blood of Peter!" answered Delagarde, laying a hand upon his sword.

The French leader called a sergeant to arrest him. Delagarde instantly drew his sword and attacked Rullecour, but was cut down from behind by the scimitar of a swaggering Turk, who had

joined the expedition as aide-de-camp to the filibustering general, tempted thereto by promises of a harem of the choicest Jersey ladies, well worthy of this cousin of the Emperor of Morocco.

The invaders left Delagarde lying where he fell. What followed this oblique retribution could satisfy no ordinary logic, nor did it meet the demands of poetic justice; for as a company of soldiers from Grouville, alarmed out of sleep by a distracted youth, hurried towards St. Helier's, they found Delagarde lying by the roadside, and they misunderstood what had happened. Stooping over him, an officer said compassionately, "See, he got this wound fighting the French!"

With the soldiers was the youth who had warned them. He ran forward with a cry, and knelt beside the wounded man. He had no tears, he had no sorrow. He was only sick and dumb, and he trembled with misery as he lifted up his father's head. The eyes of Olivier Delagarde opened.

"Ranulph — they've killed — me," gasped the stricken man feebly, and his head fell back.

An officer touched the youth's arm. "He is gone," said he. "Don't fret, lad; he died fighting for his country."

The lad made no reply, and the soldiers hurried on towards the town.

"He died fighting for his country." So that was to be it, Ranulph thought: his father was to have a glorious memory, while he himself knew how vile the man was. One thing was sure, — he was glad that Olivier Delagarde was dead. How strangely had things happened! He had come to stay a traitor in his crime, and he found a martyr. But was not he likewise a traitor? Ought not he to have alarmed the town before he tried to find his father? Had Dormy Jamais warned the governor? Clearly not, or the town bells would be ringing, and the islanders giving battle. What would the world think of him!

Well, what was the use of fretting here? He would go on to the town, fight the French, and die, — that would be the best thing! He knelt, and unclasped his father's fingers from the handle of his sword. The steel was cold; it made him shiver. He had no farewell to make. He looked out to sea. The tide would come and carry his father's body out, perhaps far out, and sink it in the deepest sea. If not, then the people would bury Olivier Delagarde as a patriot. He determined that he would not live to see such mockery.

As he sped along towards the town he asked himself why nobody suspected the traitor. One reason for it occurred to him: his father, as the whole island knew, had a fishing-hut at Grouville Bay. They would think he was on the way to it when he met the French, for he often spent the night there: that would be the explanation. The boy had told his tale to the soldiers: that he had heard the baker and the Frenchman talking at the shop in the Rue d'Egypte. Yes, but suppose the French were driven out, and the baker was taken prisoner and revealed his father's complicity? And suppose people asked why he did not go at once to the hospital barracks in the town and to the governor, and afterwards to Grouville Bay?

These were direful imaginings. He felt that it was no use; that the lie could not go on concerning his father. The world would know; the one thing left for him was to die. He was only a boy, but he could fight. Had not young Philip d'Avranche, the midshipman, been in deadly action many times? He was nearly as old as Philip d'Avranche. Yes, he would fight, and, fighting, he would die. To live as the son of such a father was too pitiless a shame.

He ran forward, but a weakness was on him; he was very hungry and thirsty — and the sword was heavy! Presently, as he passed, he saw a stone well in front of a cottage by the roadside. On a ledge

of the well stood a bucket of water. He tilted the bucket and drank. He would have liked to ask for bread at the cottage door, but why should he eat, he said to himself, for was he not going to die? Yet why should he not eat, even if he were going to die? He turned his head wistfully, he was so faint with hunger. The force driving him on, however, was greater than hunger; he ran harder — but undoubtedly the sword was heavy!

IV.

In the Vier Marchi the French flag was flying; French troops occupied it, and French sentries guarded the five streets entering into it. Rullecour, the French adventurer, held the lieutenant-governor of the isle captive in the Cohue Royale, and by threats of fire and pillage thought to force a capitulation. Taking the governor to the doorway, he showed him two hundred soldiers with lighted torches ready to fire the town.

Upon the roof of the Cohue Royale sat Dormy Jamais. When he saw Rullecour and the governor appear, he chuckled, and said in Jersey patois, "I vaut mux alouonyi l'bras que l'co," which is to say, It is better to stretch the arm than the neck. The governor would have done better, he thought, to believe the poor béganne, and to rise earlier. Dormy Jamais had a poor opinion of a governor who slept. He himself was not a governor, yet was he not always awake? He had gone before dawn to the governor's house, had knocked, had given Ranulph Delagarde's message, had been called a dirty buzzard, and had been driven off by the crusty, incredulous servant. Then he had gone to the hospital barracks, had there been iniquitously called a lousy toad, and had been driven away with his quartern loaf, muttering the island proverb, "While the mariner dawdles and drinks the tide rises."

When the French soldiers first entered the Vier Marchi there was Dormy Jamais on the roof of the Cohue Royale, calmly munching his bread; and there he stayed, grinning and mumbling, when the flagstones of the square ran red with French and British blood, the one philosopher and stoic in the land.

Had the governor remained as cool as the poor vagrant, he would not have yielded to threats and signed the capitulation of the island. When that capitulation was signed, and notice of it was sent to the British troops, with orders to surrender and bring their arms to the Cohue Royale, it was not cordially received by the officers in command.

"Je ne comprends pas le français," said Captain Mulcaster, at Elizabeth Castle, and put the letter in his pocket unread.

"The English governor will be hanged, and the French will burn the town," responded the envoy.

"Let them begin to hang and burn and be damned, for I'll not surrender the castle or the British flag so long as I've a man to defend it, to please anybody," answered Mulcaster.

"We shall return in numbers," said the Frenchman threateningly.

"I shall be delighted; we shall have the more to kill," Mulcaster replied.

Then the captive lieutenant-governor was sent to Major Pierson at the Mont ès Pendus, with counsel to surrender.

"Sir," said he, "this has been a very sudden surprise, for I was made prisoner before I was out of my bed this morning."

"Sir," replied Pierson, the young hero of twenty-four, who achieved death and glory between a sunrise and a noon-tide, "give me leave to tell you that the 78th Regiment has not yet been the least surprised."

From Elizabeth Castle came defiance and cannonade, driving back Rullecour and his filibusters to the Cohue Royale: from Mont Orgueil, from the hospital,

from St. Peter's, came the English regiments; from the other parishes came the militia, all eager to recover their beloved Vier Marchi. Two companies of light infantry, leaving the Montès Pendus, stole round the town and placed themselves behind the invaders on the Town Hill; the rest marched direct upon the enemy. Part went by the Grande Rue, and part by the Rue d'Drière, converging to the points of attack; and as the light infantry came down from the hill by the Rue des Très Pigeons, Pierson entered the Vier Marchi by the Route ès Couochons. On one side of the square — that is, where the Cohue Royale made a wall to fight before — were the French. Radiating from this were five streets and passages, like the spokes of a wheel, and from these now emptied the defenders of the isle.

A volley came from the Cohue Royale, then another, and another. The place was small; friend and foe were crowded upon one another. The fighting was at once a hand-to-hand encounter. Cannon became useless, gun-carriages were overturned. Here a drummer fell wounded, but continued beating his drum to the last; there a Glasgow soldier struggled with a French officer for the flag of the invaders; a handful of Malouins doggedly held the foot of La Pyramide, until every one was cut down by overpowering numbers of British and Jersiais. The British leader was conspicuous upon his horse. Shot after shot was fired at him. Suddenly he gave a cry, reeled in his saddle, and sank, mortally wounded, into the arms of a brother officer. For a moment his men fell back.

In the midst of the deadly turmoil a youth ran forward from a group of combatants, caught the bridle of the horse from which Pierson had fallen, mounted, and, brandishing a short sword, called upon the dismayed and wavering followers to advance; which they instantly did with fury and courage. It was Midshipman Philip d'Avranche. Twenty

muskets were discharged at him. One bullet cut his coat at the shoulder, another grazed the back of his hand, another scarred the pommel of the saddle, and still another wounded his horse. Again and again the English called upon him to dismount, for he was made a target, but he refused, until at last the horse was shot under him. Then he joined once more in the hand-to-hand encounter.

Windows near the ground, if they were not shattered, were broken by bullets. Cannon-balls imbedded themselves in the masonry and the heavy doorways. The upper windows were safe; the shots did not range so high. At one of these, which was over a watchmaker's shop, a little girl was to be seen, looking down with eager interest. Presently an old man came to the window and led her away. A few minutes of fierce struggle passed, and then at another window on the floor below the child appeared again. She saw a youth with a sword hurrying towards the Cohue Royale from a tangled mass of combatants at the Route ès Vacques. As he ran, a British soldier fell near him. He dropped the sword, and grasped the dead man's musket.

The child clapped her hands on the window.

"It's Ro! it's Ro!" she cried, and disappeared again.

"Ro," with white face, hatless, coatless, pushed on through the mêlée. Rullecour, now thoroughly disheartened, stood on the steps of the Cohue Royale. With a vulgar cruelty and cowardice he was holding the governor by the arm, hoping thereby to protect his own person from the British fire.

Here was what the lad had been trying for, — the sight of this man. There was one small clear space between the English and the French, where stood a gun-carriage. He ran to it, leaned the musket on the gun, and, regardless of the shots fired at him, took aim steadily at Rullecour. A French bullet struck

the wooden wheel of the carriage, and a splinter gashed his cheek. He did not move, but took sight again and fired. Rullecour fell, shot through the jaw. A cry of fury and dismay went up from the French at the loss of their leader, a shout of delight from the British. The end of the battle was at hand.

The Frenchmen had had enough; they broke and ran. Some rushed for doorways and threw themselves within, many scurried into the Rue des Très Pigeons, others madly fought their way into Morier Lane.

At this moment the door of the watchmaker's shop opened, and the little girl who had been seen at the window ran into the square, calling out, "Ro! Ro!" It was Guida Landresse.

Among the French who made for refuge was the garish Turk, Rullecour's ally. Suddenly the now frightened, crying child got into his path and tripped him up. Wild with rage he made a stroke at her, but at that instant his scimitar was struck aside by a youth covered with the smoke and grime of battle. It was Philip d'Avranche, who caught up the child in his arms, and hurried with her through the mêlée to the watchmaker's doorway, where stood a terror-stricken woman, Madame Landresse, who had just made her way into

the square. He placed the child in her arms, and then staggered inside the house, faint and bleeding from a wound in the shoulder.

The battle of Jersey was over.

"Ah, bah!" said Dormy Jamais from the roof of the Cohue Royale; "now I'll toll the bell for that achocre of a Frenchman. Then I'll finish my supper."

Poising a half-loaf of bread on the ledge of the roof, he began to toll the cracked bell for Rullecour the filibuster.

The bell tolled out: "*Chicane — chicane! Chicane — chicane!*"

Another bell answered from the church in the square, a deep, mournful note. It was tolling for Pierson and his dead comrades.

Against the statue in the Vier Marchi leaned Ranulph Delagarde. An officer came up and held out a hand to him. "Your shot ended the business," said he. "You're a brave fellow. What is your name?"

"Ranulph Delagarde, sir."

"Delagarde, eh? Then, well done, Delagardes! They say your father was the first man killed out on the Grouville road. We won't forget that, my lad."

Sinking down upon the base of the statue, Ranulph did not stir or reply, and the officer, thinking he was grieving for his father, left him alone.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

BELATED FEUDALISM IN AMERICA.

II.

It has always been the obvious duty of the American citizen to make his way in the world, but for a long time the slaveholders avoided this duty successfully, and set a fashion in social morality which was cheerfully followed by the

gentlemen of property and standing in the North. In negro slavery we kept alive an old and damaging superstition, which prevented us from becoming a nation, and held us back as much as if the slave States had kept up an hereditary nobility. Part of the country escaped its worst evils, but that laughable tradition,

standing effective among us, destroyed our integrity, made our professions a farce, and prevented us from finding our equilibrium. Since the war, we stand on a consistent footing, where there is no class of men exempt from the necessity of taking care of themselves. Since the war, the man who does not work has ceased to set the fashion in living. At this moment the ascendancy of the commercial example is complete.

At the bottom of the scale lies the need of bread and butter, next comes the wish to gain wealth, lastly the desire to keep together what has been won, — possibly to accumulate and enjoy a great fortune. All these require work. Even the millionaire is seldom an idle man. Rich and poor, barring our men of science and a few other notable exceptions, we fall into line, and feel that we are doing the proper thing. We get as much cultivation as we can, and do not by any means neglect the humanities, though we may prefer to have our education of a kind that will help us later to deal with the affairs of practical life. In this way we follow first the requirements of necessity, and afterwards the possibilities of wealth.

"Yes," says the Academy of Pessimism, "and do not even ask whether you might not be happier with less money and other employment. You are content to devote yourselves to the making of money, and to leave the affairs of art, letters, music, and philosophy to Europe. You have made no great contributions to intellectual progress, and there seems no likelihood of your doing so."

I can only ask these critics to make out the facts to be as bad as they can; for in so doing they will lay the foundation for an interpretation so distasteful to them that they could never have thought of it, and one which, when it is called to their attention, they will probably deny.

If we really exhibit the condition they describe, what is the cause of it? Which

of the ingredients of art do we lack? Do we still lack sufficient wealth? Let us compare New York, in this respect, — for in no other are the conditions comparable, — with Florence, the richest of the Italian states, and the most prodigal of genius. "In Florence," says Macaulay, who had a fine eye for coincidence, "the progress of elegant literature and the fine arts was proportionate to that of the public prosperity." We are therefore in a position, other things being equal, to estimate the monetary value of Dante, Giotto, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Ghiberti, Machiavelli, and Michael Angelo, or, at all events, to know the scale of opulence which was necessary to produce them. Macaulay, in his essay on Machiavelli, draws from Villani a picture of Florence in the early part of the fourteenth century, and any distrust of either historian may be offset by the knowledge that in this case both were desirous of making out the grandeur and resources of the state to be as large and magnificent as possible: "With peculiar pleasure every cultivated mind must repose on the fair, the happy, the glorious Florence, the halls of which rang with the mirth of Pulci, the cell where twinkled the midnight lamp of Politian, the statues on which the young eye of Michael Angelo glared with the frenzy of a kindred inspiration, the gardens where Lorenzo meditated some sparkling song for the May-day dance of the Etrurian virgins."

Yet the city, with its environs, counted only one hundred and seventy thousand inhabitants, and the town itself never more than seventy thousand. In the various schools, ten thousand children were taught to read, twelve hundred only studied arithmetic, and six hundred received a learned education. Macaulay estimates the revenue of the republic at six hundred thousand pounds sterling of his time (1827), and the annual production of cloth, one of the most important industries, at two millions and a half of English money. If these mag-

nitudes in material prosperity are proportional to the intellectual and artistic achievements of the Florentines whose statues stand in the streets of their native city, what should the city of New York have to show?

But art, you say, needs more than wealth: it demands fire and energy. Can it be that these have flagged and died? Hardly, for we see them at work in other shapes. It requires imagination. Can it be that this has failed us? No, for we see that, too, engaged in other ways. Science has an imagination as well as art, and commerce cannot be without it. It may require as much imagination to draw pleasure out of an unspent dollar as it does to get it from an unsmelt flower, or an unknissed love, or any of the unexisting realities that poets deal in.

Many a laborious and ascetic financier must live in a world of imagination, a commercial dream, as little tangible as that of the poet. "My food and lodging are all I get for my wealth," said the elder Rothschild. He was mistaken; he forgot his dream of wealth. He was one of the poets of a financial age. Nor, lastly, can it be that the delight of giving one's self up to an impassioned thought, of which one is as sure as death, and for which one is willing to die, is not still, as it always has been, the keenest pleasure of a human soul.

Where, then, is our great art? The cheerful optimists have advanced a claim in this matter which they, too, will find it difficult to make good. They say to foreigners that we are now engaged in subduing a continent, and that when this work is done we shall turn to other things. This appears to be a sort of application of the theory of the conservation of energy to affairs of sentiment and emotion. It has a plausible sound, but there is much more hope in it than there is reason. In fact, it is an empty boast, without foundation or meaning, — unless, indeed, we take it as a fable. No practical work ever stood in the way of art,

at a time when art was in men's souls, nor did any man or any people ever say, "I will first set my house in order, and then will I sit down and paint you a picture and write you poetry." Had this been the history of art, we should still be waiting for Homer and the Parthenon.

To give an unbiased answer to the question why we have so little art in this country, we must remember that the making of money is the safest vocation a man can follow. To be filled with the desire to make money is one of the surest inspirations a man can have. All other doings are dangerous. The poet, the artist, and the musician take their lives in their hands when they trust to art for a living. They stand a good chance of starving to death. Wise business men look upon them as foolhardy people; and so they are. Now, as ever, young and foolish persons become possessed with a desire to give themselves up to art, but fathers and mothers are quick to dissuade. They know there is no art that is worth the risk of poverty; they have worked, and they want no poor relations. Ask any man who in this country has taken up music as a profession, how much encouragement he had from his family and friends. The elders counsel wisely, and the children do not have it in them to resist the wise counsel. Artists throw the halo of disinterestedness around their vocation. They call themselves devotees. They have to do this to hide their true nature; for in reality poets and painters and the like are the most selfish and egotistical class of men that exists. A man can always live by writing, in these days, if he goes about it in the proper way, and writers do not any longer consider themselves devotees.

"Paupertas impulit audax,
Ut versus facerem,"

said Horace. "A bad business," we reply, "for a sensible man to be in."

"Operosa parvus
Carmina fingo."

"Worse still," we answer. "If you must scribble, why not write something that will sell well, and plenty of it? Who would put up with a Sabine farm?"

"A man must live in a garret alone,"

says Aldrich, if he wants the Muse to visit him; but not if we can avoid it will we put up with any such mode of life. We will not with incessant care tend the homely shepherd's trade, which we know to be slighted. We will not strictly meditate a Muse whom we know to be thankless. If, like St. Gaudens, a man takes his time to produce a masterpiece, he is accused of being dilatory. To Milton's rhetorical "Alas! what boots it?" most artists have returned a decided and practical "Nothing!"

It appears, then, that if nothing more can be said for us, we are, at all events, eminently sensible, splendidly wise. We see what we must do to be safe, and, unlike many other people, we do it. But how comes it that we find a whole nation so unanimous in its wisdom? How does it happen that we command so much foresight, so much caution, and that what de Tocqueville said of us is as true now as it was in his day? — "Non seulement on voit aux États-Unis, comme dans tous les autres pays, des classes industrielles et commerçantes; mais, ce qui ne s'était jamais rencontré, tous les hommes s'y occupent à la fois d'industrie et de commerce." How comes it that this caution extends not only to the man who has nothing, but to the man who has a good deal, and could get on with less; and not to these alone, but to those who write, and draw, and model? In a country where there are so many men of intelligence and imagination, would it be too much to expect to find, not half a dozen, but hundreds, who, in spite of wisdom, in spite of the unfashionableness of their behavior and the immanent risk of discomfort and starvation, would

be led astray into the doing of some fine thing for the love of it?

There is but one answer. All the forces that can influence a man in the choice of a calling — the pressure of necessity, the desire for wealth, position, power, even the love of knowledge and the imagination of science — are pitted against the power of art in an unequal contest for the possession of each new votary, and the only thing that can turn the tide and give art the victory over so many antagonists is a great conviction, a profound belief, and the joy of saying it in words or sound, in form or color. When this belief is lacking the present has its sway, and if we are a people who are afraid of art, and can only be timorously coaxed into its neighborhood, it is because this nation, in a time of peace, has no idealized convictions and no inspired beliefs that are strong enough to carry us away from the wise and respectable occupation of making money. All the old traditions that bewitched the past have lost the power to court us into the dangerous paths of art and letters. They furnish no fire for a great inspiration, nor even the enthusiasm for a stirring protest.

The apostle of traditional faith will deny that what I say is true in his province. It is true, nevertheless, for his province cannot be divided from any other. All go together to make a world, and the expression of a world is art.

When this generation of ours stops for a moment in its work, and looks out upon that permanent nature which has seemed so different to different eyes, it does not know what sort of a place it imagines this universe, in which it finds itself, to be. This was not the case with the men of Homer, nor with the men of the crusades, nor even with the infidels of the Renaissance. They all had faith. They all took some universe for granted, and reproduced it lightheartedly. We accept none, and we cannot therefore express any, even with tribulation.

We look at our churches with their congregations, growing in numbers and dwindling in faith, and we ask ourselves: In all these buildings, cheap or costly, what real prayers rise; and of those that rise, do any get above the roof? What God hears them, and has there ever been an answered prayer? We look at the face of the dead and repeat a burial service: "If after the manner of men I have fought with beasts at Ephesus, what advantageth it me, if the dead rise not?" And as we say the words we ask ourselves, "Do the dead rise?" If any one is found who believes these things, he knows that there is another at his elbow who believes them not a whit or an atom, and these two can hit on no universe that shall satisfy both, nor can either be poet to the other.

We drink in the new learning thirstily and apply it to our needs, but the Bible still stands as the formal code, and as a history of the dealings between man and a Creator. We see that we can no longer accept its morality, and that we must abandon many of its facts, yet we do not discard the book, nor define its position. We let it stand. We ignore all discrepancies and form no convictions. Some make an arbitrary halt at one point, some at another, but there is no thinking man whose childhood's faith has not been shaken. Finally, there are those who question the value of knowing the truth at all. They hold that opinions were made for man, not man for opinions, and that if a knowledge of the truth be what they call disastrous, it is better that the truth should be dropped and a lie put in its place.

These hesitations and doubts, from which no one is free, kill art in the womb, or if they let it come to a birth, it comes deformed, unfinished, sent before its time into this breathing world, with a mind scarce half made up. So the safest course is to avoid great subjects and appeal to the passing taste and fancy of the generation.

If we turn from our beliefs to our morality, we shall find a corresponding chaos. We have no trouble with our behavior, for we act on the plain principles of egotism, but we have the humor to see that we should stultify ourselves in an attempt to justify our conduct on traditional lines. As for our own system we have accepted it only tacitly. It is not fit as yet to carry a great unconscious work of art.

We have two systems running side by side: the code of practice, which is a rational and proper egotism; and the code of theology, which is altruistic and impractical. We follow the first, but, like Peter, we deny it. The second we try to use on paper, but in practice it is ignored. Besides these we have a scientific morality to which we appeal when we fall out with the other two. We get, therefore, in our discussion of affairs, a mixture of common sense, scientific theory, and theological rules of thumb, out of which an ingenious mind can make an ethical purée compared with which the thick slab gruel of Macbeth's witches is a watery soup. So many criteria have we of right and wrong, so many inconsistent methods of determining how a man should act and what he should do in a critical place, that we can argue the simplest question of ethics for a whole day without coming to a verbal settlement. We know very well all the while what would be done in actual practice and what would be approved, but when any one undertakes to champion the practical code in good set terms, we protest that it is most shocking and very wicked indeed. We are getting over this Old World hypocrisy in daily conversation, and it is becoming more and more difficult to weave it into literature.

It is the same with our political and social theories. We do not take them for granted nor accept them as matters of course. The most loyal of us are willing to discuss value of pure democracy. Little as we may like the ideas

of socialists and populists, we nevertheless ask ourselves whether there is not a note of truth in their complaints. Is unrestricted competition the last word human intelligence has to say on the relations between human beings? May we not have to put brains and industry more nearly on a par, as we have put strength and soundness on a par, and do it on the ground that the keen and astute person is no better than his hardworking but duller neighbor, except by virtue of that very trick of intellect which enables the one to beat the other? This idea strikes at the root of democracy as we now conceive it, and yet we are not only willing to discuss the point, but we have actually let in the edge of it in the shape of laws restricting the right to contract.

This art-destroying doubt seems dreadful to the man of cultivation who hunts for genius, and denounces the times because he finds none to his liking, but it is wholly admirable for mankind at large. It means that we are gone to school with a new master. It does not mean that there can be found among us a few thinkers who have shaken themselves loose from the ordinary prejudices of their time, for that would be no more than any country in any age could show. It means that there are in this country great numbers of people who are without settled convictions on what have all along been considered the most important matters of life, and that if any new ideas exist with regard to those matters they are going to get a hearing. It means that the power of traditional beliefs is overthrown, and that we are getting, every day, new freedom in dealing with the affairs of life on a rational basis of natural knowledge.

Literary and artistic people may feel sorry that the work of America has not fallen along the line of art and letters, particularly as these are the things that get labels and are handed down to posterity marked "important." They are important, but there are other things

which are essential, and these from time to time will have their day. Worshipers of individual artistic genius, who bemoan the condition of this country because it has not been conspicuously productive in that line, must understand that the only value of a man of genius lies in the happiness he adds to the lives of the multitude. He is not a prince, balancing or outweighing his retainers. Except as a minister of the multitude he is no more valuable than any one else. The chief value of Greece and Rome was not embodied in Euripides and Phidias and Horace; it lay in the thousands of Greek and Roman citizens who lived and were happy. The evils of the Dark Ages did not lie in their lack of artists, but in the fact that there were thousands of citizens who were unjustly miserable. Therefore if this country had done or were to do nothing more than produce a hundred or two millions of people, most of whom have been well-to-do, self-reliant, self-respecting, and comparatively happy, it would have done enough, even if it had never given birth to a single genius or added a new idea. But America will do more than that.

There is no objection to taking art and letters as an index of the condition of an energetic civilized people, so long as we remember that their absence may be significant of good rather than of evil. Art and literature cannot flourish when the mind and the heart are at odds, and they must be at odds where an old tradition is mouldering in the bosom of a new activity. That was the condition of Europe throughout the Middle Ages, a time so well despised by reason of its lack of decoration that we forget that man went into it a barbarian or an ancient, and came out a modern. And that is our condition to-day. We have entered on a second Middle Age, into which, whether it be short or long, we went as feudal creatures, and out of which we shall come with a sense of that natural aristocracy which marks the unspoilt animal.

For the man of European taste and culture, the environment is disagreeable, but the trouble lies in him. What he wants for the world is brilliance, variety, genius, great individualities, great events. What the world wants for itself is that evil and wrong should decrease, and that men's lives should become safer, more comfortable and more content. This contentment, this decline of evil, depend upon a sure and certain handling of the affairs of life, and this in turn depends upon a thorough understanding of the place in which we live. All knowledge, all reform, all advance, consist in the revision and perfecting of this understanding. If we insist that very many of the troubles and sorrows through which mankind has gone have been due to real defects in the make-up of the universe as a home for sensitive creatures, we shall have to admit that at least half of them have been due to our mistaken notions concerning the true nature of it.

It is a characteristic of the human mind that it clings to its errors till they are positively torn away. The thing that really teaches lessons is force, and the thing that drives the truth home is the pressure of natural conditions. Here, for the first time, the universe has got a large number of intelligent human beings into a predicament where, willy-nilly, it is going to teach them what kind of a place it really is, and it is going to teach them its lessons direct, and not out of the mouths of priests and thinkers. We have let nature into our counsels, and she is going to make us understand that we are a part of her, and that we must fit our ideas and our actions to her requirements. Imaginary evils, imaginary terrors, imaginary values, and imaginary facts of all kinds, whether of religion or of society, will be ruthlessly destroyed. It will not be optional with us whether we shall retain them or let them go. They will simply disappear. Good and evil conduct, true and false beliefs,

have been taken out of the hands of the priest and the moralist to determine in advance, and that function has been assumed by the multitude, which now says to the thinker, "Let us have the facts and we will define the duty; give us the facts and we will fix the faith. Watch us and set down for your study what we do, for we do what we must, and what a man must do is as near as he can come to the right. Ask us what we believe, for we believe what we must, and what a man must believe is as near as he can come to the truth."

It is pleasant to be released from the authority of great thinkers, of whom it has been said that they always think wrong. It is pleasant, also, to feel that man should be released from the responsibility of teaching his fellow men how to live, and should be able to turn the matter over to nature. Conscience and greed and ambition have hitherto prevented this. If mankind has often slain its teachers and stoned its prophets, it has been because those teachers and prophets usurped the office of nature, or had it thrust upon them to play the part of Providence. With us, I dare say Providence itself is upon us, and will determine any further action.

"Here we are, then, once more," as says Professor Sumner, "back at the old doctrine, *Laissez faire*." Let us translate it into blunt English: it will read, "Mind your own business."

That the doctrine should be so old and so true, and yet so little recognized by the "social architects" and "meddlers" of whom Professor Sumner is speaking, goes to show that mere advice counts for nothing. You can follow a phrase-hunt after *laissez faire* back into the seventeenth century, but the man who first enlarged the doctrine from commerce and made it include the sentiment and character of a nation was Montesquieu; and Mill, a hundred years later, had not got so far. The fifth and sixth chapters of the nineteenth book of

the *Esprit des Loix* are among those which impelled their author to label his work *prolem sine matre creatam*, and emboldened him to say of himself, "Cependant je ne crois pas avoir totalement manqué de génie."

He says, "S'il y avait dans le monde une nation qui eût humeur sociable, une ouverture de cœur, une joie dans la vie, un goût, une facilité à communiquer ses pensées; qui fût vive, agréable, enjouée, quelquefois imprudente, souvent indiscrete, et qui eût avec cela du courage, de la générosité, de la franchise, un certain point d'honneur, il ne faudrait point chercher à gêner par des lois ses manières, pour ne point gêner ses vertus. Si en général le caractère est bon, qu'importe de quelques défauts qui s'y trouvent? . . . Laissez-lui faire les choses frivoles sérieusement, et gaiement les choses sérieuses." And again, "Qu'on nous laisse tels que nous sommes." And again, "Qu'on nous laisse comme nous sommes."

Whatever sort of a nation we are, we should do well to say to any one who could interfere with us, "Laissez-nous faire," and "Mind your own business;" but if our immunity from interference depended simply on the propriety of the request we should probably ask in vain. The great beauty of our situation is that neither the request of Montesquieu nor the command of Sumner owes its force among us to its mere wisdom. Their strength with us lies in the fact that we have got ourselves into a position where we cannot escape them if we would. They are executing themselves upon us whether we or our teachers will or no, and we shall get the benefits. To tell people in this country to mind their own business is to tell the man who has fallen into the water to swim ashore. If he can swim he will do it without advice.

The same is true of our religious beliefs. The "dreadful consequence arguer" is still among us, and asks us to test opinions by the standard of the

Index; that is, by their possible effect on men's minds. This is ecclesiasticism with a vengeance, but ecclesiasticism shorn of all power to make or enforce even an opinion.

Less here than in any other country can such a suggestion find means to get a trial, for it is the wish to legislate facts out of existence, and we are perforce learning the lesson that it is well to know facts and to allow for them. We are not trying to discover what any one thinks will be good or bad for human beings to believe. We find ourselves compelled to be engaged in quite another direction, — in discovering what views of the universe are correct and what are incorrect; and the truth, whatever it is, will come out, for there is little or nothing to prevent it, and we find it useful.

"See the ingenuity of Truth," says Milton, "who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her." If a belief in the Bible is unfounded, if dogmatic beliefs of any sort are unfounded, our task is going to be to get along without them, whether they are now considered beneficial or not. In the face of our situation it is not going to be possible to keep them alive if they are not true. An established and subsidized church may teach what it chooses, and it cannot get away from itself; but where religion is supported by voluntary contributions the ministers and clergy must keep up with the times, and must not stultify themselves too much in the eyes of their parishioners. Already many of them recognize that in their congregations the truth has met a free and willing hand, and they have begun to quicken the pace and method of their discourse to overtake her. They are telling their hearers that they need no longer believe Hebraic legends, poems, and fables, which those hearers had ceased to believe years ago. The shepherd is off after his flock, and shouts to them as they gallop ahead of him that

they are in the right way. Once begun, this stern chase of the leaders bids fair to be a long one; nor can anything stop it, nor will the leaders ever win to the fore again.

Such are some of the conditions under which the people of this country are contributing to the stock of human experience. If, because we do not commit to paper the various steps of our proceedings, any one shall say that we are adding nothing to the affairs of intellect and philosophy, he will make a vast mistake. So far as future generations are concerned, this country is nothing more or less than a great mill of philosophy; and one, too, the wheels of which cannot be stopped or clogged, as were the fine minds of Descartes, Pascal, and even Kant, by the overpowering force of superstition. When some day the results of our grinding shall be put into presentable shape, it will be found that human knowledge and human nature have made a stride.

It is not possible, in these days, to separate the countries of the world from one another by an impassable gulf. The bulk of one people may be in advance of the bulk of another, and this is true as between America and Europe; but the men who furnish literature and science and art are all subject to the same influences, and one ought to find that they are affected by them in substantially the same way. This is, in fact, the case. The most important influence in our day has been the acceptance of the theory of evolution. The *Origin of Species* gave a straight answer to definite questions which had exercised the minds of men for sixty years. It found the intellect of Europe ready, but the sentiment unprepared, and it laid a cold hand on every form of imagination except that of pure science.

Poets were the first to feel the chill. There was enough warmth in the traditional sentiment to furnish uninterrupted inspiration to a Browning, a Tennyson,

or a Hugo, but not enough to supply a new generation. Swinburne, Rossetti, Gautier, turned to classical and mediæval passion as a makeshift, and tried to satisfy themselves with a mystic paganism. Their work is a *tour de force* of no particular human value, an attempt to supply the place of a lost God with a dozen resurrected divinities. They have had imitators, but no successors.

It seems to-day that the power of the older beliefs to inspire anybody has quite died out. With regard to great poetry, we are in no worse case than the rest of the world. It looks as if to most men of poetic genius "this goodly frame, the earth, seems a sterile promontory" for the purposes of their vocation.

In prose the result was different. In England, for example, the theory of natural selection found a hierarchy, half human, half divine, the lower end of which rested on the earth and struck a blow at its very foundation. To secure a hearing for Darwinism in the face of an established church and of an hereditary nobility, a Huxley was necessary, and a splendid polemical literature sprang up along new lines. Fiction followed on both sides of the battle.

Nothing of the sort could happen here. In the first place, we had been living for many years in strict accordance with the most important principles of the struggle for existence. In our own actions we had anticipated their discovery. None of our institutions were disturbed by them. They were corroborated and confirmed. We understood that the fittest would survive, for we saw a thousand examples of it every day, and we tried to fit ourselves for survival. The new natural knowledge was welcomed more heartily, spread more rapidly, and was better understood in this country than in its home. It could not meet here any organized spiritual or temporal power with which to engage in trial by battle. Gray championed it from the start, and Agassiz opposed; but what they really

did was to join in the European contest, and that chiefly on scientific grounds.

The religious aspects of the English fight now look to us like a mediæval tournament, if not, as Dr. Zahm calls it, a battle with windmills. To the English it was a very serious matter. The devils in which Huxley refused to believe were very real devils to him. Dr. Wace, Mr. Gladstone, and the Duke of Argyll seemed very formidable opponents. They did not really represent either science or religion, but they did represent a power to oppose science with a weighty terrestrial influence, and they had to be beaten.

There is another reason why we have done less in letters since the war than we did before it. The war of the Rebellion made us a united and consistent nation, and gave us a new individuality. It separated us definitely from Europe. With slavery fell the last feudal institution to which we gave a legal sanction. From that moment we began to rely upon ourselves. Foreign traditions and foreign praises ceased to inspire us, and we stopped imitation. When we had done that, our old literary occupation was gone, but we were at least free to make a beginning. Through the gateway of two events — the firing on Fort Sumter and the publication of Darwin's book, the greatest practical and the greatest intellectual facts of the century, which stand like the piers of an arch at the beginning of the seventh decade—we entered upon the second stage of our national life. It has already proved to be a period of great material and scientific activity, but if we look for art or letters it is a desert.

There is little hope that this generation will raise a great shrine to Art. Forty years in the wilderness is the only argument that will teach us that we are not the people who are to build that temple. All we can expect to be is hewers of wood and drawers of water for posterity. Sixty, eighty, a hundred years

hence, when we, the last generation born into the darkness of mediæval superstition, are dead and gone, some poet will arise who will embody the new beliefs and find a way to make them beautiful. To-day we have only enough faith to speculate, and only enough conviction to know that we are uncertain. How poetry could spring out of such theories as we have we cannot see, and no poet who attempts to soar can satisfy an audience of twenty men. No matter which way his soul is inclined, there is no market for it. We do not believe what we were brought up to love, and we do not like what we have lived to accept. The old is puerile from a modern pen, and the new is repulsive.

Let us be selfishly glad that we shall not live to hear the rhapsody of the future poet. Taste broadens only into the past, never into the future; for we dominate the past, but the future is full of terrors. No one can admire what is beyond him, and we should not love the poet of the future. We should abominate him as Homer would have abominated Virgil; and Virgil, Dante; and Dante, Milton; and Milton, Wordsworth.

We need not fear that there will be no more poetry. This world is a place about which convictions can be had and will be had again. Those who come after us will laugh at our superstitions as we laugh at those of our grandfathers. They will find strength in what we shun as disaster, and hope where we can see only blank despair. When we shrink from a fact, the weakness is in us, and not in it, and man's greatness lies in the number of facts he can face. The advance from barbarism to enlightenment is the stamping out of fear. If there is anything for which we dare not find a place in our philosophy, we may be sure that we are still barbarous. There can be a man who will be strong enough to live with that fact, and to love it and make it poetry.

Henry G. Chapman.

CALEB WEST.

XI.

CAPTAIN JOE'S TELEGRAM.

THE morning after Betty's visit to Sanford's apartments, Captain Joe was seen hurrying up the shore road at Keyport toward his cottage. His eyes snapped with excitement, and his breath came in short, quick puffs. He wore his rough working-clothes, and held a yellow envelope in his hand. When he reached the garden gate he swung it open with so mighty a jerk that the sound of the dangling ball and chain thumping against the palings brought Aunty Bell running to the porch.

"Sakes alive, Cap'n Joe!" she exclaimed, following him into the kitchen, "whatever's the matter? Ain't nobody hurt, is there?"

"There will be ef I don't git to New York purty quick. Mr. Sanford's got Betty, an' them Leroy folks is a-keepin' on her till I git there."

Aunty Bell sank into a chair, her hands twisted in her apron, the tears starting in her eyes.

"Who says so?"

"Telegram — come in the night," he answered, almost breathless, throwing the yellow envelope into her lap. "Git me a clean shirt quick as God'll let ye. I ain't got but ten minutes to catch that eight-ten train."

"But ye ain't a-goin' till ye see Caleb, be ye? He won't like it, maybe, if" —

"Don't ye stop there talkin', Aunty Bell. Do as I tell ye," he said, stripping off his suspenders and tugging at his blue flannel shirt. "I ain't a-goin' to stop for nobody nor nothin'. That little gal's fetched up hard jes' where I knowed she would, an' I won't have a minute's peace till I git my hands onto her. I ain't slept a night since

she left, an' you know it," he added, hurriedly dragging a suit of clothes from a closet, as he talked, still out of breath.

"How do ye know she'll come with ye?" asked Aunty Bell, as she gave him his shirt. Her hands were trembling.

"I ain't a-worritin'," he answered, thrusting his head and big chest into the stiff shirt; fumbling, as he spoke, with his brown hands, for the buttons. "Gimme that collar."

"Well, I'm kind'er wonderin' if ye had n't better let Caleb know. I don't know what Caleb'll say" —

"I ain't a-carin' what Caleb says. I'll stop that leak when I git to 't." He held his breath for a moment and clutched the button with his big fingers, trying to screw it into his collar, as if it had been a nut on a bolt. "Here, catch hold o' this button; it's so plaguy tight. No, — I don't want no tooth-brush, nor nothin'. I would n't 'er come home at all, but I was so gormed up, an' she's along with them Leroy folks Mr. Sanford knows. My — my" — he continued, forcing his great arms through the tight sleeves of his Sunday coat with a humping motion of his back, and starting toward the door. "Jes' to think o' Betty wanderin' 'bout them streets at night!"

"Why, ye ain't got no cravat on, Cap'n Joe!" called Aunty Bell, running after him, tie in hand.

"Here, give it to me!" he cried, snatching it and cramming it into his pocket. "I'll fix it on the train." In another moment he was halfway down the plank walk, waving his hand, shouting over his shoulder as he swung open the gate, his eye on the sky, "Send word to Cap'n Bob to load them other big stone an' git 'em to the Ledge to-day; the wind's goin' to haul to the

south'ard. I'll be back 'bout eight o'clock to-night."

Aunty Bell looked after his hurrying figure until the trees shut it from view; then she reëntered the kitchen and again dropped into a chair.

Betty's flight had been a sore blow to the bustling little wife,—the last to believe that Betty had really deserted Caleb for Lacey, even after Captain Joe had told her how the mate of the Greenport boat had seen them board the New York train together.

As for the captain, he had gone about his work with his mind filled with varying emotions: sympathy for Caleb, sorrow and mortification over Betty's fall, and bitter, intense, dangerous hatred of Lacey. These were each in turn, as they assailed her, consumed by a never ending hunger to get the child home again, that she might begin the undoing of her fatal step. To him she was still the little girl he used to meet on the road, with her hair in a tangle about her head, her books under her arm. As he had never fully realized, even when she married Caleb, that anything had increased her responsibilities,—that she was no longer the child she looked,—so he could not now escape the conviction that somehow or other "she 'd been hoodooed," as he expressed it, and that when she came to herself her very soul would cry out in bitter agony.

Every day since her flight he had been early and late at the telegraph office, and had directed Bert Simmons, the letter-carrier on the shore road, to hunt him up wherever he might be,—on the dock or aboard his boat,—should a letter come bearing his name. The telegram, therefore, was not a surprise. That Sanford should have found her was what he could not understand.

Aunty Bell, with the big secret weighing at her heart, busied herself about the house, so as to make the hours pass quickly. She was more conservative and less impulsive in many things than the captain; that is, she was apt to

consider the opinions of her neighbors, and shape her course accordingly, unless stopped by one of her husband's outbursts and won over to his way of thinking. The captain knew no law but his own emotions, and his innate sense of right and wrong sustained by his indomitable will and courage. If the other folks did n't like it, the other folks had to get out of the way; he went straight on.

"Ain't nobody goin' to have nothin' to do with Betty, if she does git tired of Lacey an' wants to come home, poor child," Aunty Bell had said to Captain Joe only the night before, as they sat together at supper. "Them Nevins gals was sayin' yesterday they would n't speak to her if they see her starvin', and was a-goin' on awful about it; and Mis' Taft said"—

The captain raised his head quickly. "Jane Bell,"—when the captain called Aunty Bell "Jane" the situation was serious,—"I ain't got nothin' to do with them Nevins gals, nor Mis' Taft, nor nobody else, and you ain't got nothin', neither. Ain't we hed this child runnin' in an' out here jes' like a kitten ever since we been here? Don't you know clean down in yer heart that there ain't no better gal ever lived 'n Betty? Ain't we all liable to go 'stray, and ain't we all of us so dirt mean that if we had our hatches off there ain't nobody who see our cargo would speak to us? Now don't let me hear no more about folks passin' remarks nor passin' her by. I ain't a-goin' to pass her by, and you ain't, neither, if them Nevins gals and old Mother Taft and the whole kit and caboodle of 'em walks on t'other side."

She remembered the very sound of these words, as she rested for a moment, rocking to and fro, in the kitchen, after the captain had gone, her fat little feet swinging clear of the floor. She could even hear the tone of his voice, and could see the flashing of his eye. The remembrance gave her courage. She

wanted some one to come in, that she might put on the captain's armor and fight for the child herself.

She had not long to wait. Mrs. Taft was already coming up the walk,—for dinner, perhaps, her husband being away fishing. Carleton was walking beside her. They had met at the gate.

"I heard the captain had to go to New York, Auntie Bell, and so I thought maybe you'd be alone," said Mrs. Taft, taking off her bonnet. "No news from the runaway, I suppose? Ain't it dreadful? She's the last girl in the world I would 'a' thought of doing a thing like that."

"We ain't none of us perfect, Mis' Taft. Take a chair, Mr. Carleton," placing one for him. "If we was, we could most of us stay here; there would n't be no use o' heaven."

"But, Auntie Bell," exclaimed the visitor in astonishment, "you surely don't think — Why, it's awful for Betty to go and do what she did" —

"I ain't judgin' nobody, Mis' Taft. I ain't a-blamin' Betty, an' I ain't a-blamin' Caleb. I'm only thinkin' of all the sufferin' that poor child's got to go through now, an' what a mean world this is for us to have to live in."

"Serves the old man right for marrying a girl young enough to be his daughter," said Carleton, with a laugh, tilting back his chair, — his favorite attitude. "I made up my mind the first day I saw her that she was a little larky. She's been fooling West all summer, — anybody could see that." He had not forgiven the look in Caleb's eye that afternoon aboard the Screamer. "When's the captain coming home?"

Auntie Bell looked at the superintendent, her lips curling, as the hard, dry laugh rang in her ears. She had never fancied him, and she liked him less now than ever. Her first impulse was to give him a piece of her mind, — an indigestible morsel when served hot. Then she remembered that her husband was having some difficulty with him

about the acceptance of the concrete disk, and so her temper, chilled by this more politic second thought, cooled down and stiffened into a frigid determination not to invite him to dinner if she ate nothing herself all day.

"Cap'n 'll be here in the mornin'," she answered curtly. "Got any message for him?"

"Yes. Tell him I was out to the Ledge yesterday with my transit, and the concrete is too low by six inches near the southeast derrick. It's got to come up to grade before I can certify. I thought I'd come in and tell him, — he wanted to know."

The door opened, and the tall form of Captain Bob Brandt, the Screamer's skipper, entered.

"Excuse me, Mis' Bell," he said, removing his hat and bowing good-humoredly to everybody. "I saw ye pass, Mr. Carleton, an' I wanted to tell ye that we're ready now to h'ist sail fur the Ledge. We got 'leven stone on. Caleb ain't workin' this week, an' one o' the other divers's a-goin' to set 'em. Guess it's all right; the worst is all done. Will you go out with us, or trust me to git 'em right?"

"Well, where are you going to put 'em?" said Carleton, in his voice of authority.

"Well, las' time Caleb was down, sir, he said he wanted four more stone near the boat-landin', in about twelve foot o' water, to finish that row; then we kin begin another layer nex' to 'em, if ye say so. S'pose you know Cap'n Joe ain't here? — gone to New York. Will you go with us?"

"No; you set 'em. I'll come out in the tug in the morning and drop a rod on 'em, and if they're not right you'll have to take 'em up again. That concrete's out of level, you know."

"What concrete?"

"Why, the big circular disk," snapped Carleton.

This was only another excuse of Carleton's for refusing to sign the cer-

tificate. The engineer had postponed his visit, and so this fresh obstruction was necessary to maintain his policy of delay.

"Not when I see it, sir, three days ago," said Captain Brandt in surprise. "It was dead low water, an' the tide jest touched the edges of the outer band all round even."

"Well, I guess I know," retorted the superintendent, flaring up. "I was out there yesterday with a level, an' walked all over it."

"Must'er got yer feet wet, then, sir," said the skipper, with a laugh, as he turned toward the door. "The tide 's been from eight inches to a foot higher 'n usual for three days past; it 's full-moon tides now."

During the talk Aunty Bell and Mrs. Taft had slipped into the sitting-room, and the superintendent, finding himself alone, with no prospect of dinner, called to the skipper, and joined him on the garden walk.

As the afternoon hours wore on, and no other callers came in, — Mrs. Taft having gone, — Aunty Bell brought a big basket, filled with an assortment of yarn stockings of varied stains and repairs, out to a chair on the porch, and made believe to herself that she was putting them in order for the captain when he should need a dry pair. Now and then she would stop, her hand in the rough stocking, her needle poised, her mind going back to the days when she first moved to Keyport, and this curly-haired girl from the fishing-village a mile or more away had won her heart. She had had no child of her own since the death of that baby girl of long ago, and Betty, somehow, had taken her place, filling day by day all the deep corners of the sore heart, still aching from this earlier sorrow. When the girl's mother died, a few months after Betty's marriage, Aunty Bell had thrown her shawl over her head, and, going to Caleb's cabin, had mounted the stairs to Betty's little room and

shut the door. With infinite tenderness she had drawn the girl's head down on her own bosom, and had poured out to her all the mother's love she had in her own heart, and had told her of that daughter of her dreams. Betty had not forgotten it, and among all those she knew on the shore road she loved Aunty Bell the best. There were few days in the week — particularly in the summer, when Caleb was away — that she was not doing something for Aunty Bell, her bright face and merry, ringing laugh filling the house and the little woman's life, — an infectious, bubbling, girlish laugh that made it a delight to be with her.

Then a fresh thought, like a draught from an open door, rushed into Aunty Bell's mind with a force that sent a shiver through her tender heart, and chilled every kind impulse. Suppose Caleb should turn his back on this girl wife of his. What then? Ought she to take her to her heart and brave it out with the neighbors? What sort of an example was it to other young women along the shore, Aunty Bell's world? Could they, too, run off with any young fellows they met, and then come home and be forgiven? It was all very well for the captain, — he never stopped to think about these things, — that was his way; but what was *her* duty in the matter? Would it not be better in the end for Betty if she were made to realize her wrong-doing, and to suffer for it?

These alternating memories and perplexities absorbed her as she sat on the porch, the stockings in her lap, her mind first on one course of action and then on another, until some tone of Betty's voice, or the movement of her hand, or the toss of her head came back, and with it the one intense, overwhelming desire to help and comfort the child she loved.

When it began to grow dark she lighted the lamp in the front room, and made herself a cup of tea in the

kitchen. Every few minutes she glanced at the clock, her ears alert for the whistle of the incoming train. Losing confidence even in the clock, she again took her seat on the porch, her arms on the rail, her plump chin resting on her hands, straining her eyes to see far down the road.

When the signaling whistle of the train was heard, the long-drawn sound reverberating over the hills, she ran to the gate, and stood there, her apron thrown over her head, her mind in a whirl, her throat aching with the thumping of her heart. Soon a carriage passed, filled with summer visitors, their trunks piled in front, and drove on up the road. Then a man carrying a bag hurried by with two women, their arms full of bundles. After that the road was deserted. These appeared to be all the passengers coming her way. As the minutes dragged, and no sound of footsteps reached her ear, and no big burly figure with a slender girl beside it loomed against the dim light of the fading sky, her courage failed and her eyes began to grow moist. She saw it all now: Betty dared not come home and face Caleb and the others!

Suddenly she heard her name called from inside the house, and again from the kitchen door.

"Aunty Bell! Aunty Bell! where be ye?"

It was the captain's voice: he must have left the train at the drawbridge and crossed lots, coming in at the rear gate.

She hurried up the plank walk, and met him at the kitchen door. He was leaning against the jamb. It was too dark to see his face. A dreadful sense of some impending calamity overcame her.

"Where 's Betty?" she faltered, scarcely able to speak.

The captain pointed inside.

The little woman pushed past him into the darkening room. For a mo-

ment she stood still, her eyes fixed on Betty's slender, drooping figure and bowed head, outlined against the panes of the low window.

"Betty!" she cried, running forward with outstretched arms.

The girl did not move.

"Betty — my child!" cried Aunty Bell again, taking the weeping woman in her arms.

Then, with smothered kisses and halting, broken speech, these two — the forgiving and the forgiven — sank to the floor.

Outside, on a bench by the door, sat the captain, rocking himself, bringing his hands down on his knees, and with every seesaw repeating in a low tone to himself, "She 's home. She 's home."

XII.

CAPTAIN JOE'S CREED.

When Captain Joe flung open Caleb's cabin door, the same cry was on his lips: "She 's home, Caleb, she 's home! Run 'way an' lef' him, jes' 's I knowed she would, soon 's she got the spell off'n her."

Caleb looked up over the rim of his glasses into the captain's face. He was sitting at the table in his shirt-sleeves and rough overalls, the carpet slippers on his feet. He was eating his supper, — the supper that he had cooked himself.

"How d'ye know?" he asked. The voice did not sound like Caleb's; it was hoarse and weak.

"She come inter Mr. Sanford's place night 'fore last, scared almost to death, and he tuk her to them Leroy folks; they was stavin' good to her an' kep' 'er till mornin', an' telegraphed me. I got the eight-ten this mornin'. There warn't no time, Caleb," — in an apologetic tone, — "or I 'd sent for ye, jes' 's Aunty Bell wanted me to; but I knowed ye 'd understand. We jes' got

back. I'd brought 'er up, only she's dead beat out, poor little gal."

It was a long answer of the captain's to so direct a question, and it was made with more or less misgiving. It was evident from his manner that he was a little nervous over the result. He did not take his eyes from the diver's face as he fired these shots at random, wondering where and how they would strike.

"Where is she now?" inquired Caleb quietly.

"Down on my kitchen floor with her head in Auntie Bell's lap. Git yer hat and come 'long." The captain leaned over the table as he spoke, and rested one hand on the back of Caleb's chair.

Caleb did not raise his eyes nor move. "I can't do her no good no more, Cap'n Joe. It was jes' like ye to try an' help her. Ye'd do it for anybody that was a-sufferin'; but I don't see *my* way clear. I done all I could for her 'fore she lef' me, — leastwise I thought I had." There was no change in the listless monotone of his voice.

"You allus done by her, Caleb." The captain's hand had slipped from the chair-back to Caleb's shoulder. "I know it, and she knows it now. She ain't ever goin' to forgive herself for the way she's treated ye, — tol' me so to-day comin' up. She's been hoodooed, I tell ye, — that's what's the matter; but she's come to now. Come along; I'll git yer hat. She ought'er go to sleep purty soon."

"Ye need n't look for my hat, Cap'n Joe. I ain't a-goin'," said Caleb quietly, leaning back in his chair. The lamp shone full on his face and beard. Captain Joe could see the deep lines about the eyes, seaming the dry, shrunken skin. The diver had grown to be a very old man in a week.

"You say you ain't a-goin', Caleb?" In his heart he had not expected this.

"No, Cap'n Joe; I'm goin' to stay here an' git along th' best way I kin. I ain't blamin' Betty. I'm blamin'

myself. I been a-thinkin' it all over. She done 'er best to love me and do by me, but I was too old for 'er. If it had n't been Billy, it would'er been somebody else, — somebody younger 'n me."

"She don't want nobody else but you, Caleb." The captain's voice rose quickly. He was crossing the room for a chair as he spoke. "She told me so to-day. She purty nigh cried herself sick comin' up. I was afeard folks would notice her."

"She's sorry now, cap'n, an' wants ter come back, 'cause she's skeered of it all, but she don't love me no more 'n she did when she lef' me. When Billy finds she's gone, he'll be arter her agin" —

"Not if I git my hands on him," interrupted the captain angrily, dragging the chair to Caleb's side.

"An' when she begins to hunger for him," continued Caleb, taking no notice of the outburst, "it'll be all to do over agin. She won't be happy with-out him. I ain't got nothin' agin 'er, but I won't take 'er back. It'll only make it wus for her in the end."

"Ye ain't a-goin' ter chuck that gal out in the road, be ye?" cried Captain Joe, seating himself beside the table, his head thrust forward in Caleb's face in his earnestness. "What's she but a chit of a child that don't know no better?" he burst out. "She ain't more 'n twenty now, and here's some on us more 'n twice 'er age and liable to do wus every day. Think of yerself when ye was her age. Do ye remember all the mean things ye done, and the lies ye told? S'pose you'd been chucked out as ye want to do to Betty. It ain't decent for ye to talk so, Caleb, and I don't like ye fur it, neither. She's a good gal, and you know it," and the captain, in his restlessness, shifted the chair and planted it immediately in front of Caleb, where he could look him straight in the eye. Auntie Bell had told him just what Caleb would

say, but he had not believed it possible.

"I ain't said she warn't, Cap'n Joe. I ain't blamin' her, nor never will. I'm blamin' myself. I ought'er stayed tendin' light-ship instead'er comin' ashore and spilin' 'er life. I was lonely, and the fust one was allus sickly, an' I thought maybe my time had come then; and it did while she was with me. I'd ruther heard her a-singin', when I come in here at night, than any music I ever knowed." His voice broke for a moment. "I done by her all I could, but I begin to see lately she was lonelier here with me than I was 'board ship with nothin' half the time to talk to but my dog. I did n't think it was Billy she wanted, but I see it now."

Captain Joe rose from his chair and began pacing the room. Caleb's indomitable will seemed to break against this man's calm, firm talk with as little effect as did the waves about his own feet the day he set the derricks.

His faith in Betty's coming to herself had never been shaken for an instant. If it had, it would all have been restored the morning she met him in Mrs. Leroy's boudoir, and, putting her arms about him, clung to him like a frightened kitten. His love for the girl was so great that he had seen but one side of the question. Her ingratitude, her selfishness in ignoring the disgrace and misery she would bring this man who had been everything to her, had held no place in the captain's mind. To him the case was a plain one. She was young and foolish, and had committed a fault; she was sorry and repentant; she had run away from her sin; she had come back to the one she had wronged, and she wanted to be forgiven. That was his steadfast point of view, and this was his creed: "Neither do I condemn you; go and sin no more." That Caleb did not view the question in the same way at first astonished, then irritated him.

He had only compassion and love for Betty in his heart. If she had broken the Master's command again, he would perhaps have let her go her way, — for what was innately bad he hated, — but not now, when she had awakened to a sense of her sin. He continued to pace up and down Caleb's kitchen, his hands behind his broad back, his horny, stubby fingers twisting nervously together. Caleb was still in his chair, the lamplight streaming over his face. In all the discussion his voice had been one low monotone. It seemed but a phonographic echo of his once clear voice.

The captain resumed his seat with a half-baffled, weary air.

"Caleb," he said, — there was a softness now in the tones of his voice that made the diver raise his head, — "you and me hev knowed each other off 'n' on for nigh on to twenty years. We've had it thick and nasty, and we've had as clear weather as ever a man sailed in. You've tried to do square 'tween man and man, and so far's I know, ye have, and I don't believe ye 're goin' to turn crooked now. From the time this child used to come down to the dock, when I fust come to work here, and talk to me 'tween school hours, and Aunt Bell would take her in to dinner, down to the time she got hoodooed by that smooth face and lyin' tongue, — damn him! I'll spile t'other side for him, some day, wus than the Screamer did, — from that time, I say, this 'ere little gal ain't been nothin' but a bird fillin' everything full of singin' from the time she got up till she went to bed agin. I ask ye now, man to man, if that ain't so?"

Caleb nodded his head.

"During all that time there ain't been a soul up and down this road, man, woman, nor child, that she would n't help if she could, — and there's a blame' sight of 'em she did help, as you an' I know: sick child'en, sittin' up with 'em nights; an' makin' bonnets

for folks as could n't git 'em no other way, without payin' for 'em; and doin' all she could to make this place happier for 'er bein' in it. Since she's been yer wife, there ain't been a tidier nor nicer place along the shore road than yours, and there ain't been a happier little woman nor home nowheres. Is that so, or not?"

Again Caleb nodded his head.

"While all this is a-goin' on, here comes that little skunk, Bill Lacey, with a tongue like 'n ile-can, and every time she says she's lonely or tired — and she's had plenty of it, you bein' away — he up's with his can and squirts it into 'er ear about her bein' tied to an old man, and how if she'd married him he would n't 'a' lef' her a minute" —

Caleb looked up inquiringly, an ugly gleam in his eyes.

"Oh, I ketched him at it one day in my kitchen, and I tol' him then I'd break his head, and I wish to God I had, now! Purty soon comes the time with the Screamer, and his face gets stove in. What does Betty do? Leave them men to git 'long best way they could, — like some o' the folks round here that was just as well able to 'ford the time, — or did she stand by and ketch a line and make fast? I'll tell ye what she done, 'cause I was there, and you warn't. Fust one come ashore was Billy; he looked like he'd fallen off a top-gall'nt mast and struck the deck with his face. Lonny Bowles come next; he warn't so bad mashed up. What did Betty do? Pick out the easiest one? No, she jes' anchored right 'longside that boy, and hung on, and never had 'er clo'es off for nigh on to forty-eight hours. If he's walkin' round now he owes it to her. Is that so, or not?"

"It's true, cap'n," said Caleb, his eyes fastened on the captain's face. The lids were heavy now; only his will held back the tears.

"For three weeks this went on,

she a-settin' like a little rabbit with her paws up starin' at him, her eyes gettin' bigger all the time, an' he lyin', coiled up like a snake, lookin' up into her face until he'd hoodooed her and got her clean off her centre. Now there's one thing I'm a-goin' to ask ye, an' before I ask ye, an' before ye answer it, I'm a-goin' to ask ye another: when the Three Sisters come ashore las' winter in that sou'easter on Deadman Shoal, 'cause the light warn't lit, an' all o' them men was drowned, whose fault was it?"

"Why, you know, Cap'n Joe," Caleb interposed quickly, eager to defend a brother keeper, a pained and surprised expression overspreading his face. "Poor Charles Edwards had been out o' his head for a week."

"That's right, Caleb: that's what I heard, an' that's true, an' the dead men and the owners had n't nobody to blame, an' did n't. Now I'll ask ye another question: When Betty, after livin' every day of her life as straight as a marlin spike, run away an' lef' ye a week ago, an' broke up yer home, who's to blame, — Betty, or the hoodoo that's put 'er out'er her mind ever since the Screamer blowed up?"

Caleb settled back in his chair and rested his chin on his hand, his big fluffy beard hiding his wrist and shirt-cuff. For a long time he did not answer. The captain sat, with his hands on his knees, looking searchingly into Caleb's face, watching every expression that crossed it.

"Cap'n Joe," said the diver in his calm, low voice, "I hearn ye talk, an' I know ye well 'nough to know that ye believe every word ye say, an' I don't know but it's all true. I ain't had much 'sperience o' women folks, only two. But I don't think ye git this right. It ain't for myself that I'm thinkin'. I kin git along alone, an' do my own cookin' an' washin' same as I allus used to. It's Betty I'm thinkin' of. She's tried me more 'n a year,

an' done her best, an' give it up. She would n't 'a' been 'hoodooed,' as ye call it, by Bill Lacey if her own heart warn't ready for it 'fore he began. It's agin natur' for a gal as young 's Betty to be happy with a man 's old 's me. She can't do it, no matter how hard she tries. I did n't know it when I asked her, but I see it now."

"But she knows better now, Caleb; she ain't a-goin' to cut up no more capers." There was a yearning, an almost pitiful tone in the captain's voice. His face was close to Caleb's.

"Ye think so, an' maybe she won't; but there 's one thing yer don't seem to see, Cap'n Joe: she can't git out'er love with me an' inter love with Billy an' back agin to me in a week."

These last words came slowly, as if they had been dragged up out of the very depths of his heart.

"She never was out'er love with ye, Caleb, nor in with Lacey. Don't I tell ye?" he cried impatiently, too absorbed in Betty's welfare to note the seriousness of Caleb's tone.

"Yes," said Caleb. His voice had fallen almost to a whisper. "I know, ye think so, but th' bes' thing now for the little gal is to give 'er 'er freedom, an' let 'er go 'er way. She shan't suffer as long 's I've got a dollar, but I won't have 'er come home. It'll only break her heart then as well 's mine. Now — now — it's only me — that is" — Caleb's head sank to the table until his face lay on his folded arms.

Captain Joe rose from his chair, bent down and laid his hand softly on the diver's shoulder. When he spoke his voice had the pleading tones of a girl.

"Caleb, don't keep nothin' back in yer heart; take Betty back. You need n't go down for her. I'll go myself an' bring her here. It won't be ten minutes 'fore her arms 'll be round yer neck. Lemme go for her?"

The diver raised his head erect, looked Captain Joe calmly in the eye, and, without a trace of bitterness in his

voice, said: "She 'll never set foot here as my wife agin, Cap'n Joe, as long 's she lives. I ain't got the courage to set still an' see her pine away day arter day, if she comes back, an' I won't. I love 'er too much for that. If she was my own child instead o' my wife, I'd say the same thing. It's Betty I'm a-thinkin' of, not myself. It'd be twict 's hard for 'er the next time she got tired an' wanted to go. It's all over now, an' she's free. Let it all stay so."

"Don't say that, Caleb." The shock of the refusal seemed to have stunned him. "Don't say that. Think o' that child, Caleb: she come back to ye, an' you shut your door agin 'er."

Caleb shook his head, with a meaning movement that showed the iron will of the man and the hopelessness of further discussion.

"Then she ain't good 'nough for ye, 's that it?"

The captain was fast losing his self-control. He knew in his heart that in these last words he was doing Caleb an injustice, but his anger got the better of him.

Caleb did not answer.

"That's it. Say it out. You don't believe in her." His voice now rang through the kitchen. One hand was straight up over his head; his lips quivered. "Ye think she 's some low-down critter instead of a poor child that ain't done nobody no wrong intentional. I ask ye for th' las' time, Caleb. Be a father to 'er, if ye can't be no more; an' if ye can't be that, — damn ye! — be decent to yerself, an' stan' up an' forgive her like a man."

Caleb made no sign. The cruel thrust had not reached his heart. He knew his friend, and he knew all sides of his big nature. The clear blue eyes still rested on the captain's face.

"You won't?" There was a tone almost of defiance in the words.

The diver again shook his head.

"Then I'll tell ye one thing, Caleb,

right here " (he was now bent forward, his forefinger in Caleb's face straight out like a spike): "ye're doin' the meanest thing I ever knowed a man to do in my whole life. I don't like ye fur it, an' I never will 's long 's I live. I would n't serve a dog so, let alone Betty. An' now I'll tell ye another: if she ain't good 'nough to live with you, she's good 'nough to live with Auntie Bell an' me, an' there 's where she'll stay jes' 's long 's she wants to."

Without a word of good-night he picked up his hat and strode from the room, slamming the door behind him with a force that rattled every plate on the table.

Caleb half started from his chair as if to call him back. Then, with a deep indrawn sigh, he rose wearily from the chair, covered the smouldering fire with ashes, locked the doors, fastened the two shutters, and, taking up the lamp, went slowly upstairs to his empty bed.

The following Sunday Captain Joe shaved himself with the greatest care, — that is, he slashed his face as full of cuts as a Heidelberg student's after a duel; squeezed his big broad shoulders into his black coat, — the one inches too tight across the back, the cloth all in corrugated wrinkles; tugged at his stiff starched collar until his face was purple; hauled taut a sleazy cravat; and, in a determined quarter-deck voice rarely heard from him, ordered Auntie Bell to get on her best clothes, call Betty, and come with him.

"What in natur' 's got into ye, Cap'n Joe?"

"Church 's got inter me, and you an' Betty 's goin' along."

"Ye ain't never goin' to church, be ye?" No wonder Auntie Bell was thunderstruck. Neither of them had been inside of a church since they moved to Keyport. Sunday was the captain's day for getting rested, and Auntie Bell always helped him.

"I ain't, ain't I? That 's all ye

know, Jane Bell. You git Betty an' come along, jes' 's I tell ye. I 'm a-runnin' this ship." There was that peculiar look in the captain's eye and tone in his voice that his wife knew too well. It was never safe to resist him in one of these moods.

Betty burst into tears when the little woman told her, and said she dared not go, and could n't, until a second quick, not-to-be-questioned order resounded up the staircase: —

"Here, now, that church bell 's purty nigh done ringin'. We got ter git aboard 'fore the gangplank 's drawn in."

"Come along, child," said Auntie Bell. "'T ain't no use; he 's got one o' his spells on. Which church be ye goin' to, anyway?" she called to him, as they came downstairs. "Methodist or Dutch?"

"Don't make no difference, — fust one we come to; an' Betty 's goin' to set plumb in the middle 'tween you an' me, jes' so 's folks kin see. I ain't goin' to have no funny business, nor hand-whispers, nor head-shakin's about the little gal from nobody along this shore, from the preacher down, or somebody 'll git hurted."

All through the service — he had marched down the middle aisle and taken the front seat nearest the pulpit — he sat bolt upright, like a corporal on guard, his eyes on the minister, his ears alert. Now and then he would sweep his glance around, meeting the wondering looks of the congregation, who had lost interest in everything about them but the three figures in the front pew. Then, with a satisfied air, now that neither the speaker nor his hearers showed anything but respectful curiosity, and no spoken word from the pulpit bore the remotest connection with the subject uppermost in his mind, — no Magdalens nor Prodigal Sons, nor anything of like significance (there is no telling what would have happened had there been), — he settled himself

again and looked straight at the minister.

When the benediction had been pronounced he waited until the crowd got thickest around the door, — he knew why the congregation lagged behind; then he made his way into its midst, holding Betty by the arm as if she had been under arrest. Singling out old Captain Potts, a retired sea-captain, a great church-goer and something of a censor over the morals of the community, he tapped him on the shoulder, and said in a voice loud enough to be heard by everybody: —

“This is our little gal, Betty West, Cap’n Potts. Caleb’s gin her up, and she’s come to live with us. When ye ’re passin’ our way with yer folks, it won’t do ye no harm to stop in to see her.”

XIII.

A SHANTY DOOR.

Sanford had expected, when he led Betty from his door, that Mrs. Leroy would give her kindly shelter, but he had not been prepared for all that he heard the next day. Kate had not only received the girl into her house, but had placed her for the night in a bedroom adjoining her own; arranging the next morning a small table in her dressing-room where Betty could breakfast alone, free from the prying of inquisitive servants. Mrs. Leroy told all these things to Sanford: the heart-broken weariness of the girl when she arrived; the little joyful cry she gave when big, burly Captain Joe, his eyes blinded by the hot midday glare outside, came groping his way into the darkened boudoir; and Betty’s glad spring into his arms, where she lay while the captain held her with one hand, trying to talk to both Betty and herself at once, the tears rolling down his cheeks, his other great hand with the thole-pin fingers patting the girl’s tired face. Mrs.

Leroy told Sanford all these things and more, but she did not say how she herself had sat beside Betty on the divan that same morning, before Captain Joe arrived, winning little by little the girl’s confidence, until the whole story came out. Neither did she tell him with what tact and gentleness she, the woman of the world, whose hours of loneliness had been more bitter and intense than any that Betty ever knew, had shown this inexperienced girl how much more noble it would have been to suffer and stand firm, doing and being the right, than to succumb as she had done. Nor yet did she tell Sanford how Betty’s mind had cleared, as she talked on, and of the way in which the girl’s brown hand had crept toward her own till it nestled among her jeweled fingers, while with tender words of worldly wisdom she had prepared her foster sister for what she still must face in penance for her sin; instructing her in the use of those weapons of self-control, purity of purpose, and patience with which she must arm herself if she would win the struggle. Before the morning hours were gone she had received the girl’s promise to go back to her home, and, if her husband would not receive her, to fight on until she again won for herself the respect she had lost, and among those, too, who had once loved her. But least of all did she tell Sanford that when the talk was over and Betty was gone, she had thrown herself on her own bed in an agony of tears, wondering after all which one of the two had done best for herself in the battle of life, she or the girl.

Sanford knew nothing of this. As he sat in the train, on his way back to Keyport, he was sorry and anxious for Mrs. Leroy, wrought up by what she had told him and by the pictures she had given. Yet he found himself bewildered by the fact that, even more than the story, he remembered the tones of Kate’s voice and the very color of her eyes. He was constantly seeing before

him a vision of Kate herself as she stood in the hall and bade him good-by, — her full white throat above the ruffles of her morning-gown. He found it difficult to turn his mind to other things, to quiet his inner enthusiasm for her gentleness and charity.

And yet there were important affairs to which he owed immediate attention. Carleton's continued refusal to sign a certificate for the concrete disk, without which no payment would be made by the government, would, if persisted in, cause him serious embarrassment. He discovered, in fact, as he stepped over the Screamer's rail at Keyport, that the difficulty with Carleton had already reached an acute stage. Captain Joe had altogether failed in his efforts to make the superintendent sign the certificate, and Carleton had threatened to wire the Department and demand a board of survey if his orders were not complied with at once. Captain Joe generally retired from the field and left the campaign to Sanford whenever, in the course of their work, it became necessary to fight the United States government. The sea was his enemy.

In this discussion, however, he had taken the pains to explain to Carleton patiently, and he thought intelligently, the falsity of the stand he took, showing him that his idea about the concrete base being too low was the result of a mere optical illusion, due to the action of the tide which backed the water up higher within the breakwater on the southeast side; that when the first course of masonry was laid, bringing the mass of concrete out of water, his — Carleton's — mistake would be instantly detected.

Captain Joe was as much out of patience as he ever permitted himself to be with Carleton, when he shook Sanford's hand on his arrival.

"Ain't no man on earth smart 'nough to make eleven inches a foot, let alone a critter like him!" he said, as he ex-

plained the latest development to Sanford.

Once over the sloop's side, Sanford laid his bag on the deck and turned to the men.

"Who saw the concrete at dead low water during that low tide we had after the last northwest blow?" he inquired.

"I did, sir," answered Captain Bob. "I told Mr. Carleton he was wrong. The water jes' tetched the outer iron band all round when I see it. It was dead calm an' dead low water."

"What do you say to that, Mr. Carleton?" asked Sanford, laughing.

"I'm not here to take no back talk from nobody," replied Carleton in a surly tone.

"Lonny," said Sanford, — he saw that further discussion with the superintendent was useless, — "go ashore and get my transit and target rod; you'll find them in my bedroom at the captain's; and please put them here in the skipper's bunk, so they won't get broken. I'll run a level on the concrete myself, Mr. Carleton, when we get to the Ledge."

"There ain't no use of your transit," said Carleton, with a sneer. "It's six inches too low, I tell you. You'll fix it as I want it, or I'll stop the work."

Sanford looked at him, but held his peace. It had not been his first experience with men of Carleton's class. He proposed, all the same, to know for himself who was right. He had seen Carleton use a transit, and had had a dim suspicion at the time that the superintendent was looking through the eyepiece while it was closed.

"Get ready for the Ledge, Captain Brandt, as soon as Lonny returns," said Sanford. "Where's Caleb, Captain Joe? We may want him."

The captain touched Sanford on the shoulder and moved down the deck with him, where he stood behind one of the big stones, out of hearing of the other men.

"He's all broke up, sir. He ain't

been to work since the little gal left. I want to thank ye, Mr. Sanford, for what ye did for 'er; and that friend o' yours could n't 'a' been no better to her if she 'd been her sister."

"That 's all right, captain," said Sanford, laying a hand on his shoulder. "Betty is at your house, I hear. How does she bear it?"

"Gritty as she kin be, but she ain't braced up much; Aunty Bell 's got 'er arms round 'er most of the time. I wish you 'd send for Caleb; nothin' else 'll bring him out. He won't come for me. I 'll go myself, if ye say so."

"Go get him. I may want him to hold a rod in four or five feet of water. He won't need his helmet, but he 'll need his dress. Do you hear anything about Lacey?"

"He ain't been round where any of us could see him — and git hold of him," answered Captain Joe, knitting his brows. "I jes' wish he 'd come once. I heared he was over to Stonin'ton, workin' on the railroad."

The captain jumped into the yawl and sculled away toward the diver's cabin. He had not felt satisfied with himself since the night when Caleb had refused to take Betty back. He had said then, in the heat of the moment, some things which had hurt him as much as they had hurt Caleb. He would have told him so before, but he had been constantly at the Ledge receiving the big cut stones for the masonry, nine of which were then piled up on the Screamer's deck. After that there had arisen the difficulty with Carleton. This now was his opportunity.

The men on the sloop, somehow, knew Caleb was coming, and there was more or less curiosity to see him. Nickles, standing inside the galley and within earshot, had probably overheard Sanford's request.

All the men liked the old diver. His courage, skill, and many heroic acts above and under water had earned their respect, while his universal kindness and

cheeriness had won their confidence. The calamity that had overtaken him had been discussed and re-discussed, and while many profane hopes were indulged in regarding the future condition of Lacey's soul and eyes, of a kind that would have interfered seriously with the eternal happiness of the first and the seeing qualities of the second, and while numerous criticisms were as freely passed upon Betty, nothing but kindness and sympathy was felt for Caleb.

When Caleb came up over the sloop's rail, followed by Captain Joe, it was easy to see that all was right between him and the captain. One hearty handshake inside the cabin's kitchen, and a frank outspoken "I 'm sorry, Caleb; don't lay it up agin me," had done that. When Caleb spoke to the men, in his usual gentle manner, each one of them said or did some little thing, as chance offered an unobtrusive opportunity, that conveyed to the diver a heartfelt sorrow for his troubles, — every one but Carleton, who purposely, perhaps, had gone down into the cabin, his temper still ruffled over his encounter with Captain Joe and Sanford.

And so Caleb once more took his place on the working force.

As the Screamer rounded to and made fast in the eddy, the Ledge gang were using the system of derricks, which since the final anchoring had never needed an hour's additional work. They were moving back from the landing-wharf the big cut stones. While waiting for deliveries of the enrockment blocks from the quarries, the Screamer had carried the stones of the superstructure from Keyport to the Ledge. These were required to lay the first course of masonry, the work to begin as soon as the controversy over the proper level of the concrete was settled.

With the making fast of the Screamer to the floating buoys in the eddy, the life-boat from the Ledge pulled alongside, and landed Sanford, Carleton, Captain Joe, Caleb, and the skipper, —

Lonny Bowles carrying the transit and rod as carefully as if they had been two long icicles. The wind was blowing fresh from the east, and the concrete was found to be awash with three feet of water; nothing of the mass itself could be seen by the naked eye. It was therefore apparent that if the dispute was to be settled it could be done only by a series of exact measurements. Carleton's glance took in the situation with every evidence of satisfaction. He had begun to suspect that perhaps after all he might be wrong, but his obstinacy sustained him. Now that the disk was covered with water there was still reason for dispute.

As soon as the party landed at the shanty, Caleb squeezed himself into his diving-dress, Captain Joe fastening the water-tight cuffs over his wrists, leaving his hands free. Caleb picked up the rod with its adjustable target and plunged across the shallow basin, the water coming up to his hips. Sanford arranged the tripod on the platform, leveled his instrument, directed Caleb where to hold the rod, and began his survey; Captain Joe recording his findings with a big blue lead pencil on a short strip of plank.

The first entries showed that the two segments of the circle—the opposite segments, southeast and northwest—varied barely three tenths of an inch in height. This, of course, was immaterial over so large a surface. The result proved conclusively that Carleton's claim that one section of the concrete was six inches too low was absurd.

"I'm afraid I shall have to decide against you this time, Mr. Carleton. Run your eye through this transit; you can see yourself what it shows."

"Right or wrong," broke out Carleton, now thoroughly angry, both over his defeat and at the half-concealed, jeering remarks of the men, "it's got to go up six inches, or not a cut stone will be laid. That's what I'm here for, and what I say goes."

"But please take the transit and see for yourself, Mr. Carleton," urged Sanford.

"I don't know nothin' about *your* transit, nor who fixed it to suit you," snarled Carleton.

Sanford bit his lip, and made no answer. There were more important things to be done in the building of a light than the resenting of such insults or quarreling with a superintendent. The skipper, however, to whom the superintendent was a first experience, and who took his answer as in some way a reflection on his own veracity, walked quickly toward him with his fist tightly clinched. His big frame towered over Carleton's.

"Thank you, Captain Bob," said Sanford, noticing the skipper's expression and intent, "but Mr. Carleton is n't in earnest. *His* transit is not here, and we cannot tell who fixed that."

The men laughed, and the skipper stopped and stood aside, awaiting any further developments that might require his aid.

"In view of these measurements," asked Sanford, as he held before Carleton's eyes the piece of plank bearing Captain Joe's record, "do you still order the six inches of concrete put in?"

"Certainly I do," said Carleton. His ugly temper was gradually being hidden under an air of authority. Sanford's tact had regained him a debating position.

"And you take the responsibility of the change?"

"I do," replied Carleton in a blustering voice.

"Then please put that order in writing," said Sanford quietly, "and I will see it done as soon as the tide lowers."

Carleton's manner changed; he saw the pit that lay before him. If he were wrong, the written order would fix his responsibility; without that telltale record he could deny afterward having given the order, if good policy so demanded.

"Well, that ain't necessary; you go ahead," said Carleton, with less vehemence.

"I think it is, Mr. Carleton. You ask me to alter a bench-mark level which I know to be right, and which every man about us knows to be right. You refuse a written certificate if I do not carry out your orders, and yet you expect me to commit this engineering crime because of your personal opinion, — an opinion which you now refuse to back up by your signature."

"I ain't given you a single written order this season: why should I now?" in an evasive tone.

"Because up to this time you have asked for nothing unreasonable. Then you refuse?"

"I do, and I'm not to be bulldozed, neither."

"Caleb," said Sanford, with the air of a man who had made up his mind, raising his voice to the diver, still standing in the water, "put that rod on the edge of the iron band."

Caleb felt around under the water with his foot, found the band and placed on it the end of the rod. Sanford carefully adjusted the instrument.

"What does it measure?"

"Thirteen feet six inches, sir!" shouted Caleb.

"Lonny Bowles," continued Sanford, "take three or four of the men and go along the breakwater and see if Caleb is right."

The men scrambled over the rocks, Lonny plunging into the water beside Caleb, so as to get closer to the rod.

"Thirteen feet six inches!" came back the voices of Lonny and the others, speaking successively.

"Now, Captain Joe, look through this eyepiece and see if you find the red quartered target in the centre of the spider-web lines. You, too, skipper."

The men put their eyes to the glass, each announcing that he saw the red of the disk.

"Now, Caleb, make your way across

to the northwest derrick, and hold the rod on the band there."

The old diver waded across the concrete, and held the rod and target over his head. The men followed him around the breakwater, — all except Bowles, who, being as wet as he could be, plunged in waist-deep.

Sanford turned the transit without disturbing the tripod, and adjusted it until the lens covered the target.

"Raise it a little, Caleb!" shouted Sanford, — "so! What is she now?"

"Thirteen feet six inches and — a — half!" answered Caleb.

"Right! How is it, men?"

"Thirteen six and a half!" came back the replies, after each man had assured himself.

"Now bring me a clean, dry plank, Captain Joe," said Sanford. "That's too small," as the captain held out the short piece containing the record. Clean planks were scarce on the cement-stained work; dry ones were never found.

Everybody went in search of a suitable plank. Carleton looked on at this pantomime with a curl on his lips, and now and then a little shiver of uncertain fear creeping over him. Sanford's quiet, determined manner puzzled him.

"What's all this circus about?" he broke out impatiently.

"One minute, Mr. Carleton. I want to make a record which will be big enough for the men to sign; one that won't get astray, lost, or stolen."

"What's the matter with this?" asked Captain Joe, opening the wooden door of the new part of the shanty. "Ye can't lose this 'less ye take away the house."

"That's the very thing!" exclaimed Sanford. "Swing her wide open, Captain Joe. Please give me that big blue pencil."

When the door flew back it was as fresh and clean as a freshly scrubbed pine table.

Sanford wrote as follows: —

August 29, SHARK LEDGE LIGHT.

We, the undersigned, certify that the concrete disk is perfectly level except opposite the northwest derrick, where it is three tenths of an inch too high. We further certify that Superintendent Carleton orders the concrete raised six inches on the southeast segment, and refuses to permit any cut stone to be set until this is done.

HENRY SANFORD, Contractor.

"Come, Captain Joe," said Sanford, "put your signature under mine."

The captain held the pencil in his bent fingers as if it had been a chisel, and inscribed his full name, "Joseph Bell," under that of Sanford. Then Caleb and the others followed, the old man fumbling inside his dress for his glasses, the search proving fruitless until Captain Joe ran his arm down between the rubber collar of the diving-dress and Caleb's red shirt and drew them up from inside his undershirt.

"Now, Captain Joe," said Sanford, "you can send a gang in the morning at low water and raise that concrete. It will throw the upper masonry out of level, but it won't make much difference in a circle of this size."

The men gave a cheer, the humor of the situation taking possession of every one. Even Caleb forgot his sorrow for a moment. Carleton laughed a little halting laugh himself, but there was nothing of spontaneity in it. Nickles, the cook, who divided his time between the Screamer and the shanty on the Ledge, and who, now that the cut stone was about to be laid, was permanently transferred to the shanty, and under whose especial care this door was placed by reason of its position, — it opened into the kitchen, — planted his fat, oily body before the curious record, read it slowly word for word, and delivered himself of this opinion: "That 'ere door's th' biggest receipt for stores I ever see come into a kitchen."

"Big or little," said Captain Joe,

who could not see the drift of most of Nickles's jokes, "you spatter it with yer grease or spile it any, and ye go ashore."

XIV.

TWO ENVELOPES.

Betty's flight had been of such short duration, and her return home accomplished under such peculiar circumstances, that the stories in regard to her elopement had multiplied with the hours. One feature of her escapade excited universal comment, — her spending the night at Mrs. Leroy's. The only explanation that could be given of this extraordinary experience was that so high a personage as Mrs. Leroy must have necessarily been greatly imposed upon by Betty, or she could never have disgraced herself and her home by giving shelter to such a woman.

Mrs. Leroy's hospitality to Betty inspired another theory, — one that, not being contradicted at the moment of its origin by Aunt Bell, had seemed plausible. Miss Peebles, the school-mistress, who never believed ill of anybody, lent all her aid to its circulation. The conversation out of which the theory grew took place in Aunt Bell's kitchen. Betty was upstairs in her room, and the talk went on in whispers, lest she should overhear.

"I never shall believe that a woman holding Mrs. Leroy's position would take Betty West into her house if she knew what kind of a woman she was," remarked the elder Miss Nevins.

"And that makes me think there's some mistake about this whole thing," said Miss Peebles. "Who saw her with Lacey, anyhow? Nobody but the butcher, and he don't know half the time what he's talking about, he rattles on so. Maybe she never went with Lacey at all."

"What did she go 'way for, then?" asked the younger Nevins girl, who was

on her way to the store, and had stopped in, hoping she might, by chance, get a look at Betty. "I guess Lacey's money was all gone,—that's why she imposed on Mrs. Leroy."

"I don't believe it," said Miss Peebles. "Betty may have been foolish, but she never told a lie in her life."

"Well, it may be," admitted the younger sister in a softened tone. "I hope so, anyhow."

Aunt Bell kept still. Betty was having trouble enough; if the neighbors thought so, and would give her the benefit of the doubt, better leave it so. She made no effort to contradict it. There were one or two threads of worldly wisdom and canny policy twisted about the little woman's heart that now and then showed their ends.

Captain Joe was in the sitting-room, reading. He had come in from the Ledge, wet, as usual, had put on some dry clothes, and while waiting for supper had picked up the Noank Times. Aunt Bell and the others saw him come in, but thought he changed his clothes and went to the dock.

He had overheard every word of the discussion. There were no raveled threads in the captain's make-up. He threw down his paper, pushed his way into the group, and said:—

"There's one thing I don't want no mistake over, and I won't have it. Betty did n't tell no lies to Mrs. Leroy nor to nobody else, an' I ain't a-goin' to have nobody lie for 'er. Mrs. Leroy knows all about it. She took care of her 'cause she's got a heart inside of her. Betty went off with Bill Lacey 'cause he'd hoodooed 'er, an' when she come to herself she come home agin: that's all ther' is to that. She's sorry for what she's done, an' ther' ain't nobody outside o' heaven can do more. She's goin' to stay here 'cause me and Aunt Bell love her now more'n we ever did before. But she's goin' to start life agin fair an' square, with no lies of her own an' no lies told about

'er by nobody else." The captain looked at Aunt Bell. "Them that don't like it can lump it. Them as don't like Betty after this can stay away from me," and he turned about on his heel and went down to the dock.

Two currents had thus been started in Betty's favor: one the outspoken indorsement of Captain Joe; and the other the protection of Mrs. Leroy, "the rich lady who lived at Medford, in that big country-seat where the railroad crossed, and who had the yacht and horses, and who must be a good woman, or she would n't have come to nurse the men, and who sent them delicacies, and came herself and put up the mosquito-nets over their cots."

As the August days slipped by and the early autumn came, the gossip gradually died. Caleb continued to live alone, picking up once more the manner of life he had practiced for years aboard the light-ship; having a day every two weeks for his washing,—always Sunday, when the neighbors would see him while on their way to church,—hanging out his red and white collection on the line stretched in the garden. He cooked his meals and cleaned the house himself. Nobody but Captain Joe and Aunt Bell crossed his threshold, except the butcher who brought him his weekly supplies. He had been but seldom to the village,—somehow he did not like to pass Captain Joe's,—and had confined his outings to going from the cabin to the Ledge and back again as his duties required, locking the rear door and hanging the key on a nail beside it until his return.

He had seen Betty only once, and that was when he had passed her on the road. He came upon her suddenly, and he thought she started back as if to avoid him, but he kept his eyes turned away and passed on. When he came to the hill and looked back he could see her sitting by the side of the road, a few rods from where they met, her head resting on her hand.

Only one man had dared to speak to him in an unsympathetic way about Betty's desertion, and that was his old friend Tony Marvin, the keeper of Key-port Light. They had been together a year on Bannock Rip during the time the Department had doubled up the keepers. He had not heard of Caleb's trouble until several weeks after Betty's flight; lighthouse-keepers staying pretty close indoors.

"I hearn, Caleb, that the new wife left ye for that young rigger what got his face smashed. 'Most too young, warn't she, to be stiddy?"

"No, I ain't never thought so," said Caleb quietly. "Were n't no better gal 'n Betty; she done all she knowed how. You 'd 'a' said so if ye knowed her like I did. But 't was agin natur', I bein' so much older. But I 'd rather had her go than suffer on."

"Served ye durn mean, anyhow," said the keeper. "Did she take anything with 'er?"

"Nothin' but the clo'es she stood in. But she did n't serve me mean, Tony. I don't want ye to think so, an' I don't want ye to say so, nor let nobody say so, neither; an' ye won't if you're a friend o' mine, which you allers was."

"I hearn there was some talk o' yer takin' her back," the keeper went on in a gentler tone, surprised at Caleb's blindness, and anxious to restore his good feeling. "Is that so?"

"No, that ain't so," said Caleb firmly, ending the conversation on that topic and leading it into other channels.

This interview of the light-keeper's was soon public property. Some of those who heard of it set Caleb down as half-witted over his loss, and others wondered how long it would be before he would send for Betty and patch it all up again, and still others questioned why he did n't go over to Stonington and smash the other side of Lacey's face; they heard that Billy had been seen around there.

As for Betty, she had found work

with a milliner on the edge of the village, within a mile of Captain Joe's cottage, where her taste in trimming bonnets secured her ready employment, and where her past was not discussed. That she was then living with Captain Joe and his wife was enough to gain her admission. She would have given way under the strain long before, had it not been for her remembered promise to Mrs. Leroy,— the only woman, except Aunt Bell, who had befriended her,— and for the strong supporting arm of Captain Joe, who never lost an opportunity to show his confidence in her.

There had been days, however, after her return, when in spite of her promises she could have plunged into the water at the end of the dock; and then had followed days of an intense longing to see Caleb, or even to hear his voice. She sat for hours in her little room next Aunt Bell's, on Saturday afternoons, when she came earlier from work, and watched for the Screamer or one of the tugs to round in, bringing Caleb and the men. She could not see her own cottage from the window where she sat, but she could see her husband come down the sloop's side and board the little boat that brought him to his landing. She thought now and then that she could catch his good-night as he pushed off. On Monday mornings, too, when she knew he was going out, she was up at daylight, watching for a meagre glimpse of him when the skiff shot out from behind the dock and took him aboard to go to his work on the Ledge.

Little by little the captain's devotion to Betty's interests, and the outspoken way in which he praised her efforts to maintain herself, began to have their effect. People who had passed her by without a word, as they met her on the road, volunteered a timid good-morning, which was answered by a slight nod of the head by Betty. Even one of the Nevins girls — the younger one — had joined her and walked as far as the milliner's, with a last word on the door-

step, which had detained them both for at least two minutes in full sight of the other girls who were passing the shop.

Betty met all advances kindly, but with a certain reserve of manner. She appreciated the good motive, but in her own eyes it did not palliate her fault,—that horrible crime of ingratitude, selfishness, and waywardness, the memory of which hung over her night and day like a pall.

Most of her former acquaintances respected her reserve, — all except Carleton. Whenever he met her under Captain Joe's roof he greeted her with a nod, but on the road he had more than once tried to stop and talk to her. At first the attempt had been made with a lifting of the hat and a word about the weather, but the last time he had stopped in front of her and tried to take her hand.

"What's the matter with you?" he said in a coaxing tone. "I ain't going to hurt you."

Betty darted by him, and reached the shop all out of breath. She said nothing to any one about her encounter, not being afraid of him in the daytime, and not wanting any more talk of her affairs.

If Caleb knew how Betty lived, he never mentioned it to Captain Joe or Auntie Bell. He would sometimes ask after her health and whether she was working too hard, but never more than that.

One Saturday night—it was the week Betty had hurt her foot and could not go to the shop—Caleb came down to Captain Joe's and called him outside the kitchen door. It was payday with the men, and Caleb had in his hand the little envelope, still unopened, containing his month's pay. The lonely life he led had begun to tell upon the diver. The deathly pallor that had marked his face the first few days after his wife's departure was gone, and the skin was no longer shrunken, but the sunken cheeks remained, and the

restless, eager look in the eyes that told of his mental strain.

The diver was in his tarpaulins; it was raining at the time.

"Come in, Caleb, come in!" cried Captain Joe in a cheery voice, laying his hand on the diver's shoulder. "Take off yer ileskins." The captain never despaired of bringing husband and wife together, somehow.

Betty was sitting inside the kitchen, reading by the kerosene lamp, out of sound of the voices.

"No, I ain't washed up nor had supper yit, thank ye. I heared from Auntie Bell that Betty was laid up this week, an' so I come down." Here the diver stopped, and began slitting the pay-envelope with a great thumb-nail shaped like a half-worn shoe-horn. "I come down, thinkin' maybe you'd kind'er put this where she could git it," slowly unrolling two of the four bills and handing them to the captain. "I don't like her to be beholden to ye for board nor nothin'."

"Ye can't give me a cent, Caleb. I knowed her 'fore you did," said the captain, protesting with his hand upraised, a slightly indignant tone in his voice. Then a thought crept into his mind. "Come in and give it to her yerself, Caleb," putting his arm through the diver's.

"No," said Caleb slowly, "I ain't come here for that, and I don't want ye to make no mistake, cap'n. I come here 'cause I been a-thinkin' it over, and somehow it seems to me that half o' this is hern. I don't want ye to tell 'er that I *give* it to her, 'cause it ain't so. I jes' want ye to lay it som'eres she'll find it; and when she asks about it, say it's hern."

Captain Joe crumpled the bills in his hand.

"Caleb," he said, "I ain't goin' to say nothin' more to ye. I've said all I could, and las' time I said too much; but what seems to me to be the cussedest foolishness out is for ye to go back

an' git yer supper by yerself, when the best little gal you or I know is a-settin' within ten feet o' ye with her heart breakin' to git to ye."

"I'm sorry she's sufferin', Cap'n Joe. I don't like to see nobody suffer, leastways Betty, but ye don't know it all. Jes' leave them bills as I asked ye. Tell Aunty Bell I got the pie she sent me when I come home, — I'll eat it to-morrow. I s'pose ye ain't got no new orders 'bout that last row of en-rockment? I set the bottom stone to-day, an' I ought'er get the last of 'em finished nex' week. The tide cut terrible to-day, an' my air comin' so slow through the pump threw me 'mong the rocks an' seaweed, an' I got a scrape on my hand," showing a deep cut on its back; "but it's done hurtin' now. Good-night."

That night, just before Caleb reached his cabin, he came upon Bert Simmons, the shore road letter-carrier, standing in the road, under one of the village street lamps, overhauling his package of letters.

"About these letters that's comin' for yer wife, Caleb? Shall I leave 'em with you or take 'em down to Cap'n Joe Bell's? I give the others to her. Here's one now."

Caleb took the letter mechanically, looked it over slowly, noted its Stonington postmark, and, handing it back, answered calmly, "Better leave 'em down to Cap'n Joe's, Bert."

When Betty fell asleep, that night, an envelope marked "For Caleb" was tucked under her pillow. In it were the two bank-notes.

The letter from Bill Lacey lay on her table, unopened.

After this, whenever Caleb's pay came, half of it went to Captain Joe for Betty. This she placed in the envelope, which she slipped under her pillow, where she could put her hand on it in the night when she awoke, — touching something that he had touched, something that he himself had sent her. But not a penny of the money did she spend.

F. Hopkinson Smith.

(To be continued.)

ROUND THE FAR ROCKS.

WATERS of ocean ever calling me
 Round the far rocks and over summer fields,
 How soon must summer sleep or cease to be!
 How soon we gather what the autumn yields!
 But your great voices never shall be stilled;
 They come to bid the spirit hurry hence,
 And leave the thought of duties half fulfilled,
 And all the cries of time and busy sense.
 What music is like yours when day is done!
 When death has carried my beloved away
 So far I cannot hear them in the night!
 What music yours when darkness walks alone!
 Your mighty trumpetings foretell a day
 Crowned with pale dawn where lately was no light.

Annie Fields.

THREE CONTEMPORARY GERMAN DRAMATISTS.

THE movement in contemporary German literature is in many ways similar to the Storm and Stress period of the seventh and eighth decades of the last century. Out of that movement was evolved the great classic period of German literature, with Goethe and Schiller as its leaders. Out of the present movement there bids fair to come a second period of rare literary productiveness, in which, according to all present indications, Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann will take first rank. Whatever position posterity may assign to these three writers in the literature of their country, their position in contemporary literature, at least, is assured; for in the drama, wherein they have achieved their greatest successes, they stand head and shoulders above all competitors. Sated as we have been with the cheap "dramas" of the day, we have almost accustomed ourselves to look askance at the drama, and to consider it a form of literary expression singularly ill adapted to the spirit of the age. For a time Ibsen roused to new hope and a certain qualified enthusiasm those who see in the drama one of the highest forms of literary art. But his provincial narrowness, his lack of ideals, his pessimism, nay, his cynicism, finally destroyed the hope wherewith he was hailed. It is therefore with increased pleasure that the lover of good literature sees the younger generation in Germany fulfilling the hopes to which Ibsen gave rise.

In a general way, it may be said that Ernst von Wildenbruch, Hermann Sudermann, and Gerhart Hauptmann represent in their works three phases of individualism: Wildenbruch sees and depicts the individual primarily in his struggle against the physical forces of life; Sudermann sounds in the first instance the individual's protest against formal and

arbitrary moral ideals; Hauptmann has achieved his greatest success in expressing the longing of the individual for freedom from the fetters that hinder his spiritual development. All three start as "realists," Sudermann and Hauptmann even as "naturalists," but in temperament all three are "idealists;" and I suspect we shall find in a certain realistic idealism the clue for the interest that the dramas of these writers have aroused and continue to arouse. What Ibsen offered us was — so far as the non-Scandinavian world was concerned — the struggle between the modern spirit and the spirit of the past; what Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann depict — often, of course, unconsciously — is the struggle between the modern spirit and the spirit of the future. In this sense their works are prophetic, and therefore individualistic.

Wildenbruch's latest drama, *Henry and Henry's Race*, at once his most extensive and most artistic work, bears emphatically the stamp of the individualistic temperament. A tragedy "in two evenings," it attempts to crowd into the limits of a drama the eventful life of Henry IV. of Germany. Without discussing the merits of the enthusiastic and likewise fierce criticism that this piece has evoked, let us glance over the plot.

In the prologue, Child Henry, the poet has expended his art in creating the character of the youthful king. Wholly affectionate, yearning to love and to be loved in turn, noble-hearted and generous, with a natural hatred of injustice and oppression, courageous and even defiant to a degree, the royal boy is seen in all his youthful impetuosity amid the magic charm of childhood. With such consummate art has the poet brought out and impressed upon us these various traits that we never once forget this

early scene, and in the later scenes, even where the king and emperor appears at his worst, we look back to these boyhood days, and we pity and almost forgive him. At his father's death, the young prince, much against his will, is placed in care of Archbishop Anno of Cologne, who endeavors to break the boy's independent spirit. Hardly twenty years old, Henry escapes from his guardian, and has himself crowned king of Germany. His heart is filled with bitterness against the princes who have destroyed or suppressed (through Anno) the generous enthusiasm of his youth, and his first step, as king, is to crush the Saxon nobility. A further result of Anno's methods has been to destroy Henry's faith in the Church. He inveighs against the Pope and his emissaries, and sends to the former his royal message of defiance. Gregory is sitting in judgment when the king's messenger arrives. The Pope has attained to the sublime act of self-effacement; his own personality is merged in the lofty conception of his office as spiritual guardian of the world. The ban is pronounced over Henry IV. as the result of his message.

Forsaken now by all except his once despised wife and the lowly burghers of Worms, Henry lives in solitude near the faithful city. Christmas Eve has come, and with it a new light bursts in upon the heart of the king, — a light that has been kindled partly by the devotion of his wife, partly by the simple presents of the burghers. Peace for his country becomes his first aim, and, filled with a great love for his subjects, he sets out afoot to cross the Alps in mid-winter and humble himself before the Pope, in order that he may secure this peace. But worldly victory over the king has in turn proved too great a temptation for Gregory. Three days and nights Henry waits before the gates of Canossa, and is finally admitted only at the pleading of his mother — the pious zealot — and of the abbot Hugo. The Pope, how-

ever, demands the temporal power over Germany's king as well as the spiritual, and Henry, finding all his hopes disappointed and his faith betrayed, makes common cause with the rebellious cities of northern Italy, defeats the papal forces, and besieges the Pope in Rome. In the last act of the first part the two opponents meet. Henry, in disguise, has penetrated to the apartments of Gregory in the citadel of Rome, resolved to make one last effort at reconciliation before taking the final step of deposing the Pope. But Gregory insists upon a recognition of the principle of temporal power in the Holy See. Henry cannot grant this, and the final scene wrings from him words of despairing defiance as he rushes from the chamber to lead his soldiery to the final charge, and then to proclaim a new Pope. Forsaken now in turn, the dying Gregory bequeaths his legacy to the young zealot remaining at his side, and we hear his last ominous words, "And the future yet is mine."

At the close of the first night Henry IV. is victorious. But only apparently. His victory over circumstances, physical conditions, — which are represented by the Pope and the Saxon nobility, — has been purchased dearly. Belief in God and the lofty ideal of kingship, "what kings owe to their people — peace," both have been sacrificed.

The second night of the drama opens at a later period of the king's life. Wars have disrupted the empire, the Pope has pronounced the ban, and everywhere the king's personal followers begin to forsake him. Even his best beloved son Konrad joins the crusaders, and his second wife, the choice of his heart, goes over to the enemy. In the king's soul the old ideal of that Christmas Eve at Worms begins to stir anew. Beautifully pathetic are his words to the departing Konrad. His heavy trials open Henry's heart to the humble people. "God's Peace" is declared throughout the land; the peasant is protected, and

the burgher is raised to independence and self-determinism. Henry is hailed and worshiped by all, except princes and nobles, as the father of his country; and for a brief space he enjoys the blessings of unselfish labor. Then the clouds gather. Prince Henry, his remaining son, is won over to the nobility; and at the very hour when the peace jubilee is celebrated by the burghers he rebels and overpowers them. Broken-hearted the old king flees, hotly pursued by son and nobles. In a cloister he meets his repentant wife, Praxédís, and the tragedy of this life finds its final expression in the words: "See here all my youth, all my hope of happiness and joy of life! Farewell, youth, that didst bring me no fruition! Farewell, hope, that wast followed by no reality; life, that didst lift me to mountain heights only to dash me, broken and crushed, into the depths! Thus I kiss myself loose from thee!" He bends down, and, kissing Praxédís on the brow, expires just as Prince Henry rushes into the chamber.

The drama might well have closed here. But the poet has attempted to make the truth he wished to exemplify still more impressive by showing us the cynic Henry V. as a king who overcomes his adversaries because he suppresses all claims of the heart. In the final act, where the victorious son has his nobler yet unsuccessful father buried with pomp and ceremony in hallowed ground, the full light of the poet's moral conception illumines the darkness. Weeping and wailing the people crowd around the coffin, calling aloud for their emperor, and cursing his destroyer. Pale as death the successful king grasps his throne.

"Who has lied to me, that I was emperor?
This dead one here, he is the Germans' king."

Thus the key-note of Henry and Henry's Race is the tragedy of the individual, — the tragedy that is founded upon the fact "that the Great and the Good flees always for refuge to the heart of the in-

dividual, whilst over it and away tramps the multitude with careless feet."

Three times we have Henry IV. at his best: as a noble-hearted, affectionate boy, when the sweetness in his nature is turned to bitterness through the enforced discipline of Archbishop Anno; as a repentant, self-sacrificing man, when the new hope and light bursting into life within him are rudely darkened by the treachery and selfishness of the Pope; as the ideal ruler, when his one great and final purpose is ruthlessly frustrated. Henry is nobler than his day, and because he is nobler one of two things must happen: he must adapt his individual longings to the character of his surroundings, or he must perish. In either case the individual as such is defeated. Whenever Henry IV. sacrifices his own individuality, he is materially successful; whenever he seeks to maintain it, misfortune trails in his path. As if to make the tragedy all the more impressive, Henry V. succeeds where his greater father failed; for he knows how to utilize the forces that encompass him, not by opposing to them his own individuality, but rather by absorbing them into his being, and thus sacrificing the best and truest of his own personality.

It is the great tragedy of life that speaks to us in this historic drama; "high tragedy," to be sure, but it comes home to us with the conviction of a general truth. So skillfully and forcibly has Wildenbruch pictured the opposing forces, so true are the lines of conflict he has drawn, that we almost tremble at its realism; yet so wholly has he won our sympathy, so carefully has he mingled his lights and shadows, that when, amid passion and strife, cunning and deceit, blind submission and plotting intrigue, one bright ray pierces the dark and glorifies the dead features of the one who has been true to himself, we feel and acknowledge at once the existence of something yet to be achieved,

a reality beyond this reality, an *ideal* that was holy to the poet, and has now become holy to us. Thus, beyond the real he has lifted us into the ideal, and from a mere exponent of a dead past or a living present the dramatist has become the prophet of a nobler future.

Wildenbruch's dramas approach life from its dark side. Stern and absolute indifference, consistent disregard of all consequences, alone can assure individual success. Life, as Wildenbruch sees it, justifies this view, but does not justify a pessimistic philosophy based on it. In his best novel, *The Master of Tanagra*, — a novel, by the way, touching closely upon the idealistic philosophy of Hauptmann's *The Submerged Bell*, — the reason for the success of Praxiteles and the failure of Myrtolaos must be sought in the possession and lack of this utter unscrupulousness. "Speechless and almost terrified, Myrtolaos gazed upon this man who sat there at his work like a tiger crouching over his prey. Thus unsparing, then, of himself and others must he be who would create works like those of Praxiteles. A presentiment came over him of the terrible nature of Art, so kindly in her aims, yet so cruel in her pursuit of them; he felt that his own tender heart did not possess this temper of steel." To be sure, Wildenbruch offers a solution of the plot that does not accord with this view. But though Praxiteles himself may exclaim, "And should this city vanish from the face of the earth, then over its ruins will hover like a sweet dream of the past the spirit of him who created these works, the spirit of the Master of Tanagra," yet we cannot agree with him; for the art of Myrtolaos is not of the grandeur of that of Praxiteles. These little figures are but playthings, — not a Hermes or an Aphrodite. Wildenbruch is untrue to himself, not in giving us the idyllic conclusion, but in attempting to pass off upon us the works of his hero as the highest expression of the sculptor's art. The compro-

mise is both inartistic and impossible upon the premises given.

It is a fact worthy of notice, in the study of the individualistic movement in literature, that all three writers — Wildenbruch, Sudermann, and Hauptmann — pass through a period of compromise between personal inclinations and literary consistency: Wildenbruch in *The Master of Tanagra* (1880), Sudermann in *Honor* (1889), and Hauptmann in *Professor Crampton* (1892). In his dramas, however, Wildenbruch has the courage of his convictions. In these there is no trifling. But if they are therefore tragic, yet the tragic truth — if truth it be — becomes, not a truth that depresses, but a truth that inspires, urging on the individual to remain true to himself though material success may not attend his efforts.

Wildenbruch's literary fame came to him comparatively late in life. Born February 3, 1845, in Beirut, Syria, the son of the Prussian consul at that place, he spent his childhood abroad, a fact which in a large measure accounts for his enthusiastic patriotism. His parents had chosen the military career for the young man; but he soon resigned his commission, and turned to the study of the law. After the Franco-Prussian war, in which he participated, he again devoted himself to the legal profession, but in 1887 he became connected with the foreign service. Enthusiastic as he was, Wildenbruch chafed under the inability of German literature to free itself from French influence, and in his heart there was roused something of a fierce resentment that the glorious achievements of the war should go unsung. To this feeling we owe his two "heroic songs," *Vionville* (1874) and *Sedan* (1875), and probably the increasing interest he took in poetry. These two songs were quickly followed by his dramas, *The Carolingians*, *The Mennonite*, *Fathers and Sons*; but so powerful was the French influence upon the Ger-

man stage that not until 1881 was the first of these produced. The 6th of March, 1881, when the celebrated Meiningen company played *The Carolingians* at the court theatre in Weimar, marked a new epoch in the history of modern German literature. Not only does Wildenbruch's fame, together with a growing productiveness, date from that day, but a new impetus was given to literary activity throughout Germany, especially in the drama. Conventional restrictions, narrow views, were gradually cast aside, and the young generation entered with enthusiasm into the new strife that he had heralded.

Amid the revolutionary, often hasty and inconsiderate clamor of the youthful "naturalists," Wildenbruch for a long time held fast to his own ideal, the historic drama as interpreting the great truths of human progress: thus in *Harold* (1882), *Christopher Marlowe* (1884), *The New Commandment* (1885), *The Prince of Verona* (1886), *The Quitzows* (1888), *The Lieutenant-General* (1889), *The New Lord* (1891). In the last three of these dramas the influence of the naturalistic movement is clearly traceable, and we are hardly astonished to find Wildenbruch still more under its sway in *The Crested Lark* (1892). But in *Henry and Henry's Race* (1895) the poet returns to his old ideal. We have already considered this drama. In many respects it has well been called a "monumental work."

Hermann Sudermann's dramas go a step farther than those of Wildenbruch. His fight is not against physical authority or the suppression of the individual by his physical surroundings, but against authority in the domain of morals. Morality is not an absolute, but a relative term. Since moral ideas shift with the age that conceived them, the individual is not immoral if his ideas are ahead of his time; and he is therefore under no obligation to remain within its restricted limits. But moral standards are just as

tyrannical as physical authority, and the individual who is bold enough to rise above them will soon find himself involved in a struggle that will threaten his whole moral life. This tyranny of conventional ideas, and the duty of the individual to free himself from them, is the theme of such dramas as *Honor, Home* (known in English translation as *Magda*), *Happiness in Retreat*, and *The War of Butterflies*. Honor established Sudermann's fame, and rightly so; for whatever may be said against the play in some of its detail, — for example, the introduction of Count Trast, a species of *deus ex machina* or of the good fairy in the popular tale, — the drama as a whole is full of force. The hero, by his education and his intercourse with different social strata, becomes a stranger to the sphere from which he sprang, and from which he has long been absent. Upon his return home, the ideals of his family and relatives seem low and sordid, and his own ideals are just as far removed from any sympathetic understanding on their part. Here we have the first clash of ideals. The second clash comes in the soul of Robert. His individuality struggles in vain against his conventional ideal of honor. He feels that he has been dishonored by the acts of his family, and at the same time he feels that only he can dishonor himself. That the hero is saved from the tragic end of this conflict through the intervention of Trast, who removes him from his surroundings, is the weakest point in the drama. The poet has not the courage of his convictions, for he fears to present to us the only logical conclusion of the situation he has pictured. To allow this noble character to perish because of its very nobility would require a heart of steel, and as yet Sudermann has not acquired this disregard of feeling.

In *Home* Sudermann rises above the weakness that manifests itself in *Honor*. Here we have the full tragedy of the situation. It is the "gospel of self-

respect," touched upon in Honor, that Sudermann preaches here, — a gospel that colors so many of his works, for instance the novels *It Was* and *The Cat's Trail*.

Home expresses a twofold struggle of the individual: one against the accepted rules of conduct, the other between individual self-respect and the conventional ideal of absolute contrition and self-abasement for sins committed. When Leo von Halewitz, in *It Was*, strengthens his faltering courage with "Nonsense! Regret nothing!" we hear the tragic note that vibrates through Home.

Magda Schwartz frets under the constant restraint and discipline of a home where conventional ideals permit no development of her personality. At last her suppressed individuality bursts its fetters: she leaves her home, and seeks independence in the capital. In the first flush of liberty, freedom degenerates into license; but soon she finds her truer self, and when, after years of earnest, patient effort, she again enters the home of her girlhood days, it is as the great artist who has risen above prejudice and stands secure in the knowledge of her own worth and independence. The two types of modern life struggle for reconciliation. Her father, the embodiment of conventional prejudices and conventional moral standards, cannot make concessions. Magda, the embodiment of personal freedom and individual moral assertion, cannot be untrue to herself and bow beneath the old yoke of restraint. For a brief moment there is an apparent reconciliation, based upon a delusion that is fostered by the mutual love of father and daughter. The father seems to take it for granted that his daughter has decided to give up her free life as an artist. In his philosophy, womanly purity is not compatible with independence of living. He insists all the more upon this view because his moral philosophy demands an absolute contrition and self-abasement

as the only pathway from sin to virtue, and the clash soon becomes inevitable. Magda sees the insuperable obstacles that separate her from her father. Had she returned penitent, loathing herself for her sins, humbly seeking forgiveness, then indeed there might be some hope. But her self-respect will not permit this. "I don't wish to play the part of the lost son. Were I to return as a daughter, a lost daughter, then I could not stand here thus, with head erect; then indeed I should be forced to grovel in the dust at your feet in the consciousness of my sins" (with growing excitement), "and that — no, that I will not — that I cannot" (with nobility); "for I am I, and must not, should not lose myself" (painfully); "and therefore I have no longer a home, therefore I must away, therefore" —

All the efforts of the family are in vain. Keller, the time-server and aspirant for political honors, unwittingly betrays himself, in the presence of Schwartz, as the father of Magda's child. Marriage with his daughter is the only thing that will remove the stigma from the family name and satisfy the father's injured honor. This marriage or death is the only alternative for the man whose prejudices are so deep-rooted that he could not live without his "honor." Magda recognizes the intensity of her father's feelings. For his sake she will make the concession, and unite herself to the man she despises. But when the prejudices of Keller demand the sacrifice not only of her career as a singer, but also of her mother-love, then she rises in her strength. Rather than this, let the tragedy come, let the heavens burst asunder and the lightning descend. And Sudermann does not hesitate to present the only logical outcome. Frenzied by the refusal of his daughter, Schwartz is about to take his life, when a paralytic stroke lays him low. In vain Magda implores forgiveness of the dying father; in vain

she pleads for one sign of reconciliation ; in vain she makes a last frantic effort to assure him that she is pure now, noble and true, and that because she is all this she cannot act otherwise. Stolidly he turns his weary head away, and expires. Alone, misunderstood, without a word of comfort, she stands there, condemned by all.

To the average German mind, Magda is lost ; but to those who view the struggle from a point of vantage that rises above the conventionalities of German life, Magda should — and in the greater freedom of American life would — conquer. Yet the overwhelming tragedy of the heart that longed to be loved and understood, but failed of attaining its desires because the mind could not debase itself and permit the individual to sacrifice freedom and self-respect, this tragedy is felt in all its power even by us.

To Sudermann we might apply what in *The Cat's Trail* he says of Boleslav : "And as he pondered, lost in thought, it seemed to him as if the mists that separate the reality of human existence from human consciousness were lifted, and as if his gaze penetrated a little deeper than that of the ordinary mortal into the depths of the unconscious. That which is called the 'good' and the 'bad' surged aimlessly among the mists of the surface ; beneath, its energies, rapt in silent reverie, rested, — the natural."

All of Sudermann's dramas are full of this individualistic striving, this revolt of the individual against conventional ideals. Happiness in Retreat, *The War of Butterflies*, *Sodom's End*, are under its influence : in the first nothing but the sadness of resignation, in the second the untruth of a compromise, in the third utter ruin, both moral and physical.

Of course it must not for a moment be supposed that each of the three poets confines himself to an expression of only one of the three phases of the individualistic movement that I have pointed out as typical of the modern German

drama and novel. For instance, in *Wiltenbruch's Harold* it is the superstitious awe of the Saxons that destroys Harold after arousing in his soul the tragic conflict. He has violated his oath to save his country. But an oath is holy, and though he knew not its hidden meaning, yet a sense of guilt crushes him to his knees.

"Here now I lie before Thee, Mighty God,
Creator, Thou, of man and human frailty ;
Freely I strip from me, and consciously,
What my proud manhood once adorned ;
But ere from my sin-burdened nakedness
Thou turn'st with loathing, hear, oh hear me,
God !"

Are we not face to face with one of the most tragic problems in life, — the individual struggling against the moral ideas of his time ?

In Hauptmann's fearfully realistic drama *Before Sunrise*, Helene, the innocent peasant girl of Silesia, momentarily saved by the foresight of a dying mother, but now surrounded by all the vicious influences of a depraved home, is deprived of her last hope of salvation by the scientific spirit of the day. Self-destruction is all that remains to her. This tragic element, which is always present when the individual revolts against his surroundings, may also be found in other dramas of Hauptmann, as in *Professor Crampton*, *The Peace Jubilee*, *Lonely People*, above all in *The Weavers*. The old man Hilse, in the last drama, will not join the striking and revolting weavers.

"I ? Not if all of you go daft ! Here the
Heavenly Father has placed me. Ay, mother ?
Here we'll sit and do our duty though all the
snow takes fire. (*Begins to weave.*)"

But a volley of musketry, a stray-ball, and the old man falls dead over his loom, a tragedy within a tragedy. There is no leading character in the drama, except as the community of oppressed and down-trodden Silesian weavers, half-starved and goaded to frenzy, supersede the individual. In so far, therefore, as they stand for an individual effort opposing

itself to established order, their doom is sealed. The victory over the soldiery is but temporary, and must quickly culminate in disastrous defeat. Nevertheless, our sympathies are with them, because the poet's are with them, and because they represent the eternal longing for larger individual freedom.

These are not merely problems of the day, but problems that are eternally pressing, and that touch upon the most hidden chords of the human life. The writers are not content with the ideals of the past that have become realities in the present, but they impress us — or rather oppress us — with a sense of something truer and nobler that is to be. Forcibly at times, at times but dimly, new ideals seem to rise before us, and vistas are opened into a future that shall satisfy the longing for greater moral freedom.

Of the three writers, Gerhart Hauptmann is the most complex. An exponent of extreme realism in his first drama, *Before Sunrise* (1889), he remains such in his succeeding dramas: *The Peace Jubilee* (1890), *Lonely People* (1891), *Professor Crampton* (1892), *The Weavers* (1892), *Marianne* (1893), *The Beaver Coat* (1893), *Florian Geyer* (1895). Suddenly he appears before the public with a drama, *The Submerged Bell* (1896), that not only disregards, but openly violates the cherished theories of the realistic school. If Goethe's *Faust* — philosophically speaking — is humanity's travail at the birth of the new spirit of science, Hauptmann's *Submerged Bell* might perhaps be called humanity's travail at the birth of the new spirit of intuition. There is something romantic, something mystical, in the drama, yet something withal so weirdly beautiful that we are strangely fascinated, and gently but surely withdrawn from the external realities of life. Wildenbruch and Sudermann, to be sure, have utilized psychological problems in building up their dramas, and in doing so have again and again penetrated to the mys-

terious realms of a common human longing. But Hauptmann attempts far more than this. He reconstructs a world whose phenomena lie wholly beyond the investigations of pure science, or what I should like to call conscious experience. The *milieu* of his drama is not the outer life, but the inner, and, moreover, that of the whole race, and not merely of an individual. To him this life is just as real as any external, sensuous existence; and peopling it, as he does, with the plastic creations of his imagination, he makes it very real to us. Consequently, when the necessities of his plot call for a contact with the actualities of every-day life, his descriptions and characterizations seem to be of a purpose vague and lacking in all distinguishing traits of individuality. The drama is therefore purely idealistic; tragic in a sense, because, by comparison with actual realities, we are forced to admit that its ideal is beyond our reach — yet no tragedy. There is an atmosphere of quiet hope which rests upon a delusion. We forget that above us is a mighty mass of restless waters, and deep down in this underworld we see *its* reality alone. Hence, judged according to conventional standards, *The Submerged Bell* lacks the dramatic element. Henry's death is no tragedy.

The action of the piece is quickly traced. Henry, a bell-caster, strives for an expression of his artistic ideal. Finally he seems to succeed. The new bell is to be hung in a chapel high up in the mountains. But its sound is out of harmony with nature, and her forces conspire to cast it over the mountain side as it is being dragged to its destination. Henry endeavors to save his work, and in doing so is carried down in its fall. The bell sinks to the bottom of the mountain lake, whilst Henry, sorely wounded and in despair at his loss, creeps to a hut near by. Here he is found by Rautendelein, a child of nature, and the natural affinity of their souls asserts itself. In Henry's soul a new

light reveals the full nature of his artistic longings, whilst in Rautendelein the longing for a new life is awakened. The village pastor comes with help; Henry is carried home, to the wife who has heretofore encouraged and assisted him. He believes that he is dying, and curses life that has prevented him from recognizing his true self. Rautendelein seeks out Henry's home, drawn by some irresistible force to this human being. In the absence of the wife, she cures him more by her mere presence than by the draught she administers. In the following act we find that Henry has deserted his home and family, and is living in solitary mountain regions with Rautendelein, who has won for him and his new work all the forces of nature: elves and fairies, sprites and dwarfs, labor in his behalf, and the striving of his soul for expression seems about to be realized. But the pastor finds him out, and pleads with him to return to the valley and to human life. Henry refuses.

"I'm guarded amply well against your arrow,
And just as likely is 't to scratch my skin
As yonder bell — hark you, that old one
there,
Which, hung'ring for the chasm, downward
crashed,
And now rests in the sea — shall ring again!"

The pastor's parting answer is prophetic:
"Again 't will ring for you! Remember me!"

A disturbing element has entered into Henry's life, and his work will not prosper. The complete harmony with nature has been destroyed. One evening the villagers endeavor to storm the height where the artist is rearing his temple. But in his fierce strength he drives them backward and down the hillside to the valley. Then as, heated by the glow of victory, he is refreshed by Rautendelein, a far distant note reaches his ear, a restlessness takes possession of him, and his two little children appear, clambering slowly and sorrowfully up the mountain side, carrying a cruet. They are not visible to Rautendelein.

There follows a scene full of simple yet infinite pathos: —

First Child. Papa!
Henry. Yes, child.
First Child. Dear mother sends her greeting to you.
Henry. I thank you, little one. And is she well?
First Child (slowly and sadly). Yes, well.
(*A low bell note from the depths.*)
Henry. What have you there, my children?
Second Child. A cruet.
Henry. And for me?
Second Child. Yes, father dear.
Henry. What have you in the cruet, little ones?
Second Child. Something salty.
First Child. Something bitter.
Second Child. Mother's tears.
Henry. Good God in heaven! . . .

And where is mother? Speak!
Second Child. With the water-lilies.

And then Henry hears the bell sounding from the depths of the sea, where it is tolled by his dead wife's hands. Fiercely he thrusts Rautendelein aside, as she seeks to quiet him, and rushes wildly down the hillside, down again into human life.

In the final act, Rautendelein — who has at last agreed to a union with the water-sprite, Nickelman — is about to descend into his old well. It is night. Broken and crushed, the semblance of a man totters to the hut by the well. It is Henry. The world has brought him only disappointment, and now he returns again to nature. His pleading voice reaches Rautendelein, and she hands him the last of the three cups poured out for him by Wittichen, the old crone, two of which he has already drained. The night closes in around him; but Rautendelein flees to his aid as he sinks back dying; and then the night is turned to dawn.

"Aloft: the sun-bells' ringing song!
The sun . . . the sun is here! — The night is long!"

Thus the piece closes with an exultant pæan of hope. For a moment only Henry has returned to the realities of life, which to him are no longer realities,

and now he departs to that fairyland of the unconscious where the individual is free to fulfill the promise of his being.

If not a drama in the conventional sense, yet *The Submerged Bell* is poetry, — poetry that inspires and uplifts; that not only touches upon, but dares to reveal the wondrous beauties hidden deep in the spiritual life of man. Comparisons are odious, and yet a Goethe would recognize the spiritual brotherhood of Hauptmann in such lines as these: —

“Should blind I deem myself

Now when with hymnic purity of soul,
Upon a cloud of morning's dawn reclining,
I drink in heaven depths with freedom's eye,
Then I'd deserve that God's fierce wrath
should strike

Me with eternal darkness.”

In so far as *The Submerged Bell* appears to be a conscious effort to reveal a far distant ideal, we hail it as a source of inspiration in itself. It is perhaps well that the poet does not attempt to bridge the chasm in the dual nature of man. The inner possibilities — for our own humanity makes them possibilities to us — inspire the hope and the longing for the expanding of the spirit life, and the greater and truer freedom it will bring.

Critics are astonished at the success of Hauptmann's latest production, and wonder why it is that *The Submerged Bell* has stirred the German people unlike any other drama of the day. According to literary canons, it lacks the dramatic element and should fall flat. Yet its success has been enduring, and cannot be explained as we would explain that of a sensational play. I suspect that the solution of this apparent riddle will be found in the following fact: the poet makes the spectator or reader an element in the play. The dramatic force is therefore more intense because we ourselves furnish a part thereof. Hauptmann touches a sympathetic chord in every human breast, and elicits a “harmony” that has slumbered there. Then, with the genius of a master, he develops

this harmony into a symphony, in which we feel ourselves participating, yet outside of which we know that we stand. It is real to us, yet unreal; possible of comprehension in part, yet impossible to be comprehended as a whole, within the restrictions at present placed upon our nature. And thus the tragedy lies in us, because an ideal is awakened toward which the best of us goes out in longing, but which we cannot attain.

The struggle for a new ethical ideal — which would seem to be the central idea of *The Submerged Bell* — naturally leads into paths and byways upon which we cannot unreservedly follow the poet; but the deep truth that underlies the production strives everywhere to gain a concrete form in the lines of the poem. The drama, if so we may call it, fascinates us by this very quality, often more felt than seen.

It would be unjust to the poet to close this all too brief review without at least calling attention to the superb beauty of the character he has created in the nature child Rautendelein. She is beyond any doubt a new creation in German literature, one which, by reason of the dainty charm of its being, the sweet innocence of childish womanhood, the concentrated earnestness of simple longing, seeks its equal in any literature. An almost impossible figure, Rautendelein is, under Hauptmann's treatment, a living, breathing reality, pulsing with life in every fibre, touching our hearts with the irresistible force of romantic realism. Idealistic in temper, strongly realistic in execution, *The Submerged Bell* expresses a protest against the materialism of the day and its conventional fetters. We gladly welcome in it the bright promise it holds out for the drama of Germany, and we are encouraged to hope that the present period of genuine dramatic revival in that country will exert in the end a wholesome influence upon the stage of England and America.

J. Firman Coar.

LITERARY PARIS TWENTY YEARS AGO.

I REACHED Paris, from London, on the morning of May 30, 1878, arriving just in time for admission to the Théâtre des Folies Dramatiques, where the Voltaire centenary celebration was to be held that day, with Victor Hugo for the orator. As I drove up, the surrounding streets were full of people going toward the theatre; while the other streets were so empty as to recall that fine passage in Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* where Demosthenes describes the depopulation of all other spots in Athens except that where he is speaking to the people. The neighborhood of the theatre was placarded with announcements stating that every seat was sold; and it was not until I had explained to a policeman that I was an American who had crossed from London expressly for this celebration, that he left his post and hunted up a speculator from whom I could buy seats. They were twin seats, which I shared with a young Frenchman, who led me in through a crowd so great that the old women who, in Parisian theatres, guide you to your place and take your umbrella found their occupation almost gone.

It was my first experience of French public oratory; and while I was aware of the resources of the language and the sympathetic power of the race, I was not prepared to see these so superbly conspicuous in public meetings. The ordinary appreciation of eloquence among the French seemed pitched in the key of our greatest enthusiasm, with the difference that their applause was given to the form as well as to the substance, and was given with the hands only, never with the feet. Even in its aspect the audience was the most noticeable I ever saw: the platform and the five galleries were filled almost wholly with men, and these of singularly thoughtful and distinguished bearing, — an assembly certainly supe-

rior to Parliament and Congress in its look of intellect. A very few were in the blouse of the *ouvrier*, and there was all over the house an amount of talking that sounded like vehement quarreling, though it was merely good-natured chatter. There were only French people and French words around me, and though my immediate companion was from the provinces and knew nobody, yet there was on the other side a very handsome man, full of zeal and replete with information. When I asked him whether Victor Hugo was yet upon the platform, he smiled, and said that I would not ask such a question if I knew the shout that would go up from the crowd when he came in.

Applaud they certainly did when a white head was seen advancing through the throng upon the stage; and the five galleries and the parquet seemed to rock with excitement as he took his seat. I should have known Victor Hugo anywhere from the resemblance to his pictures, except that his hair and beard, cropped short, were not quite so rough and hirsute as they are often depicted. He bowed his strong leonine head to the audience, and then seated himself, the two other speakers sitting on either side of him; while the bust of the smiling Voltaire with a wreath of laurel and flowers rose behind and above their heads. The bust was imposing, and the smile was kindly and genial, — a smile such as one seldom sees attributed to Voltaire. The first speaker, M. Spuller, was a fine-looking man, large, fair, and of rather English bearing; he rested one hand on the table, and made the other hand do duty for two, and I might almost say for a dozen, after the manner of his race. Speaking without notes, he explained the plan of the celebration, and did it so well that sentence after sentence was received with "Bravo!"

or "Admirable!" or "Oh-h-h!" in a sort of profound literary enjoyment.

These plaudits were greater still in case of the next speaker, M. Emile Deschanel, the author of a book on Aristophanes, and well known as a politician. He also was a large man of distinguished bearing. In his speech he drew a parallel between the careers of Victor Hugo and Voltaire, but dwelt especially upon that of the latter. One of the most skillful portions of the address touched on that dangerous ground, Voltaire's outrageous poem of *La Pucelle*, founded on the career of Jeanne d'Arc. M. Deschanel claimed that Voltaire had at least set her before the world as the saviour of France. He admitted that the book bore the marks of the period, that it was *licencieux et coupable*; yet he retorted fiercely on the clerical party for their efforts to protest against Voltaire on this account. When he said, at last, with a sudden flash of parting contempt, "And who was it that burned her?" (*Qui est-ce qui l'a brûlée?*) he dismissed the clergy and the subject with a wave of the hand that was like the flashing of the scimitar of Saladin. Then followed a perfect tempest of applause, and Victor Hugo took the stage.

His oration on Voltaire — since translated by Mr. James Parton — was delivered from notes, written in an immense hand on sheets twice as large as any foolscap paper I had ever seen; and he read from these without glasses. He was at this time seventy-six, but looked ten years younger. He stood behind two great sconces, each holding six candles; above these appeared his strong white-bearded face, and above him rose Voltaire and his laurel wreath. He used much gesture, and in impassioned moments waved his arm above his head, the fingers apart and trembling with emotion. Sometimes he clapped one hand to his head as if to tear out some of his white hairs, though this hardly seemed, at the moment, melodramatic. His voice was vigorous, and yet, from some defect of

utterance, I lost more of what he said than in case of the other speakers. Others around me made the same complaint. His delivery, however, was as characteristic as his literary style, and quite in keeping with it, being a series of brilliant detached points. It must be a stimulating thing, indeed, to speak to a French audience, — to men who give sighs of delight over a fine phrase, and shouts of enthusiasm over a great thought. The most striking part of Hugo's address, in my opinion, was his defense of the smile of Voltaire, and his turning of the enthusiasm for the pending Exposition into an appeal for international peace. Never was there a more powerful picture than his sketch of "that terrific International Exposition called a field of battle."

After the address the meeting ended, — there was no music, which surprised me, — and every one on the platform rushed headlong at Victor Hugo. Never before had I quite comprehended the French effervescence as seen in the *Chambre des Députés*; but here it did not seem childish, — only natural; as where Deschanel, during his own speech, had once turned and taken Victor Hugo's hand and clapped him caressingly on the shoulder. The crowd dispersed more easily than I expected; for I had said to my French neighbor that there would be little chance for us in case of a fire, and he had shrugged his shoulders, looked up to heaven, and said, "Adieu!" I went out through a side entrance, where Hugo was just before me: it was hardly possible to get him into his carriage; the surrounding windows were crammed with people, and he drove away amid shouts. There was a larger and more popular demonstration that day at the *Cirque Américain*; but the eloquence was with us. To add to the general picturesqueness it was Ascension Day, and occasionally one met groups of little white-robed girls, who were still being trained, perhaps, to shudder at the very name of Voltaire, or even of Victor Hugo.

I dined one day with M. Talandier, a member of the "Extreme Left" in the *Chambre des Députés*, — a gentleman to whom my friend Conway had introduced me, they having become acquainted during our host's long exile in England. Louis Blanc, the historian, was present, with Mr. and Mrs. Conway and a few Frenchmen who spoke no English; and as there was also a pretty young girl who was born in England of French parents, there was some confusion of tongues, though the Talandier family and Louis Blanc were at home in both languages. I was delighted to meet this last-named man, whose career had been familiar to me since the revolution of 1848. He was very short, yet square in person, and not insignificant; his French was clear and unusually deliberate, and I never missed a word, even when he was not addressing me. His small size and endless vivacity made him look like a French Tom Moore. He told many stories about the revolution, — one of an occasion where flags were to be presented by the provincial government to the regiments, and he was assigned to the very tallest colonel, a giant in size, who at once lifted Louis Blanc in his arms and hugged him to his breast. The narrator acted this all out inimitably, and told other stories, at one of which Carlyle had once laughed so that he threw himself down and rolled on the floor, and Louis Blanc very nearly acted this out, also.

He seemed wonderfully gentle and sweet for one who had lived through so much; and confirmed, without bitterness, the report I had heard that he had never fully believed in the National Workshops which failed under his charge in 1848, but that they were put into his hands by a rival who wished them and him to fail. Everything at the meal was simple, as our hosts lived in honorable poverty after their exile. We sat at table for a while after dinner, and then both sexes withdrew together. Through the open windows we heard the music from a stu-

dents' dance-garden below, and could catch a glimpse of young girls, dressed modestly enough, and of their partners, dancing with that wonderful grace and agility which is possible only to young Frenchmen. All spheres of French life intermingle so closely that there seemed nothing really incongruous in all this exuberant gayety beneath the windows, while the two veteran radicals — who had very likely taken their share in such amusements while young — were fighting over again their battles of reform. Both now have passed away. Louis Blanc's *Ten Years* still finds readers, and some may remember the political papers written a few years later by Talandier for the *International Review*.

By invitation of M. Talandier I spent a day (June 3) at Versailles, where the *Chambre des Députés* was then sitting, and discovered in the anteroom, or *salle d'attente*, that, by a curious rule, foreigners were excluded until four P. M.; yet the name of my host brought me in after a little delay. The hall was full of people waiting, each having to send his card to some member, naming on it the precise hour of arrival. The member usually appeared promptly, when an immense usher called in a stentorian voice for "la personne qui a fait demander M. Constant" — or whosoever it might be. Then the constituent — for such it commonly was — advanced toward the smiling member, who never looked bored; the mask of hospitality being probably the same, in this respect, throughout the legislative halls of the world. At last M. Talandier appeared, and found me a place among the *Corps Diplomatique*. The Chamber itself was more like the House of Representatives at Washington than like the House of Commons; the members had little locked desks, and some were writing letters, like our Representatives, though I saw no newspapers. The ordinary amount of noise was like that in our Congress, though there was, happily, no clapping of hands

for pages ; but when the members became especially excited, which indeed happened very often, it was like a cage of lions. For instance, I entered just as somebody had questioned the minister of war, General Borel, about an alleged interference with elections ; and his defiant reply had enraged the "Lefts," or radicals, who constituted the majority of the assembly. They shouted and gesticulated, throwing up their hands and then slapping them on their knees very angrily, until the president rang his great bell, and they quieted down, lest he might put on his hat and adjourn the meeting. In each case the member speaking took his stand in the desk, or *tribune*, below the president ; and the speeches were sometimes read, sometimes given without notes. The war minister, a stout, red-faced man, — always, the radicals said, half intoxicated, — stood with folded arms, and looked ready for a *coup d'état* ; yet I heard it said about me that he would be compelled either to retreat or to resign. One saw at a glance how much profounder political differences must be in France than with us, since in that country they avowedly concern the very existence of the republic.

I saw no women at the *Chambre des Députés*, even as spectators, though they may have been concealed somewhere, as in the Ladies' Gallery of the House of Commons. An American was surprised, twenty years ago, with all the associations of the French revolutions in his mind, to see in Paris so much less exhibition of interest in public affairs, or indeed of general knowledge, on the part of women than among men. For instance, on my going one day into a *crêmerie* in a distant part of Paris, and partaking of a bowl of *bouillon bourgeois* at twenty-five centimes (five cents), the woman in charge was interested to hear that I was from America, and asked if they spoke German there. Her husband laughed at her ignorance, and said

that America was discovered by Christophe Colon ; going on to give a graphic and correct account of the early struggles of Columbus, of his voyage and his discouragement, of the mutiny of his men, of his seeing the light on the shore, and so on. Then he talked about Spain, the Italian republic, and other matters, saying that he had read it all in the school-books of the children and in other books. It was delightful to find a plain Frenchman in a blouse who, although coarse and rough-looking, could talk so intelligently ; and his manners also had perfect courtesy. I could not but contrast him with the refined Italian youth who once asked a friend of mine in Florence what became of that young Genoese who sailed westward in 1492 to discover a new continent, and whether he had ever been heard of again.

On another day I dined with Louis Blanc in bachelor quarters, with the Talandiers, Conways, and one or two others. He was less gay than before, yet talked much of the condition and prospect of affairs. France, he said, was not a real republic, but a nominal one ; having monarchical institutions and traditions, with a constitution well framed to make them perpetual. All the guests at his house seemed alike anxious for the future. The minister of war, whom I had heard virtually defying the people a few days before, was so well entrenched in power, they said, as to be practically beyond reach ; and though the republicans controlled the *Chambre des Députés*, that was all, for the three other parties hated the republic more than one another. I asked Louis Blanc about Lamartine, whom he thought not a great man, and even injurious to the republic through his deference for the *bourgeoisie*. He described the famous speech in which Lamartine insisted on the tricolored flag instead of the red flag, and said it was quite wrong and ridiculous. The red flag did not mean blood at all, but order and unity ; it was the old oriflamme, the

flag of Jeanne d'Arc. The tricolor had represented the three orders of the state, which were united into one by the revolution of 1848; and the demand for the red flag was resisted only by the bourgeoisie. The red flag, moreover, had always been the summons to order, — when it was raised a mob had notice to disperse (as on the reading of the riot act); and it was absurd in Lamartine to represent it to the contrary, — he knew better. The other gentlemen all agreed with this, and with the estimate of Lamartine. After dinner M. Talandier played for us on the piano the Marseillaise, which is always thrilling, and then the Carmagnole, which is as formidable and dolorous as the guillotine itself. It was strange, in view of this beautiful city, constantly made more beautiful by opening new great avenues, some not yet finished, to recall these memories of all it had been through, and to see those who had been actors in its past scenes.

On leaving home I had been appointed a delegate to the Prison Discipline Congress, to be held that year at Stockholm; and though I never got so far, I attended several preliminary meetings of delegates in London and Paris, and was especially pleased, in the latter place, to see the high deference yielded by French experts to our American leader, the late Dr. E. C. Wines, and also the familiar knowledge shown by these gentlemen in regard to American methods and experiments. Less satisfactory was our national showing at another assemblage, where we should have been represented by a far larger and abler body of delegates. This was the Association Littéraire Internationale, which was appointed to assemble under the presidency of Victor Hugo, on June 11. I had gone to a few of the committee meetings at the rooms of the Société des Gens de Lettres, and, after my wonted fashion, had made an effort to have women admitted to the Association Littéraire; this attempt having especial reference to Mrs.

Julia Ward Howe, who was then in Paris, and whose unusual command of the French language would have made her a much better delegate than most of the actual American representatives. In this effort I failed, although my judgment was afterwards vindicated when she gave great delight by a speech in French at a woman's convention, where I heard her introduced by the courteous and delicately articulating chairman as "Meesses Ouardow."

As to the more literary convention, the early meetings were as indeterminate and unsatisfying as such things are wont to be, so that I was quite unprepared for the number and character of those who finally assembled. The main meeting was in some masonic hall, whose walls were covered with emblems and Hebrew inscriptions; and although the men were nearly all strangers to me, it was something to know that they represented the most cultivated literary traditions of the world. When the roll was called, there proved to be eighty-five Frenchmen present, and only thirty-five from all other nations put together; five of this minority being Americans. I was the only one of these who had ever published a book, I think. Mr. W. H. Bishop was another delegate, but his first volume, *Detmold*, had not yet reached completion in *The Atlantic*; while the three remaining delegates were an Irishman, an Englishman, and an American, all correspondents of American newspapers, the last of them being the late Edward King, since well known in literature. It is proper to add that several dentists, whose names had been duly entered as delegates, had not yet arrived; and that at later sessions there appeared, as more substantial literary factors, President A. D. White and Mr. George W. Smalley. On that first day, however, the English delegation was only a little more weighty than ours, including Blanchard Jerrold and Tom Taylor, with our own well-known fellow countryman

"Hans Breitmann" (Charles G. Leland), who did not know that there was to be an American delegation, and was naturally claimed by the citizens of both his homes. Edmond About presided, a cheery, middle-aged Frenchman, short and square, with broad head and grayish beard; and I have often regretted that I took no list of the others of his nationality, since it would have doubtless included many who have since become known to fame. It is my impression that Adolphe Belot, Jules Claretie, and Hector Malot were there, and I am inclined to think that Max Nordau also was present.

The discussions were in French, and therefore of course animated; but they turned at first on unimportant subjects, and the whole thing would have been rather a disappointment to me — since Victor Hugo's opening address was to be postponed — had it not been rumored about that Tourguéneff was a delegate to the convention. Wishing more to see him than to behold all living Frenchmen, I begged the ever kind secretary, M. Zaccane, to introduce me to him after the adjournment. He led me to a man of magnificent bearing, who towered above all the Frenchmen, and was, on the whole, the noblest and most attractive literary man whom I have ever encountered. I can think of no better way to describe him than by saying that he united the fine benignant head of Longfellow with the figure of Thackeray; not that Tourguéneff was as tall as the English novelist, but he had as distinctly the effect of height, and afterwards, when he, Leland, and I stood together, we were undoubtedly the tallest men in the room. But the especial characteristic of Tourguéneff was a winning sweetness of manner, which surpassed even Longfellow's, and impressed one as being "kind nature's," to adopt Tennyson's distinction, and not merely those "next to best" manners which the poet attributes to the great.

Tourguéneff greeted us heartily as Americans, — Mr. Bishop also forming one of the group, — and spoke warmly of those of our compatriots whom he had known, as Emma Lazarus and Professor Boyesen. He seemed much gratified when I told him that the types of reformers in his latest book, *Virgin Soil*, — which may be read to more advantage in its French form as *Terres Vierges*, — appeared to me universal, not local, and that I was constantly reminded by them of men and women whom I had known in America. This pleased him, he explained, because the book had been very ill received in Russia, in spite of its having told the truth, as later events showed. All this he said in English, which he continued to use with us, although he did not speak it with entire ease and correctness, and although we begged him to speak in French. Afterwards, when he was named as one of the vice-presidents of the new association, the announcement was received with applause, which was renewed when he went upon the platform; and it was noticeable that no other man was so honored. This showed his standing with French authors; but later I sought in vain for his photograph in the shops, and his name proved wholly unfamiliar. He was about to leave Paris, and I lost the opportunity of further acquaintance. Since then his fame has been temporarily obscured by the commanding figure of Tolstoi, but I fancy that it is now beginning to resume its prestige; and certainly there is in his books a more wholly sympathetic quality than in Tolstoi's, with almost equal power. In his *Poems in Prose* — little known among us, I fear, in spite of the admirable translation made by Mrs. Perry — there is something nearer to the peculiar Hawthornesque quality of imagination than in any other book I know.

As to the *Association Littéraire Internationale*, it had the usual provoking habit of French conventions, and met

only at intervals of several days, — as if to give its delegates plenty of leisure to see Paris, — and I could attend no later meeting, although I was placed on the Executive Committee for America; but it has since held regular annual conventions in different capitals, and has doubtless helped the general agitation for better copyright laws.

I went again to the apartments of Louis Blanc on July 14, with a young American friend, to get tickets for the Rousseau centenary, which was also to be, after the convenient French habit of combination, a celebration of the capture of the Bastille. Rousseau died July 2, 1778, and the Bastille was taken on July 14, 1789, so that neither date was strictly centennial, but nobody ever minds that in Paris; and if it had been proposed that our Declaration of Independence or the Landing of the Pilgrims should also be included in the festival, there would have been no trouble in any mind on account of the dates. Committee men were busy in Louis Blanc's little parlor, and this as noisily and eagerly as if the Bastille were again to be taken: they talked and gesticulated as only Latin races can; in fact, the smallest committee meeting in France is as full of excitement as a monster convention. It is a wonder that these people do not wear themselves out in youth; and yet old Frenchmen have usually such an unabated fire in their eyes, set off by gray hair and often black eyebrows, that they make Anglo-Saxons of the same age look heavy and dull in comparison. French emotion does not exhaust itself, but accumulates strength indefinitely, needing only a touch of flame, at any age, to go off like a rocket.

Little Louis Blanc came in and went out, in a flowered dressing-gown; and he really seemed, after his long English residence, to be an element of calmness in the eager crowd. We obtained tickets for the evening banquet (Bastille celebration) at three and a half francs

each, and also received cards for the afternoon (Rousseau celebration) free and with reserved seats. To prepare the mind for both occasions, I attended a very exclusive and aristocratic mass at the Chapelle Expiatoire, and, later, went by omnibus to the Cirque Américain, then existing in the Place du Château d'Eau. This was the place where the popular demonstration had been held on the *Voltaire* day; but I had not seen that, and it was, in case of Rousseau, the scene of the only daylight celebration. Crowds of people were passing in, all seemingly French; we did not hear a syllable of any other language. We were piloted to good seats, and found ourselves in the middle of enthusiastic groups, jumping up, sitting down, calling, beckoning, gesticulating, and talking aloud. There were soon more than six thousand persons in a hall which seated but four thousand, and the noise of this multitude was something to make one deaf. Every one seemed either looking for a friend or making signals to one. Most of those present were neatly dressed, even those who wore blue blouses and white caps; and all was good nature, except that now and then some man would make himself obnoxious and be put out, usually under the charge of being a Bonapartist sent there purposely to make trouble. At such times there would be a sudden roar, a waving of arms and sticks, amid which one could discern a human figure being passed along rapidly from hand to hand, and at last dropped, gently but firmly, over the stairway; his hat being considerably jammed down upon his head during the process. Yet all was done as good-naturedly as such a summary process permits; there was nothing that looked like rioting. Opposite the high tribune, or speaker's stand, was placed a bust of Rousseau, looking very white against a crimson velvet background; five French flags were above it, and wreaths of violets and immortelles below, with this inscription,

"Consacra sa vie à la vérité." Beside this were panels inscribed with the chief events of Rousseau's life.

When at last Louis Blanc came in with others — all towering above him — there was a great clapping of hands, and shouts of "Vive l'amnistie! Vive la République! Vive Louis Blanc!" The demand for amnesty referred to the pardon of political prisoners, and was then one of the chief war-cries of the radical party of France. After the group of speakers there appeared a larger group of singers, — there had been a band present even earlier, — and then all said "Sh! sh! sh!" and there was absolute silence for the Marseillaise. Nothing of the kind in this world can be more impressive than the way in which an audience of six thousand French radicals receives that wonderful air. I observed that the group of young men who led the singing never once looked at the notes, and few even had any, so familiar was it to all. There was a perfect hush in that vast audience while the softer parts were sung; and no one joined even in the chorus at first, for everybody was listening. The instant, however, that the strain closed, the applause broke like a tropical storm, and the clapping of hands was like the taking flight of a thousand doves all over the vast arena. Behind those twinkling hands the light dresses of ladies and the blue blouses of workmen seemed themselves to shimmer in the air; there was no coarse noise of pounding on the floor or drumming on the seats, but there was a vast cry of "Bis! Bis!" sent up from the whole multitude, demanding a repetition. When this was given, several thousand voices joined in the chorus; then the applause was redoubled, as if the hearers had gathered new sympathy from one another; after which there was still one more great applauding gust, and then an absolute quiet as Louis Blanc arose.

It all brought home to me that brief and thrilling passage in Erckmann-

Chatrian's story of Madame Thérèse, where a regiment of French soldiers, having formed square, is being crushed in by assaults on all sides, when the colonel, sitting on his horse in the middle, takes off his chapeau and elevates it on the point of his sword, and then begins in a steady voice to chant a song. Instantly a new life appears to run through those bleeding and despairing ranks; one voice after another swells the chant, and the crushed sides of the square gradually straighten out under the strong inspiration, until it is all in shape again, and the regiment is saved. I could perfectly picture to myself that scene, while listening to this performance of the Marseillaise. Afterwards another air of the French Revolution was played by the band, the Chant du Départ, and this was received with almost equal ecstasy, and was indeed fine and stirring. There was also music of Rousseau's own composition, the first I had ever heard, and unexpectedly good. This was finely sung by two vocalists from the Théâtre Lyrique, and I was told that they were risking their appointments at that theatre by singing in an assembly so radical.

The speaking was eloquent and impressive, being by Louis Blanc, M. Marcou, and M. Hamel. All read their speeches, yet each so gesticulated with the hand and accompanied the action with the whole movement of the body that it seemed less like reading than like conversation. The orators were not so distinguished as at the Voltaire celebration, yet it was impossible to see and hear Louis Blanc without liking and trusting him, while he escaped wholly from that air of posing which was almost inseparable from Victor Hugo, and was, perhaps, made inevitable by the pedestal on which France had placed him so long. The audience on this occasion was three times as large as at Hugo's address, but the attention was as close and the appreciation almost as delicate. It seems impossible

to bring together a French audience that has not an artistic sense. The applause, like the speaking, had always a certain intellectual quality about it; the things said might be extravagant or even truculent, yet they must be passed through the fine medium of the French tongue, and they were heard by French ears. Whenever there was the long swell of a sonorous sentence, the audience listened with hushed breath; and if any one interrupted the cadence by premature applause, there came an almost angry "Sh! sh!" to postpone it. Once when this interruption was persistently made, my next neighbor exclaimed with fury, "C'est tr-r-op de précipitation!" throwing himself forward and glaring at the unhappy marplot with an expression suggestive of guillotines; but when the interruption subsided and the sentence stood fulfilled, the reserved applause broke with accumulated power, like a breaking wave. The enthusiasm of a French radical audience is as wonderful as the self-control of its stillness, or as the sudden burst of vivacity let loose during all the intervals between the speeches. The whole affair lasted from two o'clock until nearly six, and during the last hour or two of the time I found myself steadily losing that disentangling power which one must use in comprehending the sentences of a foreign language; the faculty became, as it were, benumbed in me, and the torrent of speech simply flowed by without reaching the brain; it was much the same, I found, with my two young companions. Yet Louis Blanc was of all Frenchmen I had ever met the easiest to follow, — a thing the more remarkable as his brother, Charles Blanc, the well-known art critic, was one of the most difficult.

The evening banquet in memory of the destruction of the Bastille was to take place at half past seven in a café in the Rue de Belleville, near the city barriers. As we went toward the place, we found ourselves in an absolutely French region. There was no more "English spoken"

in the shop windows; the people around us were natives or residents, not lookers-on; there was an air of holiday; and there were children not a few, including even babies tightly swathed. As we toiled up the long hill, we found ourselves approaching the very outskirts of Paris; and when we entered the hall, there must have been five hundred persons already seated, among whom we were, perhaps, the only Anglo-Saxons. The men and women around us were about equal in number, and were all neatly, sometimes fashionably dressed. Two men opposite us had an especially cultivated look, and soon encouraged some conversation. At first they took us for English, but were obviously pleased to hear that we were Americans, and then as visibly disappointed at learning, on inquiry, that neither of us belonged to the masonic order, with which European radicals claim a certain affinity. They drank their claret to the République Américaine, but when I proposed the République Française they shook their heads quite sadly, and pronounced that to be a widely different thing. This, it must be remembered, was nearly twenty years ago, when the sense of uncertainty was far greater than it is now, and when the policy of the administration was thought very reactionary.

There was a surprisingly good banquet for the money, — when it comes to cooking, Frenchmen of all parties make much the same demands, — but there were too few waiters and the courses came very slowly, so that when we left the hall, at ten o'clock, the guests had got no farther than chicken. Perhaps it was one result of this that the speaking took place as the dinner went on, instead of waiting for the cigars, as with us. I cannot recall the names of the orators, except General Wimpffen, a man of veteran and soldierly appearance, who was received with great enthusiasm, the French army, since the Commune, being regarded as on the conservative side. A

peculiarly cordial greeting was given to a lady who read extracts from letters; such a spectacle being then rare, I was told, at French public meetings. The speakers captured and destroyed the Bastille with great repetition and unani- mously, and some of the talk was entire- ly without notes and quite eloquent. At intervals the band would strike in with tremendous force, especially in the direc- tion of the Marseillaise, the guests all joining in the chorus, with their mouths full and with a great thumping of knife- handles on the table. One of my young companions pointed out that the gleam of the blades during this last perform- ance was the only thing which made a red republic seem a possibility.

The nearest approach to a disturbance was provoked by a man who utterly re- fused to keep still during the speeches, and gave forth awful vociferations. At first all thought him a Bonapartist who had come in to make trouble, and they were going to put him out by main force. He succeeded, however, in ex- plaining that he did not aim at a revolu- tion, but at his dinner; the waiters hav- ing repeatedly passed him by, he said, so that he had had nothing to eat. Then all sympathy turned at once eagerly in his favor, for he had touched a national chord, and one appealing to radical and conservative alike the world over; so he was fed profusely at last, and all was peace.

Thomas Wentworth Higginson.

PENELOPE'S PROGRESS.

HER EXPERIENCES IN SCOTLAND.

PART FIRST. IN TOWN.

XII.

IT is our last day in "Scotia's darling seat," our last day in Breadalbane Ter- race, our last day with Mrs. M'Collop; and though every one says that we shall love the life in the country, we are loath to leave Auld Reekie.

Salemina and I have spent two days in search of an abiding-place, and have visited eight well-recommended villages with that end in view; but she disliked four of them, and I could n't endure the other four, though I considered some of those that fell under her disapproval as quite delightful in every respect.

We never take Francesca on these pilgrimages of disagreement, as three conflicting opinions on the same subject would make insupportable what is other- wise rather exhilarating. She starts

from Edinburgh to-morrow for a brief visit to the Highlands with the Deeyells, and will join us when we have settled ourselves.

Willie Beresford leaves Paris as soon after our decision as he is permitted, so Salemina and I have agreed to agree upon one ideal spot within thirty-six hours of our quitting Edinburgh, know- ing privately that after a last battle royal we shall enthusiastically support the joint decision for the rest of our lives.

We have been bidding good-by to people and places and things, and wish- ing the sun would not shine and thus make our task the harder. We have looked our last on the old gray town from Calton Hill, of all places the best, perhaps, for a view; since, says Steven- son, from Calton Hill you can see the Castle, which you lose from the Castle,

and Arthur's Seat, which you cannot see from Arthur's Seat. We have taken a farewell walk to the Dean Bridge, to look wistfully eastward and marvel for the hundredth time to find so beautiful a spot in the heart of a city. The soft flowing water of Leith winding over pebbles between grassy banks and groups of splendid trees, the roof of the little temple to Hygeia rising picturesquely among green branches, the slopes of emerald velvet leading up to the gray stone of the houses, — where, in all the world of cities, can one find a view to equal it in peaceful loveliness? Francesca's "bridge-man," who, by the way, proved to be a distinguished young professor of medicine in the university, says that the beautiful cities of the world should be ranked thus, — Constantinople, Prague, Genoa, Edinburgh; but having seen only one of these, and that the last, I refuse to credit any sliding scale of comparison which leaves Edina at the foot.

It was nearing tea-time, an hour when we never fail to have visitors, and we were all in the drawing-room together. I was at the piano, singing Jacobite melodies for Salemina's delectation. When I came to the last verse of Lady Nairne's Hundred Pipers, the spirited words had taken my fancy captive, and I am sure I could not have sung with more vigor and passion had my people been "out wi' the Chevalier."

"The Esk was swollen sae red an' sae deep,
But shouter to shouter the brave lads keep;
Twa thousand swam burre to fell English
ground,
An' danced themselves dry to the pibroch's
sound.
Dumfounder'd the English saw, they saw,
Dumfounder'd they heard the blaw, the blaw,
Dumfounder'd they a' ran awa', awa',
Frae the hundred pipers an' a' an' a'!"

By the time I came to "Dumfounder'd the English saw" Francesca left her book and joined in the next four lines, and when we broke into the chorus Salemina rushed to the piano, and al-

though she cannot sing, she lifted her voice both high and loud in the refrain, beating time the while with a braid-sword paper-knife.

CHORUS.

Wi' a hun-dred pi-pers an'

a', an' a', Wi' a hun-dred pi-

pers an' a', an' a', We'll

up an' gie them a blaw, a blaw, Wi' a'

hundred pi-pers an' a' an' a'!

Susanna ushered in Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Moncrieffe as the last "blaw" faded into silence, and Jean Deeyell came upstairs to say that they could seldom get a quiet moment for family prayers, because we were always at the piano, hurling incendiary statements into the air, — statements set to such stirring melodies that no one could resist them.

"We are very sorry, Miss Deeyell," I said penitently. "We reserve an hour in the morning and another at bedtime for your uncle's prayers, but we had no idea you had them at afternoon tea, even in Scotland. I believe that you are chaffing, and came up only to swell the chorus. Come, let us all sing together from 'Dumfounder'd the English saw.'"

Mr. Macdonald and Dr. Moncrieffe gave such splendid body to the music, and Jean such warlike energy, that Salemina waved her paper-knife in a manner more than ever sanguinary, and Susanna hesitated outside the door for sheer de-

light, and had to be coaxed in with the tea-things. On the heels of the tea-things came the Dominie, another dear old friend of six weeks' standing; and while the doctor sang Jock o' Hazledean with such irresistible charm that everybody present longed to elope with somebody on the instant, Salemina dispensed buttered scones, marmalade sandwiches, and the fragrant cup. By this time we were thoroughly cosy, and Mr. Macdonald made himself and us very much at home by stirring the fire; whereupon Francesca embarrassed him by begging him not to touch it unless he could do it properly, which, she added, was quite unlikely from the way in which he handled the poker.

"What will Edinburgh do without you?" he asked, turning towards us with flattering sadness in his tone. "Who will hear our Scotch stories, never suspecting their hoary old age? Who will ask us questions to which we somehow always know the answers? Who will make us study and reverence anew our own landmarks? Who will keep warm our national and local pride by judicious enthusiasm? If you continue loyal, I think you will do as much for Scotland in America as the kail-yard school of literature has done."

"I wish we might also do as well for ourselves as the kail-yard school has done for itself," I said laughingly.

"I think the national and local pride may be counted on to exist without any artificial stimulants," dryly observed Francesca, whose spirit is not in the least quenched by approaching departure.

"Perhaps," answered the Reverend Ronald; "but at any rate, you, Miss Monroe, will always be able to reflect that you have never been responsible even for its momentary inflation!"

"Is n't it strange that she cannot get on better with that charming fellow?" murmured Salemina, as she passed me the sugar for my second cup.

"If your present symptoms of blind-

ness continue, Salemina," I said, searching for a small lump so as to gain time, "I shall write you a plaintive ballad, buy you a dog, and stand you on a street corner! If you had ever permitted yourself to 'get on' with any man as Francesca is getting on with Mr. Macdonald, you would now be Mrs. — Somebody."

"Do you know, doctor," asked the Dominie, "that Miss Hamilton shed real tears at Holyrood, the other night, when the band played 'Bonnie Charlie's now awa'?"

"They were real," I confessed, "in the sense that they certainly were not crocodile tears; but I am somewhat at a loss to explain them from a sensible, American standpoint. Of course my Jacobitism is purely impersonal, though scarcely more so than yours, at this late day; at least it is merely a poetic sentiment, for which Caroline, Baroness Nairne is mainly responsible. My romantic tears came from a vision of the Bonnie Prince as he entered Holyrood, dressed in his short tartan coat, his scarlet breeches and military boots, the star of St. Andrew on his breast, a blue ribbon over his shoulder, and the famous blue velvet bonnet and white cockade. He must have looked so brave and handsome and hopeful at that moment, and the moment was so sadly brief, that when the band played the plaintive air I kept hearing the words, —

'Mony a heart will break in twa
Should he no come back again.'

He did come back again to me that evening, and held a phantom levee behind the Marchioness of Heatherdale's shoulder. His 'ghaist' looked bonnie and rosy and confident, yet all the time the band was playing the requiem for his lost cause and buried hopes."

I looked towards the fire to hide the moisture that crept again into my eyes, and my glance fell upon Francesca sitting dreamily on a hassock in front of the cheerful blaze, her chin in the hollow

of her palm, and the Reverend Ronald standing on the hearth-rug gazing at her, the poker in his hand, and his heart, I regret to say, in such an exposed position on his sleeve that even Salemina could have seen it had she turned her eyes that way.

Jean Deeyell broke the momentary silence: "I am sure I never hear the last two lines, —

'Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?'

without a lump in my throat," and she hummed the lovely melody. "It is all as you say purely impersonal and poetic. My mother is an Englishwoman, but she sings 'Dumfounder'd the English saw, they saw,' with the greatest fire and fury."

XIII.

"I don't think I was ever so completely under the spell of a country as I am of Scotland." I made this acknowledgment freely, but I knew that it would provoke comment from my compatriots.

"Oh yes, my dear, you have been just as spellbound before, only you don't remember it," replied Salemina promptly. "I have never seen a person more perilously appreciative or receptive than you."

"'Perilously' is just the word," chimed in Francesca delightedly; "when you care for a place you grow porous, as it were, until after a time you are precisely like blotting-paper. Now, there was Italy, for example. After eight weeks in Venice you were completely Venetian, from your fan to the ridiculous little crêpe shawl you wore because an Italian prince told you once that centuries were usually needed to teach a woman how to wear a shawl, but you had been born with the art, and the shoulders! Anything but a watery street was repulsive to you. Cobblestones? 'Ordinario, sùdicio, dúro, brútto! A gondola? Ah, bellissima! Let me float

forever thus, piano, adagio, solo!' You bathed your spirit in sunshine and color; I can hear you murmur now, 'O Venezia benedetta! non ti voglio lasciar!'"

"It was just the same when she spent a month in France with the Baroness de Hautenoblesse," continued Salemina. "When she returned to America it is no flattery to say that in dress, attitude, inflection, manner, she was a thorough Parisienne. There was an elegant superficiality and a superficial elegance about her that I can never forget, nor yet the extraordinary volubility she had somehow acquired, — the fluency with which she expressed her inmost soul on all topics without the aid of a single irregular verb, for these she was never able to acquire; oh, it was wonderful, but there was no affectation about it; she had simply been blotting-paper, as Miss Monroe says, and France had written itself all over her."

"I don't wish to interfere with anybody's diagnosis," I interposed at the first possible moment, "but perhaps after everybody has quite finished his psychology investigation the subject may be allowed to explain herself a trifle from the inside, so to speak. I won't deny the spell of Italy, but I say the spell that Scotland casts over one is quite a different thing, more spiritual, more difficult to break. Italy's charm has something physical in it; it is born of blue sky, sunlit waves, soft atmosphere, orange sails and yellow moons, and appeals more to the senses. In Scotland the climate certainly has naught to do with it, but the imagination is somehow made captive. I am not enthralled by the past of Italy or France, for instance."

"Of course you are not at the present moment," said Francesca, "because you are enthralled by the past of Scotland, and even you cannot be the slave of two pasts at the same time."

"I never was particularly enthralled by Italy's past," I argued with exemplary patience, "but the romance of

Scotland has a flavor all its own. I do not quite know the secret of it."

"It's the kilties and the pipes," said Francesca.

"No, the history." (This from Salemina.)

"Or Sir Walter and the literature," suggested Mr. Macdonald.

"Or the songs and ballads," ventured Jean Deeyell.

"There!" I exclaimed triumphantly, "you see for yourselves you have named avenue after avenue along which one's mind is led in charmed subjection. Where can you find battles that kindle your fancy like Falkirk and Flodden and Culloden and Bannockburn? Where a sovereign that attracts, baffles, repels, allures, like Mary Queen of Scots, — and where, tell me where, is there a Pretender like Bonnie Prince Charlie?"

"We must have had baffling mysteries among our American Presidents," asserted Francesca. "Who was the one that was impeached? Would n't he do? I am sure Aaron Burr allures and repels by turns; and, if he had been dead a hundred and fifty years, and you would only fix your wandering fancy on him, Mr. William Jennings Bryan is just as good a Pretender as the Bonnie Prince."

"Compare the campaign songs of the one with the ballads inspired by the other," said Salemina sarcastically.

"The difference is not so much in the themes; I am sure that if Lady Nairne had been an American she could have written songs about our national issues."

"I believe she could have made songs about almost anything," I agreed; "but fancy her bursting into verse over our last campaign, — let us see how she might have done it on the basis of the Hundred Pipers," and I went to the piano and improvised, —

O wha is foremaist of a', of a' ?
O wha is makin' the blaw, the blaw ?
Bonnie Willy the king o' the pipers, hurra !
Wi' his siller sae free an' his siller for a' !

Dumfounder'd, good Democrats saw, they saw,
Dumfounder'd, Republicans heard the blaw,
Dumfounder'd they a' marched awa', awa',
Frae Willy's free siller an' Willy an' a' !

They all laughed as good-humored people will always laugh at good-humored nonsense, and Francesca admitted reluctantly that our national issues were practical rather than romantic at the moment.

"Think of the spirit in those old Scottish matrons who could sing, —

'I'll sell my rock, I'll sell my reel,
My rippling-kame and spinning-wheel,
To buy my lad a tartan plaid,
A braid sword, durk, and white cockade.'

"Yes," chimed in Salemina when I had finished quoting, "or that other verse that goes, —

'I ance had sons, I now hae nane,
I bare them toiling sairlye;
But I would bear them a' again
To lose them a' for Charlie !'

Is n't the enthusiasm almost beyond belief at this distance of time?" she went on; "and is n't it a curious fact, as Mr. Macdonald told me a moment ago, that though the whole country was vocal with songs for the lost cause and the fallen race, not one in favor of the victors ever became popular?"

"Sympathy for the under dog, as Miss Monroe's countrywomen would say picturesquely," remarked Mr. Macdonald.

"I don't see why all the vulgarisms in the dictionary should be foisted on the American girl," retorted Francesca loftily, "unless, indeed, it is a determined attempt to find spots upon the sun for fear we shall worship it!"

"Quite so, quite so!" returned the Reverend Ronald, who has had reason to know that this phrase reduces Miss Monroe to voiceless rage.

"The Stuart charm and personal magnetism must have been a powerful factor in all that movement," said Salemina, plunging hastily back into the topic to avert any further recrimination. "I suppose we feel it even now, and if

I had been alive in 1745 I should probably have made myself ridiculous. 'Old maiden ladies,' I read this morning, 'were the last leal Jacobites in Edinburgh; spinsterhood in its loneliness remained ever true to Prince Charlie and the vanished dreams of youth.' "

"Yes," continued the Dominie, "the story is told of the last of those Jacobite ladies who never failed to close her Prayer-Book and stand erect in silent protest when the prayer for 'King George III. and the reigning family' was read by the congregation."

"Do you remember the prayer of the Reverend Neil McVicar in St. Cuthbert's?" asked Mr. Macdonald. "It was in 1745, after the victory at Prestonpans, when a message was sent to the Edinburgh ministers, in the name of 'Charles, Prince Regent,' desiring them to open their churches next day as usual. McVicar preached to a large congregation, many of whom were armed Highlanders, and prayed for George II., and also for Charles Edward, in the following fashion: 'Bless the king! Thou knowest what king I mean. May the crown sit long upon his head! As for that young man who has come among us to seek an earthly crown, we beseech Thee to take him to Thyself and give him a crown of glory!'"

"Ah, what a pity the Bonnie Prince had not died after his meteor victory at Falkirk!" exclaimed Jean Deeyell, when we had finished laughing at Mr. Macdonald's story.

"Or at Culloden, 'where, quenched in blood on the Muir of Drumossie, the star of the Stuarts sank forever,'" quoted the Dominie. "There is where his better self died; would that the young Chevalier had died with it! By the way, doctor, we must not sit here eating scones and sipping tea until the dinner-hour, for these ladies have doubtless much to do for their flitting" (a pretty Scotch word for "moving").

"We are quite ready for our flitting

so far as packing is concerned," Salemina assured him. "Would that we were as ready in spirit! Miss Hamilton has even written her farewell poem, which I am sure she will read for the asking."

"She will read it without," murmured Francesca. "She has lived only for this moment, and the poem is in her pocket."

"Delightful!" said the doctor flatteringly. "Has she favored you already? Have you heard it, Miss Monroe?"

"Have we heard it!" ejaculated that young person. "We have heard nothing else all the morning! What you will take for local color is nothing but our mental life-blood, which she has mercilessly drawn to stain her verses. We each tried to write a Scotch poem, and as Miss Hamilton's was better, or perhaps I might say less bad, than ours, we encouraged her to develop and finish it. I wanted to do an imitation of Lindsay's

'Adieu, Edinburgh! thou heich triumphant town,

Within whose bounds richt blithefull have I been!'

but it proved too difficult. Miss Hamilton's general idea was that we should write some verses in good plain English. Then we were to take out all the final *g*'s, and indeed the final letters from all the words wherever it was possible, so that *full, awful, call, ball, hall, and away* should be *fu', awfu', cà', ba', ha', an' awa'*. This alone gives great charm and character to a poem; but we were also to change all words ending in *ow* into *aw*. This does not injure the verse, you see, as *blaw* and *snaw* rhyme just as well as *blow* and *snow*, beside bringing tears to the common eye with their poetic associations. Similarly, if we had *daughter* and *slaughter*, we were to write them *dochter* and *slauchter*, substituting in all cases *doon, froom, goon, and toon*, for *down, frown, gown, and town*. Then we made a list of Scottish idols,—

pet words, national institutions, stock phrases, beloved objects, — convinced if we could weave them in we should attain 'atmosphere.' Here is the first list; it lengthened speedily: thistle, tartan, haar, haggis, kirk, claymore, parritch, broom, whin, sporran, whaup, plaid, scone, collops, whiskey, mutch, cairngorm, oatmeal, bræ, kilt, brose, heather. Salemina and I were too devoted to common sense to succeed in this weaving process, so Penelope triumphed and won the first prize, both for that and also because she brought in a saying given us by Miss Deeyell, about the social classification of all Scotland into 'the gentlemen of the North, men of the South, people of the West, fowk o' Fife, and the "Paisley bodies."' We think that her success came chiefly from her writing the verses with a Scotch plaid lead-pencil. What effect the absorption of so much red, blue, and green paint will have I cannot fancy, but she ate off — and up — all the tartan glaze before finishing the poem; it had a wonderfully stimulating effect, but the end is not yet!"

Of course there was a chorus of laughter when the young wretch exhibited my battered pencil, bought in Princes Street yesterday, its gay Gordon tints sadly disfigured by the destroying tooth, not of Time, but of a bard in the throes of composition.

"We bestowed a consolation prize on Salemina," continued Francesca, "because she succeeded in getting *hoots*, *losh*, *havers*, and *blathers* into one line, but naturally she could not maintain such an ideal standard. Read your verses, Pen, though there is little hope that our friends will enjoy them as much as you do. Whenever Miss Hamilton writes anything of this kind, she emulates her distinguished ancestor Sir William Hamilton, who always fell off his own chair in fits of laughter when he was composing verses."

With this inspiring introduction I read my lines as follows: —

AN AMERICAN LADY'S FAREWELL TO EDINBURGH.

THE MUSE BEING SOMEWHAT UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SCOTTISH BALLAD.

I canna thole my ain toun,
Sin' I hae dwelt i' this;
To bide in Edinboro' reek
Wad be the tap o' bliss.
Yon bonnie plaid aboot me hap,
The skirlin' pipes gae bring,
With thistles fair tie up my hair,
While I of Scotia sing.

The collops an' the cairngorms,
The haggis an' the whin,
The 'Stablished, Free, an' U. P. kirks,
The hairt convinced o' sin, —
The parritch an' the heather-bell,
The snawdrap on the shaw,
The bit lams bleatin' on the braes, —
How can I leave them a'!

How can I leave the marmalade
An' bonnets o' Dundee?
The haar, an' cockleekie brose,
The East win' blawin' free!
How can I lay my sporran by,
An' sit me down at hame,
Wi'oot a Hieland philabeg
Or hyphenated name?

I lo'e the gentry o' the North,
The Southern men I lo'e,
The canty people o' the West,
The Paisley bodies too.
The pawky fowk o' Fife are dear, —
Sae dear are ane an' a',
That e'en to think that we maun part
Maist braks my hairt in twa.

So fetch me tartans, whaups, an' scones,
An' dye my tresses red;
I'd deck me like th' unconquer'd Scots
Wha hae wi' Wallace bled.
Then bind my claymore to my side,
My kilt an' mutch gae bring;
While Scottish songs soun' i' my lugs
McKinley's no my king, —

For Charlie, bonnie Stuart Prince,
Has turned me Jacobite;
I'd wear displayed the white cockade,
An' (whiles) for him I'd fight!
An' (whiles) I'd fight for a' that 's Scotch,
Save whuskey an' oatmeal,
For wi' their ballads i' my bluid,
Nae Scot could be mair leal!

Somebody sent Francesca a great bunch of yellow broom, late that afternoon. There was no name in the box, she said, but at night she wore the odorous tips in the bosom of her black dinner-gown, and standing erect in her dark hair like golden aigrettes.

When she came into my room to say good-night, she laid the pretty frock in one of my trunks, which was to be filled with the garments of fashionable society and left behind in Edinburgh. The next moment I chanced to look on the floor, and discovered a little card, a bent card, with two lines written on it:—

*"Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?"*

We have received many invitations in that handwriting. I know it well, and so does Francesca, though it is blurred; and the reason for this, according to my way of thinking, is that it has been lying next the moist stems of flowers, and, unless I do her wrong, very near to somebody's warm heart as well.

I will not betray her to Salemina, even to gain a victory over that blind and deaf but very dear woman. How could I, with my heart beating high at the thought of seeing my ain dear laddie before many days!

*"Oh, love, love, lassie,
Love is like a dizziness:
It winna let a puir body
Gang aboot his business."*

PART SECOND. IN THE COUNTRY.

XIV.

*"Now she's cast aff her bonny shoon
Made o' gilded leather,
And she's put on her Hieland brogues
To skip amang the heather.
And she's cast aff her bonny goon
Made o' the silk and satin,
And she's put on a tartan plaid
To row amang the braken."*

Lizzie Baillie.

We are in the East Neuk o' Fife; we are in Pettybaw; we are neither board-vol. LXXXI. — NO. 483.

ers nor lodgers; we are residents, inhabitants, householders, and we live (live, mind you) in a wee theekit hoosie in the old loaning. Words fail to tell you how absolutely Scotch we are and how blissfully happy. It is a happiness, I assure you, achieved through great tribulation. Salemina and I traveled many miles in railway trains, and many in various other sorts of wheeled vehicles, while the ideal ever beckoned us onward. I was determined to find a romantic lodging, Salemina a comfortable one; and this special combination of virtues is next to impossible, as every one knows. Linghurst was too much of a town; Bonnie Craig had no respectable inn; Whinnybrae was struggling to be a watering-place; Broomlea had no golf course within ten miles, and we intended to go back to our native land and win silver goblets in mixed foursomes; the "new toun o' Fairloch" (which looked centuries old) was delightful, but we could not find apartments there; Pinkie Leith was nice, but they were tearing up the "fore street" and laying drain-pipes in it. Strathdee had been highly recommended, but it rained when we were in Strathdee, and nobody can deliberately settle in a place where it rains during the process of deliberation. No train left this moist and dripping hamlet for three hours, so we took a covered trap and drove onward in melancholy mood. Suddenly the clouds lifted and the rain ceased; the driver thought we should be having settled weather now, and put back the top of the carriage, saying meanwhile that it was a very dry section just here, and that the crops sairly needed shoo'rs.

"Of course, if there is any district in Scotland where for any reason droughts are possible, that is where we wish to settle," I whispered to Salemina; "though, so far as I can see, the Strathdee crops are up to their knees in mud. Here is another wee village. What is this place, driver?"

"Pettybaw, ma'm; a fine toun!"

"Will there be apartments to let there?"

"I couldna say, ma'm."

"Susanna Crum's father! How curious that he should live here!" I murmured; and at this moment the sun came out, and shone full, or at least almost full, on our future home.

"*Petit bois*, I suppose," said Salemina; "and there, to be sure, it is, — the 'little wood' yonder."

We drove to the Pettybaw Inn and Posting Establishment, and alighting dismissed the driver. We had still three good hours of daylight, although it was five o'clock, and we refreshed ourselves with a delicious cup of tea before looking for lodgings. We consulted the greengrocer, the baker, and the flesher about furnished apartments, and started on our quest, not regarding the little posting establishment as a possibility. Apartments we found to be very scarce, and in one or two places that were quite suitable the landlady refused to do any cooking. We wandered from house to house, the sun shining brighter and brighter, and Pettybaw looking lovelier and lovelier; and as we were refused shelter again and again, we grew more and more enamored. The blue sea sparkled, and Pettybaw Sands gleamed white a mile or two in the distance, the pretty stone Gothic church raised its carved spire from the green trees, the manse next door was hidden in vines, the sheep lay close to the gray stone walls and the young lambs nestled close beside them, while the song of the burn, tinkling merrily down the glade on the edge of which we stood, and the cawing of the rooks in the little wood, were the only sounds to be heard.

Salemina, under the influence of this sylvan solitude, nobly declared that she could and would do without a set bathtub, and proposed building a cabin and living near to nature's heart.

"I think, on the whole, we should be more comfortable living near to the inn-

keeper's heart," I answered. "Let us go back there and pass the night, trying thus the bed and breakfast with a view to seeing what they are like, — though they did say in Edinburgh that nobody thinks of living in these wayside hotels."

Back we went, accordingly, and after ordering dinner we came out and strolled idly up the main street. A small sign in the draper's window, heretofore overlooked, caught our eye. "House and Garden To Let. Inquire Within." Inquiring within with all possible speed, we found the draper selling winseys, the draper's assistant tidying the ribbon-box, the draper's wife sewing in one corner, and the draper's baby playing on the clean floor. We were impressed favorably, and entered into negotiations without delay.

"The house will be in the loaning; do you mind, ma'm?" asked the draper. (We have long since discovered that this use of the verb is a bequest from the Gaelic, in which there is no present tense. Man never is, but always to be blessed, in that language, which in this particular is not unlike old-fashioned Calvinism.)

We went out of the back door and down the green loaning, until we came to the wee stone cottage in which the draper himself lives most of the year, retiring for the warmer months to the back of his shop, and eking out a comfortable income by renting his hearthstone to the summer visitor.

The thatched roof on the wing that formed the kitchen attracted my artist's eye, and we went in to examine the interior, which we found surprisingly attractive. There was a tiny sitting-room, with a fireplace and a microscopic piano; a dining-room adorned with portraits of relatives, who looked nervous when they met my eye, for they knew that they would be turned face to the wall on the morrow; three bedrooms, a kitchen, and a back garden so filled with vegetables and flowers that we exclaimed with astonishment and admiration.

"But we cannot keep house in Scotland," objected Salemina. "Think of the care! And what about the servants?"

"Why not eat at the inn?" I suggested. "Think of living in a real loaning, Salemina!

'In ilka green loanin'.
The Flowers of the Forest
Are a' wede away.'

Look at the stone floor in the kitchen, and the adorable stuffy box-bed in the wall! Look at the bust of Sir Walter in the hall, and the chromo of Melrose Abbey by moonlight! Look at the lintel over the front door, with a ship, moon, stars, and 1602 carved in the stone! What is food to all this?"

Salemina agreed that it was hardly worth considering; and in truth so many landladies had refused to receive her as a tenant, that day, that her spirit was rather broken, and she was uncommonly flexible.

"It is the lintel and the back garden that rents the hoose," remarked the draper complacently in broad Scotch that I cannot reproduce. He is a house-agent as well as a draper, and went on to tell us that when he had a cottage he could rent in no other way he planted plenty of vines in front of it. "The baker's hoose is verra puir," he said, "and the linen and cutlery verra scanty, but there is a yellow laburnum growin' by the door: the leddies see that, and forget to ask about the linen. It depends a good bit on the weather, too; it is easy to let a hoose when the sun shines upon it."

"We are from America, and hardly dare undertake regular housekeeping," I said; "do your tenants ever take meals at the inn?"

"I couldna say, ma'm." (Dear, dear, the Crums are a large family!)

"If we did that, we should still need a servant to keep the house tidy," said Salemina, as we walked away. "Perhaps housemaids are to be had, though not nearer than Edinburgh, I fancy."

This gave me an idea, and I slipped over to the post-office while Salemina was preparing for dinner, and dispatched a telegram to Mrs. M'Collop at Breadalbane Terrace, asking her if she could send a reliable general servant to us, capable of cooking simple breakfasts and caring for a house.

We had scarcely finished our Scotch broth, fried haddies, mutton-chops, and rhubarb tart when I received an answer from Mrs. M'Collop to the effect that her sister's husband's niece, Jane Grieve, could join us on the morrow if desired. The relationship was an interesting fact, though we scarcely thought the information worth the additional threepence we paid for it in the telegram; however, Mrs. M'Collop's comfortable assurance, together with the quality of the rhubarb tart and mutton-chops, brought us to a decision. Before going to sleep we rented the draper's house, named it Bide-a-Wee Cottage, engaged daily luncheons and dinners for three persons at the Pettybaw Inn and Posting Establishment, and telegraphed to Edinburgh for Jane Grieve, to Callender for Francesca, and to Paris for Mr. Beresford.

"Perhaps it would have been wiser not to send for them until we were settled," I said reflectively. "Jane Grieve may not prove a suitable person."

"The name somehow sounds too young and inexperienced," observed Salemina, "and what association have I with the phrase 'sister's husband's niece'?"

"You have heard me quote Lewis Carroll's verse, perhaps:—

'He thought he saw a buffalo
Upon the chimney-piece;
He looked again and found it was
His sister's husband's niece:
"Unless you leave the house," he said,
"I'll send for the police!"'

The only thing that troubles me," I went on, "is the question of Willie Beresford's place of residence. He expects to be somewhere within easy walking or cycling distance, — four or five miles at most."

"He won't be desolate if he does n't have a thatched roof, a pansy garden, and a blossoming vine," said Salemina sleepily, for our business arrangements and discussions had lasted well into the evening. "What he will want is a lodging where he can have frequent sight and speech of you. How I dread him! How I resent his sharing of you with us! I don't know why I use the word 'sharing,' forsooth! There is nothing half so fair and just in his majesty's greedy mind. Well, it's the way of the world; only it is odd, with the universe of women to choose from, he must needs take you. Strathdee seems the most desirable place for him, if he has a mackintosh and rubber boots. Inchcaldy is another town near here that we did n't see at all, — that might do; the draper's wife says that we can send fine linen to the laundry there."

"Inchcaldy? Oh yes, I think we heard of it in Edinburgh; it has a fine golf course, I believe, and very likely we ought to have looked at it, though for my part I regret nothing. Nothing can equal Pettybaw; and I am so pleased to be a Scottish householder! Are n't we just like Bessie Bell and Mary Gray?

'They were twa bonnie lassies;
They biggit a bower on yon burnside,
An' theekit it ower wi' rashes.'

Think of our stone-floored kitchen, Salemina! Think of the real box-bed in the wall for little Jane Grieve! She will have red-gold hair, blue eyes, and a pink cotton gown. Think of our own cat! Think how Francesca will admire the 1602 lintel! Think of our back garden, with our own neeps and vegetable marrows growing in it! Think how they will envy us at home when they learn that we have settled down into Scottish yeowomen!

'It's oh, for a patch of land!
It's oh, for a patch of land!
Of all the blessings tongue can name,
There's nane like a patch of land!'

Think of Willie coming to step on the

floor and look at the bed and stroke the cat and covet the lintel and walk in the garden and weed the neeps and pluck the marrows that grow by our ain wee theekit hoosie!"

"Penelope, you appear slightly intoxicated! Do close the window and come to bed."

"I am intoxicated with the caller air of Pettybaw," I rejoined, leaning on the window-sill and looking at the stars as I thought: "Edinburgh was beautiful; it is the most beautiful gray city in the world; it lacked one thing only to make it perfect, and Pettybaw will have that before many moons.

'Oh, Willie's rare an' Willie's fair
An' Willie's woundrous bonny;
An' Willie's hecht to marry me
Gin e'er he marries ony.

'O gentle wind that bloweth north,
From where my love repaireth,
Convey a word from his dear mouth,
An' tell me how he fareth.'

XV.

"Gae tak' awa' the china plates,
Gae tak' them far frae me;
And bring to me a wooden dish,
It's that I'm best used wi'.
And tak' awa' thae siller spoons
The like I ne'er did see,
And bring to me the horn cutties,
They're good enough for me."

Earl Richard's Wedding.

The next day was one of the most cheerful and one of the most fatiguing that I ever spent. Salemina and I moved every article of furniture in our wee theekit hoosie from the place where it originally stood to another and a better place: arguing, of course, over the precise spot it should occupy, which was generally upstairs if the thing were already down, or downstairs if it were already up. We hid all the more hideous ornaments of the draper's wife, and folded away her most objectionable tidies and table-covers, replacing them with our

own pretty draperies. There were only two pictures in the room, and as an artist I would not have parted with them for worlds. The first was *The Life of a Fireman*, which could only remind one of the explosion of a mammoth tomato, and the other was *The Spirit of Poetry Calling Burns from the Plough*. Burns wore white knee-breeches, military boots, a splendid waistcoat with lace ruffles, and carried a cocked hat. To have been so dressed he must have known the Spirit was intending to call. The plough-horse was a magnificent Arabian, whose tail swept the freshly furrowed earth. The Spirit of Poetry was issuing from a practicable wigwam on the left, and was a lady of such ample dimensions that no poet would have dared say "no" when she called him.

The dining-room was blighted by framed photographs of the draper's relations and the draper's wife's relations; all uniformly ugly. (It seems strange that married couples having the least beauty to bequeath to their offspring should persist in having the largest families.) These ladies and gentlemen were too numerous to remove, so we obscured them with vines and branches; reflecting that we only breakfasted in the room, and the morning meal is easily digested when one lives in the open air. We arranged flowers everywhere, and bought potted plants at a little nursery hard by. We apportioned the bedrooms, giving Francesca the hardest bed, — as she is the youngest, and was n't here to choose, — me the next hardest, and Salemina the best; Francesca the largest looking-glass and closet, me the best view, and Salemina the biggest bath. We bought housekeeping stores, distributing our patronage equally between the two grocers; we purchased aprons and dusters from the rival drapers, engaged bread and rolls from the baker, milk and cream from the plumber, who keeps three cows, interviewed the flesher about chops; in fact, no young couple facing

love in a cottage ever had a busier or happier time than we had; and at sundown, when Francesca arrived, we were in the pink of order, standing in our own vine-covered doorway, ready to welcome her to Pettybaw. As to being strangers in a strange land, we had a bowing acquaintance with everybody on the main street of the tiny village, and were on terms of considerable intimacy with half a dozen families, including dogs and babies.

Francesca was delighted with everything, from the station (Pettybaw Sands, two miles away) to Jane Grieve's name, which she thought as perfect, in its way, as Susanna Crum's. She had purchased a "tirling-pin," that old-time precursor of knockers and bells, at an antique shop in Oban, and we fixed it on the front door at once, taking turns at rasing it, until our own nerves were shattered, and the draper's wife ran down the loaning to see if we were in need of anything. The twisted bar of iron stands out from the door and the ring is drawn up and down over a series of nicks, making a rasping noise. The lovers and ghaists in the old ballads always "tirmed at the pin," you remember; that is, touched it gently.

Francesca brought us letters from Edinburgh, and what was my joy, in opening Willie's, to learn that he begged us to find a place in Fifeshire, and as near St. Rules or Strathdee as convenient; for in that case he could accept an invitation to visit his friend Robin Anstruther, at Rowardennan Castle.

"It is not the visit at the castle I wish so much, you may be sure," he wrote, "as the fact that Lady Ardmore will make everything pleasant for you. You will like my friend Robin Anstruther, who is Lady Ardmore's youngest brother, and who is going to her to be nursed and coddled after rather a baddish accident in the hunting-field. He is very sweet-tempered, and will get on well with Francesca" —

"I don't see the connection," rudely interrupted that amiable young person.

"I suppose she has more room on her list in the country than she had in Edinburgh; but if my remembrance serves me, she always enrolls a goodly number of victims, whether she has any use for them or not."

"Mr. Beresford's manners have not been improved by his residence in Paris," observed Francesca, with resentment in her tone and delight in her eye.

"Mr. Beresford's manners are always perfect," said Salemina loyally, "and I have no doubt that this visit to Lady Ardmore will be extremely pleasant for him, though very embarrassing to us. If we are thrown into forced intimacy with a castle" (Salemina spoke of it as if it had fangs and a lashing tail), "what shall we do in this draper's hut?"

"Salemina!" I expostulated, "the bears will devour you as they did the ungrateful child in the fairy-tale. I wonder at your daring to use the word 'hut' in connection with our wee theekit hoosie!"

"They will never understand that we are doing all this for the novelty of it," she objected. "The Scottish nobility and gentry probably never think of renting a house for a joke. Imagine Lord and Lady Ardmore, the young Ardmores, Robin Anstruther, and Willie Beresford calling upon us in this sitting-room! We ourselves would have to sit in the hall and talk in through the doorway."

"All will be well," Francesca assured her soothingly. "We shall be pardoned much because we are Americans, and will not be expected to know any better. Besides, the gifted Miss Hamilton is an artist, and that covers a multitude of sins against conventionality. When the castle people 'tirl at the pin,' I will appear as the maid, if you like, following your example at Mrs. Bobby's cottage in Belvern, Pen."

"And it is n't as if there were many houses to choose from, Salemina, nor as

if Bide-a-Wee Cottage were cheap," I continued. "Think of the rent we pay, and keep your head high. Remember that the draper's wife says there is nothing half so comfortable in Inchcaldy, although that is twice as large a town."

"*Inchcaldy!*" ejaculated Francesca, sitting down heavily upon the sofa and staring at me.

"Inchcaldy, my dear, — spelled *caldy*, but pronounced *cawdy*; the town where you are to take your nonsensical little fripperies to be laundered."

"Where is Inchcaldy? How far away?"

"About five miles, I believe, but a lovely road."

"Well," she exclaimed bitterly, "of course Scotland is a small, insignificant country; but, tiny as it is, it presents some liberty of choice, and why you need have pitched upon Pettybaw, and brought me here, when it is only five miles from Inchcaldy, and a lovely road besides, is more than I can understand!"

"In what way has Inchcaldy been so unhappy as to offend you?" I asked.

"It has not offended me, save that it chances to be Ronald Macdonald's parish, — that is all."

"Ronald Macdonald's parish!" we repeated automatically.

"Certainly, — you must have heard him mention Inchcaldy; and how queer he will think it that I have come to Pettybaw, under all the circumstances!"

"We do not know 'all the circumstances,'" quoted Salemina somewhat haughtily; "and you must remember, my dear, that our opportunities for speech with Mr. Macdonald have been very rare when you were present. For my part, I was always in such a tremor of anxiety during his visits lest one or both of you should descend to blows that I remember no details of his conversation. Besides, we did not choose Pettybaw; we discovered it by chance as we were driving from Strathdee to St. Rules.

How were we to know that it was near this fatal Inchcaldy? If you think it best, we will hold no communication with the place, and Mr. Macdonald need never know you are here."

I thought Francesca looked rather startled at this proposition. At all events she said hastily, "Oh well, let it go; we could not avoid each other long, anyway, though it is very awkward, of course; you see, we did not part friends."

"I thought I had never seen you on more cordial terms," remarked Salemina.

"But you were n't there," answered Francesca unguardedly.

"Were n't where?"

"Were n't there."

"Where?"

"At the station."

"What station?"

"The station in Edinburgh from which I started for the Highlands."

"You never said that he came to see you off."

"The matter was too unimportant for notice; and the more I think of his being here, the less I mind it, after all; and so, dull care, begone! When I first meet him on the sands or in the loaning, I shall say, 'Dear me, is it Mr. Macdonald! What brought you to our quiet hamlet?' (I shall put the responsibility on him, you know.) 'That is the worst of these small countries,—people are continually in one another's way! When we part forever in America, we are able to stay parted, if we wish.' Then he will say, 'Quite so, quite so; but I suppose even you, Miss Monroe, will allow that a minister may not move his church to please a lady.' 'Certainly not,' I shall reply, 'especially when it is Established!' Then he will laugh, and we shall be better friends for a few moments; and then I shall tell him my latest story about the Scotchman who prayed, 'Lord, I do not ask that Thou shouldst give me wealth; only show me where it is, and I will attend to the rest.'"

Salemina moaned at the delightful pro-

spect opening before us, while I went to the piano and caroled impersonally:—

"Oh, wherefore did I cross the Forth,
And leave my love behind me?
Why did I venture to the north
With one that did not mind me?
I'm sure I've seen a better limb
And twenty better faces;
But still my mind it runs on him
When I am at the races!"

Francesca left the room at this, and closed the door behind her with such energy that the bust of Sir Walter rocked on the hall shelf. Running upstairs she locked herself in her bedroom, and came down again only to help us receive Jane Grieve, who arrived at eight o'clock.

In times of joy, Salemina, Francesca, and I occasionally have our trifling differences of opinion, but in hours of affliction we are as one flesh. An all-wise Providence sent us Jane Grieve for fear that we should be too happy in Pettybaw. Plans made in heaven for the discipline of sinful human flesh are always successful, and this was no exception.

We had sent a "machine" from the inn to meet her, and when it drew up at the door we went forward to greet the rosy little Jane of our fancy. An aged person, wearing a rusty black bonnet and shawl, and carrying what appeared to be a tin cake-box and a baby's bath-tub, descended rheumatically from the vehicle and announced herself as Miss Grieve. She was too old to call by her Christian name, too sensitive to call by her surname, so Miss Grieve she remained, as announced, to the end of the chapter, and our rosy little Jane died before she was actually born. The man took her curious luggage into the kitchen, and Salemina escorted her thither, while Francesca and I fell into each other's arms and laughed hysterically.

"Nobody need tell me that she is Mrs. M'Collop's sister's husband's niece," she whispered, "though she may possibly be somebody's grandaunt. Does n't she remind you of Mrs. Gummidge?"

Salemina returned in a quarter of an hour, and sank dejectedly on the sofa.

"Run over to the inn, Francesca," she said, "and order us bacon and eggs at eight-thirty to-morrow morning. Miss Grieve thinks we had better not breakfast at home until she becomes accustomed to the surroundings."

"Had we better allow her to become accustomed to them?" I suggested.

"She came up from Glasgow to Edinburgh for the day, and went to see Mrs. M'Collop just as our telegram arrived. She was living with an 'extremely nice family' in Glasgow, and only broke her engagement in order to try Fifeshire air for the summer; so she will remain with us as long as she is benefited by the climate."

"Can't we pay her for a month and send her away?"

"How can we? She is Mrs. M'Collop's sister's husband's niece, and we intend returning to Mrs. M'Collop. She

has a nice ladylike appearance, but when she takes her bonnet off she looks seventy years old."

"She ought to keep it off, then," returned Francesca, "for she looked eighty with it on. We shall have to soothe her last moments, of course, and pay her funeral expenses. Did you offer her a cup of tea and show her the box-bed?"

"Yes; but she said the coals were so poor and hard she couldna batter them oop to start a fire the night, and she would try the box-bed to see if she could sleep in it. I am glad to remember that it was you who telegraphed for her, Penelope."

"Let there be no recriminations," I responded; "let us stand shoulder to shoulder in this calamity, — is n't there a story called Calamity Jane? We might live at the inn, and give her the cottage for a summer residence, but I utterly refuse to be parted from our cat and the 1602 lintel."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

(To be continued.)

POLITICAL INAUGURATION OF THE GREATER NEW YORK.

THE day after the candidate of Tammany Hall was chosen mayor of the greater New York, last November, the city turned to another event significant of much in American civilization. Even the first election of the reorganized and consolidated metropolis was to many of its citizens hardly less interesting than the opening of the largest hotel in the world, the most sumptuous, perhaps, of all large hotels. An English visitor, though he wrote with the Philistine glories of Thames Embankment hotels before his eyes, has ventured to give this latest aspect of New York life the gruesome name of Sardanapalus. No doubt Americans have not very much to learn

from the rest of the world in the matter of lavish display within the dwellings of their rich men and the hotels and other places of resort of the well-to-do. One may now find there all that moderns know of inlaid marbles, rugs, mural paintings, French and German canvases, and sybaritic indulgences of the table. Semi-barbarous, perhaps, it all is, and surely far enough from the modest amenities of hostelry like the Revere House and residences of Washington Square a half century ago. The vast hotel palace towering to the skies in New York does represent, however, something more than the mere accumulation of wealth in the greater cities of America and its doubt-

ful ostentations. It exhibits superb energy and skill in mechanical arts, and an able and now thoroughly disciplined determination to triumph in the devices for physical well-being as well as the appointments of magnificence.

Still, one's reflections on this triumph are not altogether cheerful. So signal an illustration of what New York can do in hotel-keeping, coming when it did, threw into a painful depression many sensible citizens of New York, who loved their city, or would love it if they could. Its success in achievements of sheer luxury cast into deeper shade for them that seeming failure of American democracy to produce order, disciplined ability, and honor in the government of cities which the Tammany victory had just demonstrated. That their country succeeds as it does in grosser things brings them no comfort, when they see, as they think, its complete and final failure in municipal administration, — a failure the more lamentable that it comes at the time when municipal administration has become the greatest function of the modern state.

Perhaps they ought not to care for "abroad," but they do care for it, and all the more when the most patriotic pride cannot save them from humiliating admissions. They find it irksome to hear the British premier ask the citizens of London, as he did a few days after the New York election, "Do you want to be governed like New York?" Or to hear another and equally important member of the British cabinet, Mr. Chamberlain, in his very able speech at Glasgow on the 8th of November last, explain "the whole secret of the failure of American local institutions," and admonish the British workingmen that if they should abandon the businesslike and honorable system upon which — so he declared, and seemingly without danger of contradiction — British public work is conducted, they might "fall at last as low" as

¹ London Spectator of October 30, 1897.

their "cousins unfortunately have done." Since they had agreed with English journals, before the result, that a Tammany victory would "make of New York a rotten, hopeless sink, . . . whose existence would prove the standing insoluble problem of American life,"¹ they cannot, with any satisfaction to themselves, take refuge in belligerent anglophobia when they read, after the result, that it casts "a lurid glow on the conditions of American institutions, and the failure of the world's most democratic people to solve a problem vital to the well-being of society." Americans whose buoyancy has survived Lecky's powerful summing up against democracy read with a pang the foreign assertions that now "democratic ideals . . . must be relegated to the limbo of exploded fancies and buried hopes, whither so many fond illusions of the enthusiast have been consigned."²

There is about it all a wearing kind of grief, such as men feel when their religious convictions are undermined. Every one knows that democracy is to prevail in the United States; every one knows that there will be no turning back. This much is inexorable. So when those who have doubted the beneficence of democracy now have their doubts turned into disbelief, and when those who have disbelieved now find a complete demonstration of the evils of democratic government, the air becomes heavy with political melancholy. The century is indeed ending in sorrow.

Is it not worth while to ask whether all this be justified? Did not the future of their free institutions seem, to patriotic and intelligent Americans, to be quite as gloomy, to say the least, during the half dozen years after the revolutionary war, and just before the splendid success of the federal Constitution? Were not Americans more humiliated at the bar of foreign opinion and of their own conscience by the triumph of the slave power and the seeming meanness of our na-

² London Economist of October 30, 1897.

tional career in the few years before the noble awakening of 1861? Is there anything to-day quite as sodden and hopeless as the triumph of public crime in New York, and the acquiescent submission of its reputable classes, when, in 1870, Tweed carried the city by a great majority, — and this but a few months prior to the uprising of its citizens in 1871? If wise Americans ought not to shut their eyes to the public evils from which their great cities suffer, and which have made urban growth seem to be in many respects a calamity, ought they, on the other hand, to help increase the self-indulgent temper of inefficient pessimism, of which we have quite too much? Is not the large and true test of the result of the election in the greater New York the character of the general progress which it indicates, rather than the mere inferiority of the municipal administration of New York for the next four years to what it might have been had the election gone differently? I venture to say that when the election is treated in this way, when it is rationally compared with the past, there appears in it a real progress in American politics towards better, that is to say towards more vigorous and honest and enlightened administration. No doubt another opportunity to reach an immediate and practical good has been lost, and lamentably; and we are all growing older. But, on the other hand, far more plainly than ever before do our municipal politics show a powerful and wholesome tendency.

Let us first look at the present loss. Many of the pictures drawn of American “machines” of every political name fail of their effect because some of the colors used are impossible. The pictures are therefore believed to be altogether false by many who know from a personal knowledge that they are false in part. It was difficult to indict a whole people; it is no less difficult and unreasonable to indict a majority of the vot-

ers of New York. Every sensible man practically familiar with the situation knows that the plurality which has returned Tammany Hall to power includes thousands of honest, good citizens, and even citizens both intelligent and high-minded; that under its restored administration some things — probably many things — will be well and fairly done; that the masses of its voters have not deliberately intended to surrender their city to corruption or incompetency; that even among its politicians are men whose instincts are sound and honorable. The picture might as well be made true; it is surely dark enough without exaggeration. For, after making just allowance, it cannot be denied that nine tenths of the organized jobbery of the city sought Tammany success either directly, or through the indirect but no less practical alliance of the Republican organization, — a machine more Anglo-Saxon, perhaps, in its equipment, but not a whit better in morals, than its rival. Tammany Hall will in the future appoint to office some men having energy, skill, and character fit for their places as it has done in the past; but so, no doubt, will it put into the hands of brutal, reckless, ignorant, and grossly dishonest men an enormous and varied power over their fellow citizens. The scandals and crimes of the past will not return in full measure, for the rising standard of public morality affects even political machines. We are bound, however, to assume that they will return in a most corrupting and injurious measure.

For the argument of the reformers, it is unnecessary to deny that the Tammany candidates for the two great offices of mayor and comptroller are personally well disposed; for it is notorious — there was not the slightest concealment of the fact during the Tammany campaign — that they were not chosen for their own equipment in ability, in experience for the duties of really great and critical offices requiring statesmanship

of the highest order, or in public confidence earned by any past public service. As sometimes, though very rarely, has happened with successful candidates of the machine, it is possible that after all they may have the necessary ability, and may have the sense of right and force of character to use it in the public interest. If that turn out to be the case, those who selected them will be as much shocked as the community will be rejoiced. They were chosen from among the large body of men counted upon to do absolutely, and without troublesome protest, the will of the powerful politicians, with no official responsibility, who nominated them, and who are tolerably skillful in judgment of this kind of human nature. But subject to that condition Tammany Hall preferred for candidates men having as much personal and popular respect, or at least as little popular dislike or disrespect, as public men could have who should seem fully to meet so unworthy a test.

Nor is it helpful to sketch with incredible lines the politicians who made these nominations. It would be unjust and untrue to say of all of them, as is sometimes said truly of powerful politicians, that conscious concern for the honor or welfare of their community, distinct from sheerly selfish personal intent, enters their heads as rarely as a pang for a dead private soldier struck the heart of Napoleon. It is both just and true, however, to say of many of those politicians that they never know that conscious concern. The first and supremely dominant motive of most of them — as the most generous observer is compelled to concede — is personal gain and advantage, with no more regard for the trust obligations of public life than is coerced by the fear of public opinion, or rather by the fear that such public opinion may become dangerous to their private or public safety. They are quite as bad in this respect as the members of the cabal of Charles II., or the

Loughboroughs and Newcastles of a century later, or even as the objects of the Crimean investigation of 1855. Careers like theirs have made the personal corruption and incompetence of aristocratic government, and its disloyalty to public welfare, primary object lessons in the politics of generations far from ancient, and every land lying between the Atlantic and the Caucasus.

It would not be just to say that the Tammany campaign was one of pretense, even skillful pretense. The absence of necessity for pretense in that campaign ought of itself to arouse a deep anxiety. Except now and then in a perfunctory mention of tax rates or inadequate school accommodation and the like, and except, of course, in the traditional forms of speech about the rights of the people, Tammany Hall was tolerably frank. It deliberately refused to virtue the tribute of the cant that it too desired those better things which the "reformers" affected to seek. Not only was it dauntless under the flaming exhibition of its police and police courts made in 1894, but it stood with explicit and bad courage upon that very record which had received a damning popular judgment not only in the decent homes of New York, but at the polls of the city. Its orators admitted, or rather they insisted, that the powers of the new municipality would be and ought to be used for the benefit of its organization; nor was it seriously denied, or thought necessary to deny seriously, that they would also and largely be used for the personal gain of a very few men. As to that, it seemed a sufficient answer to make it clear that if the Tammany victory meant great personal gain to a few men, it likewise meant lesser gain to large numbers of men throughout the city, who would find their advantage in violations of law and in sacrifices of public interest.

Since, then, the successful candidates were chosen as they were; since the worst forces of the metropolis earnestly

promoted their success; since such are the ideals, the character, and the principles of the powerful but irresponsible politicians who have chosen them, and who, ten chances to one, will absolutely control them; and since they have been chosen with no embarrassing public committal to any specific measure of economy or efficiency, it is no doubt difficult to hope that their administration will be either enlightened or useful. New York seems doomed to a low standard of civic administration till the end of 1901.

Nor was this all the grief of the "reformers." Most of them suffered keen disappointment. And indeed there was good reason to hope at least for a better result. The greater New York had before it an exalting opportunity. This was to be the first election since the constitutional separation of municipal from national elections, and from state elections except in the choice of judges and of members of the lower house of the legislature. Public attention was almost exclusively directed, so far as law could direct it, to the welfare of the city. Then there was the consolidation which interested the world; the election was to be on a grander scale than any city had yet known,—it surely must touch the imagination as never before. Whatever the faults of the charter, it did create the second municipality of the world in population and in wealth,—a city unsurpassed the world over in natural advantages, and in the energy, intelligence, and morality of its citizens. It was not unnatural for reformers to think that the inspiration of all this must reach and control most citizens.

The elections from 1893 to 1896 had shown widespread independence among the Democrats, who constituted the great majority of the voters of New York. All Republicans, or nearly all, it was assumed, would be enemies of Tammany Hall. Besides, it seemed too plain to be forgotten by the builders and mechanics of New York, its manufacturers and the

great classes engaged in transportation on its harbor and bounding rivers, that their interests required a higher standard of administration than either political machine could or would give. The newspaper press, the pulpit, and the chief representatives of the business and social life of the city stood overwhelmingly for the new departure. Then there was great hope—and, as it turned out, not without reason—that Tammany would not completely hold the poorer quarters of the city, as it had held them for years. Since its defeat in 1894, less fortunate citizens, under Mayor Strong, had secured a far larger share of the benefits of good administration than ever before; and the benefits were such as could not be overlooked even by a casual passer-by. Under Colonel Waring's vigorous and popular control of the street-cleaning and the wise distribution of the still meagre provision for good paving, many densely crowded districts had lost their aspect of public squalor.

Moreover, much had been done at the very foundation of public sentiment by the University Settlement and other noble and thriving societies. James B. Reynolds and his associates had been admirably successful in the popularization of sound politics. For a full year the discussions of the plan of a greater New York had been so incessant and so eloquent that it seemed incredible that political light should not have permeated the entire city. In short, it was perfectly reasonable to believe that, whatever might be the difficulties of the new charter, the popular intelligence was at last alert, the popular conscience at last deeply stirred and responsive to popular feeling. The reformers were fond of saying that the revolution in municipal politics was at last upon us. The seeming reasonableness of all this hope added material bitterness to the result.

Even this does not sum up the disappointment. It grew more poignant when the reformers recalled the immediate

thing which the city rejected. It could have had its executive administration in the hands of Seth Low, and its financial administration in the hands of Charles S. Fairchild. Those men represented, in their training, their careers, and their ideals, the very best of American public life; and no public life in the world has anything better. Mr. Fairchild had held with distinguished honor the high office of Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, and had been attorney-general of the state. He had exhibited courage and energy of the first order as a political leader. The candidates represented a rational measure of enthusiasm. They believed that public life could be made better. They believed that enormous improvement could be made, and made now, in the administration of American cities. Without this belief nothing very good was likely to be accomplished. But further, they had demonstrated by practical experience in great affairs that they were not visionaries; that they could, as well as would, improve the standard of administration.

The problems of that administration, ready for immediate solution, and capable of solution by Mr. Low and Mr. Fairchild, were admirably presented in the brief declaration of the Citizens' Union. Its members proposed to make of municipal administration a business, to be carried on with the zeal and loyalty and skill which a highly competent man brings to the transaction of his own business. They were ready to continue the substitution of the best of modern pavements for those which had so long disgraced the city. They were ready to enforce sanitary regulations that are of real consequence to all, but of vital consequence to the least fortunate in a large city. They proposed the establishment of public lavatories, the almost complete absence of which in New York seems to any one familiar with great foreign cities an incredible and stupid disgrace. They proposed a rational treatment of

the problem of parks and of transit facilities. They gave a pledge, which everybody knew to be honest, that public franchises would not be surrendered into the hands of private persons; that the city would not, as it had done in the past, give up the common property and profit of all in the streets to the enrichment of a few. Above all, they promised — and everybody knew they would keep the promise — that if the great powers of the mayoralty and comptrollership should come to them, those powers would be used solely in the public interest, without that personal prostitution of the offices of the city to which we have become so lamentably used, or that political prostitution of them to the real or fancied exigencies of national politics.

We have never known a more creditable campaign than theirs. If it did not command a majority of the votes, it did command a substantial and universal respect. It rendered a lasting service to American politics. Ordinarily the defeated head of a ticket has lost his "availability;" but to-day Seth Low, it is agreeable to see, occupies a more enviable position than he has ever held, or than is held by any other American now active in politics. He has the deserved good fortune to stand before the country for a cause which, to the average American, is largely embodied in his person. What was believed before his nomination was confirmed at the election: he was plainly the strongest candidate who could have been chosen to represent his cause. He polled 40,000 votes more than his ticket; that is to say, there were that number of citizens to whom the cause meant Seth Low, and no one else, or who were willing to leave the tickets of their respective machines only on the mayoralty, that they might cast their votes for him. He has come out of the campaign far stronger than he entered it.

So much for the disappointments of

the election. There were, on the other hand, some conditions recognized in advance as distinctly unfavorable to success. For several reasons, it was seen, — and upon this Tammany Hall openly counted, — the test at the polls would not represent the full strength of the reform cause. The trend of independent sentiment in New York was distinctly away from the Republican party; and the independent Democrats had become so hostile to what they considered to be Republican misdoing that they were animated by a really intense desire to cast the most effective vote against the Republican ticket. For months before the election of 1897, the temper of even the most liberal of the Gold Democrats was raw. They were inclined — doubtless too much inclined — to forget misbehavior of their own party. But this was natural. In 1896 they had made serious political sacrifices by repudiation of the Chicago candidates and platform. To most of them opposition to a protective tariff was the first political cause save one, the preservation of the financial honor of the country by a firm adherence to the gold standard. They were glad to be known as Gold Democrats. The Republican administration, though it came to Washington by their votes, promptly treated them, as they thought, with a sort of contumely. They saw no effort made to establish the national finances upon the sound basis of intrinsic and universally recognized value; instead they were affronted by the Wolcott mission to Europe in the interest of the free coinage of silver. The administration, they felt, had left them little party excuse for supporting it. The Dingley bill seemed to them the sum of tariff iniquities. And then, descending from greater things to less, the Democratic federal office-holders who were not protected by the civil service law, and who in 1896 had stood for sound money, were treated in the old proscriptive fashion.

If the Republican national administration had become obnoxious to Democrats of this temper, the Republican administration at Albany since January 1, 1897, seemed nothing less than detestable. In the opinion of the independent body of voters in the state, nothing worse, nothing more barbarous or ignorant, had been known before in the executive control of the state. The governor's appointment of men of scandalous record to great places, and his determined and measurably successful attempt to defeat the civil service reform article of the new constitution, had gone a long way toward making it seem the first political duty of good citizens to punish him and the party organization which stood behind him. How could this be done, according to American political usage, except by voting "*the Democratic ticket*"? And this, under the influence of such real or fancied wrongs and affronts, independent Democrats felt an eager desire to do.

The Republican machine in New York contributed all in its power to augment this feeling. No defeat of Tammany Hall was possible, as it well knew, unless with the support of 70,000 or 80,000 Democrats. Yet it industriously made it difficult for the most liberal of Democrats to vote against the nominee of their party convention, if that vote would add to the probability of Republican success. It is, or ought to be, a political axiom that a political party should carefully avoid the hostility of strong feeling upon any subject irrelevant to the matter in hand. Such a course is foolish in the extreme; and there has been no better illustration of the folly than in the behavior of the Republican machine. The Republican convention declared that the "one great issue before the people at this time" — that is to say, in the mayoralty campaign of New York — was "the issue created by the Chicago platform." It presented candidates who, if they were chosen, could have in their official

relations no national function whatever, whose measures and official acts could be in no way related to the tariff or currency or foreign affairs. Could anything, therefore, be more grotesque than the following sentences in the platform upon which General Tracy was nominated? "We indorse the St. Louis platform. . . . We indorse the patriotic and successful administration of William McKinley. He was truly the 'advance agent of prosperity.' We congratulate the people upon the passage of a Republican protective tariff bill. . . . No duty can be so obvious as that of the people of this commercial city to sustain the party which has so completely and so surely rescued the country from the financial depression into which it had been plunged by Democratic follies."

To the intense desire of every Democrat to strike the most effective blow possible at the Republican party was due, no doubt, a material part of the Tammany plurality. This, however, is only palliation. To vote for the Tammany candidate on this account, rather than for Seth Low, may have been natural; but it was the height of unreason to vote for one wrong because of irritation at another wrong. An impeachment of democracy for folly and incompetence is hardly less formidable than for moral wrong.

Before proceeding to judgment, however, we have to consider temporary conditions which have prevailed in New York, which had nothing to do with democracy, but which enormously helped on the result. The first of these was its cosmopolitan character. Of its present population, one third are foreign-born, and another third are children of foreign-born parents. Of the third who are Americans, a very large proportion came to New York after reaching manhood. Still, it is not the large existing Irish or German or Scandinavian population which is the serious factor, or even the continuous addition of the distressed and de-

moralized from foreign lands. It is probable that either the Americans, or the Irish, or the Germans, or the Scandinavians, by themselves and separate from the others, would make a far better city government. The European or American cities which are held up as models to New York have homogeneous populations; the foreigners are only visitors or small colonies having no share in political power. New York, in reality, consists of several great communities, essentially foreign to one another, which share the government between them with many struggles and rivalries. Every municipal ticket must have at least its American and Irish and German candidates. For a complete union of these various strains of population we need not years, but generations. Mere birth and residence within the limits of New York do not give that root in the soil which makes the citizen a firm and useful member of the community. He does not belong to the whole city if he be one of a body of citizens foreign to all other citizens.

Venerable in years as New York is coming to be, it still retains many features of a shifting camp. Its population comes and goes. There is within its limits not a single square mile, or probably half that territory, a majority of whose inhabitants or of their parents were there twenty-five years ago. Political relations, social relations, neighborhood relations, have been changing with a rapidity unknown in the great urban communities of western Europe. This condition is highly inconsistent with good politics or sound and steady public sentiment, whatever the form of government. If it be said that in Philadelphia and in other cities where the American population is preponderant there is great corruption, it must be answered that in them precisely the same condition exists, although to a smaller degree. In Philadelphia the overpowering and conspicuously present interests of the pro-

tective system have stifled the local conscience. There patriotism becomes "the last refuge of a scoundrel." Sound local politics depend upon the kind of continuous local life illustrated in quarters of London which, a century ago, were eligible for superior residences, and are still eligible, or in the quarters of what are called lower middle class residences, where one still sees the house-fronts and methods of living described in Dickens's earlier novels, and the children and grandchildren of his characters.

A further demoralizing influence which has prevented any municipal election in New York from fairly and directly representing its public sentiment has been its enervating dependence upon the legislature at Albany. The great majority of that body are ignorant of the city. Their habits and prejudices are foreign to it; and they look with more or less animosity upon its large accumulations of wealth. The city has been ruled by special legislation, — and this, it is lamentable to say, with the moral support of much of its intelligence. Its inhabitants have been trained to suppose the true cure of a political evil to be an appeal, not to political bodies or forces at home, but to legislation in a city one hundred and fifty miles distant. The charter of greater New York is bad enough in this respect, but the charter under which New York has lived for generations has been even worse. Nearly all its provisions have been in perpetual legislative flux; its amendment has usually been unrelated to the public sentiment of the city, and has frequently violated it. No system can be imagined better fitted to destroy intelligent, popular self-reliance, — and this whether the distant power be democratic, or aristocratic, or autocratic.

To all of these conditions which have made popular elections in New York city unrepresentative of the ideal of government held by its electors — to all of these conditions seriously inconsistent with any

good politics — have for generations been added the intensely and almost exclusively commercial and business temper of its population. It has been to the last degree difficult to secure from its business men systematic, continuous, and unselfish attention to public affairs; such attention, for instance, as is given by the same classes to the government of Hamburg, or as has been given, even in New York, within the past generation by two very remarkable men, Samuel J. Tilden and Abram S. Hewitt. The situation has been little helped by the sporadic participation in machine politics of a few rich men, — generally young men, — whose notion of public life is the mere possession and prestige of official title, rather than any moral or real political power, or any constructive or useful exercise of public influence. By their refusal to stand for any good cause except as permitted by the "boss," they have made contemptible the politics of the *jeunesse dorée* and the "business man in politics." On the other hand, the admirable body of younger men who have come into activity in New York and Brooklyn within ten or fifteen years have not constituted a political force continuous or disciplined, until very recently, although more than once they have done signal service, like the establishment by Theodore Roosevelt, when a member of the lower house at Albany, of the mayor's sole responsibility for appointments of departmental heads. These, however, are exceptions. The complete separation of political life from business and commercial life has been the rule, and in a modern democracy nothing is more inconsistent with good administration.

We are looking a long way back, but the efficient causes of what is discreditable in the New York election are a long way back. The result was determined principally by deep and slowly changing conditions, not by skill or management or bribery on one side, or by lack of organization on the other. De-

mocratic government in a city means free elections by its citizens, but it does not imply or necessitate incompetence or dishonor. The result was due not to the democracy of the city, but to its shifting and camplike character, the heterogeneity of its population, and the lack of political continuity in its life, — all necessarily incident to its enormous and rapid growth, while it has been the entrance gate of America for all the races of men, and to a signal indifference to the government of the city on the part of its business and representative men. The not unfriendly comments of friends in England and the patriotic fears of those of our own household have no deep or permanent foundation in fact. Democracy certainly is not responsible for the urban phenomena of Constantinople or the corruptions and oppressions of great Russian cities. On the other hand, municipal corruption and incompetence subsist and have subsisted with an abiding and homogeneous population governed autocratically or by an "upper class." Democracy was not responsible for local administration in England one or two centuries ago. In English cities of to-day, however, where the population is abiding and homogeneous, and where governmental power is almost sheerly democratic, we see municipal administration at a very high point of honor and efficiency. So in many of the New England cities and some of the smaller cities of the South we see far less disparity between the standards of public and private life than in New York. Not that the democracy of their government is less, but that the steadiness and homogeneity of their populations are greater.

The one and perhaps the only feature characteristic of American democracy which tends to inefficient and corrupt municipal administration is the disparagement of public life which has gone so far since the civil war. This has been a national misfortune. But its in-

fluence is seen no more in cities than in other political communities. It has been, to say the least, quite as conspicuous a feature of administration at Washington as at New York. This of itself is a large subject, which can be dealt with now but casually. While the popular ideal of a man qualified to hold an important public office, requiring the most powerful and disciplined faculties, is the "plain man, like all the rest of us," one out of ten thousand or a million; while it is left to private corporations and great business interests to observe the rule that exceptional gifts and training in chief administrative officers are necessary to the safety and profit of the business, we must expect public administration to be on a standard lower than the administration of private affairs.

A labor representative in the British Parliament was quoted by Joseph Chamberlain, in his recent speech at Glasgow, as saying that nobody is worth more than £500 a year. On this text Mr. Chamberlain, not without reason, attributed what he called "the failure of American local institutions," first to the jealousy of superior qualifications and reward in the great and critical places of government, and, next, to a tendency to give compensation far beyond value in lower and more numerous places. The result of this tendency, he asserted, is to create a privileged class of workmen, to whom public place is in itself a distinct advantage, instead of letting them share the conditions of other men doing, in private life, the same amount and character of work. The jealousy of personal superiority in places of superior power and responsibility inevitably leads, on the other hand, to the exclusion from those places of the very talents which are necessary to the transaction of the business. Mr. Chamberlain acutely pointed out that the chief sufferers from this system are the masses of wage-earners not in public employ, —

they standing in the position of the shareholders, and not employees, of a private corporation, the principal officers of which are incompetent, and the majority of whose employees are overpaid. No doubt the inadequacy of compensation in more important governmental offices as compared with private employment is really injurious to the standard of public service. Private employment withdraws ability from public life. It is common nowadays in the United States for public place to be valued by really able men as a useful and legitimate means of advertisement of their fitness for great private trusts. But so strong is the attractiveness of public service where it really brings both honor and power that, in our country at least, the inadequacy of compensation is not very disastrous. The really serious thing is the sort of disparaging contempt with which the exercise of great powers of government is treated. The disparagement of public life ought to be the topic of many essays and sermons. But the evil is not peculiar to cities.

So much for the darker side of the New York election. So much by way of explanation of the result in past causes whose effects we may believe are only temporary. Are we not bound to turn to the other side, and ask, What is the promise for the future?

In the first place, the conditions for good politics have at last begun to mend. The population of New York grows more homogeneous. The addition from foreign immigration has long been relatively declining. The proportion of native-born citizens has already increased, and will henceforth go on increasing. The second generation begins to be American in type; the third generation is quite American. The foreign strains of population mingle more and more. If the children of German parents learn German, it is not their vernacular. The American politics of children of parents born in Ireland become less dependent

upon the wrongs of that afflicted land. There are districts of the greater New York which begin to have a settled neighborhood feeling; that condition will rapidly increase. The dependence of New York upon Albany legislation is not, alas, at an end; but the discussions over the new charter, and the great increase in the numerical weight of the city, in the legislature, will make that interference more difficult. New York is certain in the future to be more jealous of its own autonomy. Public sentiment, irregular, imperfect, sometimes unreasonable, as it is and always will be, grows steadier and more intelligent. Neither Tammany Hall nor any other political machine can escape its influence. The pavements of New York have begun to be better; the streets have begun to be cleaner; the improvement will not stop, but will go on; and every well-paved and well-cleaned street is the best kind of political missionary. We are a vast distance from the filthy New York described by Mrs. Trollope and Charles Dickens. Sanitary administration has been improved. The beneficent work of organizations like the tenement-house commission has grown remarkably fruitful; and it gives noble promise for the future. The discreditable poverty of New York and Brooklyn in their provision of parks, and especially of small parks near populations which cannot resort to distant pleasure-grounds, has at last yielded to better ideals. There is nothing more cheering in New York to-day than Mulberry Bend Park and the streets around it, which have taken the place of the unutterable squalor and degradation of the Five Points of one or two generations ago. The city is better, far better lighted. The supply of water is better. If there be more gross immorality in evidence than there was in the village days of New York, the increase is not due to the general deterioration of the body politic or of private morals, but to the inevitable conditions of crowded populations and

resorts of strangers, — conditions which produce precisely the same result, and sometimes a more aggravated result, in London. It may be that property and life are not safer in New York than they were sixty years ago, although about that much might be said. But without any doubt property and life are far safer, and the administration of justice is more trustworthy, than they were in New York thirty years ago, at the time when its suffering from the shifting and varied character of its population had reached its height. Indeed, if the well-groomed citizen of New York who indulges in the luxury of the *laudator temporis acti* will ask himself whether, on the whole, the average private life of the average honest industrious citizen of New York in almost any calling be not better to-day, in all respects of well-being which its government can affect, than it was a generation ago, he will, I am sure, answer in the affirmative. If he do not, he is a very ignorant man. And pray what higher test is there of the merit of political institutions than the well-being of average private life, than the proof that, if government have not produced such well-being, it has at least protected and permitted it? Is not this the real, even the sole end, which justifies political institutions? By what other fruit shall we know them? There is, perhaps, greater moral depression in our time, but that belongs to every advance in the ideals of life. It is not that things are worse, but that people require better things.

We now come more specifically to the question, What is the tendency to greater good or greater evil exhibited by the New York election? It can be answered easily and surely. Beyond reasonable doubt it showed a remarkable and cheering improvement in the political temper of the metropolis. The municipal election of 1897 was the most signal demonstration ever known in its history of the growth of rational voting. The antiphony between rival political

bodies, neither of them observing any very high standard, which has been the type of its politics, has at last begun to yield to a new and dominant note. The interest of the commercial and business classes in local politics has enormously increased. From among the masses of hard-worked labor there has come a new and wholesome influence represented effectively, even if without much theoretic logic, by the candidacy of Henry George. The feature of the result first noticed, and the only feature thought of by many, is the plurality of 80,000 votes by which Tammany Hall, representing the "regular democracy," elected its ticket. Yet this is really far less significant than the fact that in November, 1897, with all the political trend in favor of the ticket of the Democratic party, the Tammany vote was a minority. Of the 510,000 votes for mayor, its candidate received but 234,000 as against 276,000. Not, indeed, that one must count all the other votes as votes for good administration. Of the 100,000 votes cast for the Republican candidate, it is the plain truth to say that a large number were as really cast for bad administration as were any votes of Tammany Hall. Whether the Republican or Tammany proportion of voting for a low standard were the greater is of little moment. If we content ourselves with the 151,000 votes for Mr. Low and the 22,000 votes for the younger George, being together 173,000, as representing an enlightened determination to vote for methods of municipal administration intrinsically good, there is reason for encouragement. Never before in our generation has a movement without the organized support of one of the two national parties had so great or nearly so great a vote as that given to Mr. Low. That his ticket should not only be second in the field, but should have a support much stronger than the Republican machine ticket, of itself demonstrates the improvement in political ideals held by the citizens of New York.

Other figures are significant. The vote in the greater New York for Judge Parker, the Democratic candidate for chief judge of the state, was about 280,000, but the vote for the Tammany candidate for mayor was only 234,000. About 46,000 Democrats, who otherwise adhered to their party, repudiated Tammany control upon the municipal question. Perhaps a third as many more voted the city ticket alone, ignoring their state party ticket, so that in all probably 60,000 Democrats voted for Mr. Low. His Republican vote was about 90,000. Nearly one half of the total Republican vote of the greater New York, and more than one fifth of the Democratic vote, was cast for sound municipal administration.

New York has not known in our day another such vote for that cause. There had not been any serious candidacy since the civil war, except in alliance with one or the other of the political machines. In 1892, within the limits of former New York, the Tammany candidate received 173,500 votes as against 98,000 cast for the Republican candidate. With a large increase in the total vote, the Tammany candidate in the same boroughs received in 1897 only about 144,000 votes. The progress of voting in the borough of Brooklyn is no less encouraging. The Tammany candidate for mayor received there about 76,000 votes as against 98,000 votes cast for the Democratic ticket in 1892. The 1897 vote was smaller relatively to the total vote than the vote of the Brooklyn machine in 1893, when it suffered an overwhelming defeat incident to its complete discredit, nearly one third of the Democrats voting against it. In 1897 the Tammany vote in Brooklyn was a minority vote, the vote for Mr. Low and the Republican candidate together outnumbering the Tammany vote by upwards of 25,000.

When examined in greater detail, the Seth Low vote gives more specific promise to those who intend to persist in political well-doing. He received more

votes than either of the other candidates in several uptown districts including a marked preponderance of middle class citizens. Far more significant, however, and a very rainbow of promise, is the vote of nearly 15,000 which he received in the densely populated districts south of Fourteenth Street. In the fifth assembly district, stretching back from the East River between Stanton and Grand streets, a region of tenement houses having a large foreign population, he received about 2700 as against 3000 for the Tammany candidate and 1800 for the Republican candidate. In the Brooklyn borough his vote in wards along the water-front, where the tenement population is large, was very considerable; while in the districts of modest two-story houses, his vote was far larger than that of either of the other candidates, or even of both together.

These facts bring their real encouragement, however, only when they are compared with the past. In the former city of New York, the borough of Manhattan,¹ we can only make an inference; for as the vote for good local administration has always been merged with the machine vote on one side or the other, we have no precise measure, though the inference is a reasonably sure one. Such was the case when the Tammany Hall of Tweed was overthrown in 1871, and the Tammany Hall of Croker in 1894. But in the Brooklyn borough there had been at least two such tests. In 1885, at the expiration of Mr. Low's four years of mayoralty, each of the two machines presented a situation which ought to have been unendurable to good citizens. A third nomination was made by citizens, which received 13,600 votes as against 49,000 for the candidate of the Democratic machine and 37,000 for the candidate of the Republican machine. The 13,600 votes were probably made up of about 4600

¹ The territory now called the borough of Bronx became a part of New York by several recent annexations.

Democrats and 9000 Republicans. Instead of being encouraged by so substantial a beginning, the movement of the citizens fell to pieces, partly perhaps because of the real temporary improvement which it compelled in machine management on both sides. Ten years later, in 1895, a strictly Democratic revolt was organized, and a municipal ticket was then run, not with the idea of securing the obvious impossibility of an election as against the two machine candidates, but to recommence the definite assertion that American cities must have local government which is good in itself, and must not be shut up to a mere choice between two evils. The candidate of the revolting Brooklyn Democrats received, and without material Republican support, upwards of 9500 votes. There were, perhaps, as many more citizens who would have preferred his success, but who felt that they could not "throw away their votes." This modern and better view did not then have the sympathy of more than 20,000 voters in Brooklyn. In 1897 precisely the same sentiment was supported by upwards of 65,000 votes, almost twice as many as were given the Republican machine, and less than 12,000 below the number cast for the Tammany candidate.

In view of the whole situation, the vote in the greater New York for the Low ticket in 1897 must be accounted the most encouraging vote ever cast in a great American city on the exclusive proposition that the city ought to be well and honestly governed. Machine politics in the United States has not received a more serious blow than the treatment accorded the Republican candidate for mayor, although he was himself a man of the highest character, of distinguished ability, and of long and valuable public service. But for his alliance he would have been worthy of the mayoralty of the city. The 60,000 Democrats and the 90,000 Republicans who voted for Seth Low are a reasonably

solid and sure foundation of the best hope for the future.

If it be a time for anxiety, as no doubt it is, it is likewise a time for hope. When Tammany Hall reached its grand climacteric with its overwhelming majority of 1892, there again revived the belief really held by some intelligent men that its power must last forever. Citizens of wealth and cultivation had twenty-five years before espoused the cause of Tweed as a sort of buffer of corruption and cunning against the more brutal dangers of the proletariat. In 1892 not only they, but even scholars, began to defend the Tammany method as a form of municipal administration both inevitable and beneficent. They pointed out that Tammany Hall was not impossibly bad; that every great and long continuous political body must have some elements of soundness; that from time to time it put into places of power, as it has of late put upon the judges' bench, men who were able and honorable, although still remaining in warm and active sympathy with Tammany Hall. Their defense was not far removed from the political philosophy of one of the greatest of Americans. Alexander Hamilton, sharing the eighteenth-century English view, deliberately insisted that corruption was a necessary cement of well-ordered free political institutions. Too many Americans of our day, who are really high-minded, look upon some sort of concession to the deviltries of a large city and some sort of alliance with its political corruptions as inevitable, and no more discreditable than the bribery of a conductor of an English railway train.

The administration of Mayor Strong, who was elected in November, 1894, has been a good administration, in spite of its defects, some of which have been serious. If, notwithstanding its merits, it be followed by Tammany Hall, it ought to be remembered that New York has had other experiences of the kind. It was in 1859 that Fernando Wood, of unspeakable po-

litical memory, was reelected mayor of New York after an intervening term of a most respectable "reformer." It was to Wood the reply was made, when, in solemn demagoguery, he declared that he had a "single eye to the public good," that good citizens were chiefly concerned about his other and more important eye. For several years before 1871 the chief ruler of New York was William M. Tweed, who, after the completest exhibition made of his crimes, and when he was under civil and criminal prosecution, was elected state senator by an overwhelming majority. No one ought to belittle the later iniquities of Tammany; but it is irrational to forget that they were mild compared with those of the Tweed-Sweeney-Connolly administration, or that, with the support of much wealth and respectability, that administration was approved in 1870 by a large majority.

If one look back over the history for the last forty years of the two great American cities now united in one, he is bound, no doubt, to admit that the general aspect has too often been one of cynical and indolent acquiescence in stupid, barbarous, and brutal maladministration; that the natural advantages of the city, and especially and irretrievably those of Brooklyn, have been ruthlessly sacrificed by such administration; and that the masses of less fortunate people in these cities have suffered and now suffer the chief results of it all. But, to recur to the principal note of this article, he is bound likewise to admit that the evils have been growing less and less; that Tammany Hall will be less evil in 1898 than it was in 1890, and vastly less evil than the Tammany Hall of 1870; and that the fundamental conditions of municipal life will grow better. The new and decent paving and cleaning of the streets cannot cease; they will go on, the best missionaries, as I have said, of good politics. The public sentiment which has endured the obstruction of crowded streets and the diminu-

tion of their light and air by elevated railroads will no longer endure them. It will cease to assume ugliness as a necessary element of our highways. The schools must increase; their methods will grow better. The preaching — some more reasonable, some less reasonable, but all helpful — of the thousand agitators for better things will go on. Their instruction, reaching from one end of the city to the other, is of deeper consequence than organized political leadership, vitally necessary in practice as that is. The population grows more homogeneous, more stable. The fatigue and chagrin incident to the present defeat will disappear. There will be another and another and another political campaign in assertion of the needs and duty of good municipal administration; and each will be held under more promising conditions of general city life than its predecessor.

Must good citizens, then, in optimistic fatalism, abandon political activity, and rest content with the general upward trend of human society? Are we to give up the noble art of statesmanship that leads and orders political progress? Are we to accept as final the dull and oppressive mediocrity which even friendly critics say belongs to the public life of democracy? Not at all. No better thing has been accomplished by the stirring and elevating mayoralty campaign of New York than the creation, among masses of men hitherto indifferent, of an enthusiastic interest in political affairs. But this will not suffice without the discipline and continuity of organized political work. That work now needs, in New York and in every great American city, to be directed towards three different and practical preliminary results. When they are attained, as they can be, and at no distant day, we shall no longer fear Tammany victories.

The support of the merit system of appointment to office is first and foremost. Of the specific political diseases which we have known in the United

States, the spoils system has been the most profoundly dangerous and far-reaching. Its destruction is an essential condition of sound public life in New York and in the United States. Civil service reform has been a slow growth, but a fairly sure one. When office-holding and office-seeking are no longer the main-spring of political action and the chief and always corrupting support of political organization, it will be easier to use with creditable results the democratic method of successive popular judgments upon the fitness of rival candidates and parties for the exigencies of municipal administration. The methods of the Tammany or Republican machines cannot survive the destruction of this their principal support.

A corollary of the reform of the civil service ought to be and will be the refusal to continue disparaging public life. When public life shall no longer involve patronage-mongering, either wholesale or retail, eminent fitness for the real duties of rational public life will neither avoid it nor be excluded from it. If only great ability and the highest character are tolerated in private employment of the highest grade, nothing less ought to be tolerated in public life. The worn-out absurdity of the "plain, sensible man," without equipment in experience or in native or acquired gifts for difficult and critical work, will disappear. Good citizens must refuse a mere choice between the rival evils to which political machines would constrain them. They must vote for positively good administration, even at the risk that the less of two evils shall be defeated by the greater for the lack of their support. If they be steadfast in this, the American democracy will return to its earlier and better view of fitness for important places in the public service.

Last, but not least, is the duty actively maintaining sound political organizations between political campaigns. It is easy to arouse interest, to form clubs,

to gather meetings during the few weeks before election day. But when such organized activity begins in the September preceding the election, the cause is probably either won or lost already. The decision of the jury is reached nine times out of ten before the learned counsel sums up; he can do little more than give the jurymen in sympathy with him, if any, arguments to use with dissenting associates. If the evidence have not been produced so as to make the case clear, but little hope of success remains. So with the political campaign. It is impossible to create or gather the public sentiment or the organization necessary for a political campaign during a few weeks. It is amazing to observe the reluctance of liberal and intelligent citizens during the rest of the year to yield support, whether in work or in money, to the wholesome political organizations upon which alone they can rely to promote the causes that are dear to them. In Brooklyn, for instance, such an organization doing work over the entire city, reaching or seeking to reach in some measure upwards of a million of people, requires, as I happen to know, perhaps \$10,000 a year for effective work. But even that sum of money, less than the cost of many single entertainments given in New York every winter, and an insignificant percentage of public waste every year, which sound politics would check, can be got only by compelling the very small number found to bear the burden of the work to bear the expense as well. Tammany Hall does not sleep from November until September. Its most fruitful work is done then. The campaign of the New York Citizens' Union in 1897 was effective chiefly because it began early. The thoroughness and interest in English parliamentary elections follow in part from the habit of having for years before each election more or less systematic discussion looking to the coming dissolution, although it be far off. Without such activity

enlightened political methods will not prevail in the greater New York or in other populous cities.

In conclusion, I avow, even at this time, untoward as it seems to many, a profound confidence that the democratic experiment here on trial will work out well even in great cities. The disorderly, undisciplined, slatternly features of our politics and public work represent shifting and temporary conditions. They will disappear as those conditions cease. In the very dear school of experience, the mass of people will learn to insist upon exceptional ability and character in public administration, and to vote for nothing else, realizing that without them that administration must be contemptible. They will find, even if they find it slowly, and even if, for many, life must be too short for the fruition, that the heavy and often cruel burdens of political incompetence and dishonor fall chief-

ly upon those very masses of which and for which democratic government is constituted. When preference for good administration shall have been developed into a powerful popular instinct, as it is being rapidly developed in the collisions and misfortunes of our politics, the institutions of sound government will find in the United States even a broader formation than the marvelous advance of democracy has given them in England. When the scaffolding is taken down from the structure, when the workmen are gone and the grounds are cleared, we shall find, I believe, that all the turmoil and humiliation of our political experience, all the disorders and disgraces of our political career, have worked out, in a sort of survival of the fittest, that firm, practical political competence among the masses of men which is the best and broadest safety, and which will be the glory of democracy.

Edward M. Shepard.

THE PRESENT SCOPE OF GOVERNMENT.

To get an every-day basis for discussing the present scope of government in America, let us view rapidly the experiences of an imaginary Bostonian during a day differing in no respect from ordinary days; in short, an average daily record of an average man.

He begins the day by bathing in water supplied by the public through an elaborate system of public pumps and reservoirs and pipes. After it has been used, the water escapes through the citizen's own plumbing system; but this private plumbing system has been constructed in accordance with public regulations, is liable to inspection by public officials, and empties into sewers constructed and managed by the public. When he has dressed himself in clothing of which every article is probably the subject of a na-

tional tariff intended to affect production or price, our Bostonian goes to his breakfast-table, and finds there not only table linen, china, glass, knives, forks, and spoons, each of them coming under the same national protection, but also food, almost all of which has been actually or potentially inspected, or otherwise regulated, by the national or state or municipal government. The meat has been liable to inspection. The bread has been made by the baker in loaves of a certain statutory weight. The butter, if it happens to be oleomargarine, has been packed and stamped as statutes require. The milk has been furnished by a milkman whose dairy is officially inspected, and whose milk must reach a certain statutory standard. The chocolate has been bought in cakes stamped in the statutory

manner. The remnants of the breakfast will be carried away by public garbage carts; and the public will also care for the ashes of the coal that cooked the meal.

Nor do this average Bostonian and his family escape from public control upon rising from the table. The children are compelled by law to go to school; and though there is an option to attend a private school, the city gratuitously furnishes a school and school-books. As for the father himself, when he reaches his door, he finds that public servants are girdling his trees with burlap, and searching his premises for traces of the gypsy moth. Without stopping to reflect that he has not been asked to permit these public servants to go upon his property, he steps out upon a sidewalk constructed in accordance with public requirements, crosses a street paved and watered and swept by the public, and enters a street car whose route, speed, and fare are regulated by the public. Reaching the centre of the city, he ascends to his office by an elevator subject to public inspection, and reads the mail that has been brought to him from all parts of the United States by public servants. If the dimness of his office causes him to regret that sunlight appears to be outside public protection, he may be answered that there are regulations controlling the height of buildings and prohibiting the malicious construction of high fences. If now he leaves his office and goes to some store or factory in which he owns an interest, he finds that for female employees chairs must be provided, that children must not be employed in certain kinds of work, that dangerous machinery must be fenced, that fire-escapes must be furnished, and probably that the goods produced or sold must be marked or packed in a prescribed way, or must reach a statutory standard. Indeed, whatever this man's business may be, the probability is that in one way or another the public's hand comes between him and his employee, or between him and his customer.

Leaving his store or his factory, this average man deposits money in a bank, which is carefully inspected by public officials, and which is compelled by the public to refrain from specified modes of investment and also to publish periodical statements of its condition. He next makes a payment to an insurance company, which is subject to even stricter statutory regulations. He then goes to East Boston and back upon a ferry-boat owned and managed by the public.

When finally all the business of the day is finished, this imaginary Bostonian walks through the Common and the Public Garden, and soon enters the Public Library, a building that is the latest and most striking expression of the public's interest in the individual. Leaving the Public Library, he strolls past a free bath-house sustained by the public, and then past a free public outdoor gymnasium; and at last he hastens home through streets that public servants are now beginning to light.

When this Bostonian reaches home, he can reflect that he has passed no very extraordinary day. If events had been a little different, the public would have furnished steam fire-engines to protect his house, or a policeman to find a lost child for him, or an ambulance to take his cook to the city hospital, or a health officer to inspect his neighbor's premises. No one of these emergencies has arisen, and yet this average Bostonian, if he has happened to think of the various ways in which he has this day been affected by public control, must wonder whether his morning's conception of the functions of government was adequate.

The functions of government may be conveniently divided into three classes: the primary, the incidental, and the enlarged. These classes shade into one another, for this classification is merely an attempt to draw a bright line near the place where a blurred line actually exists.

According to the classification here made, the primary functions of government are simply those which attain the chief purposes of organized society, and are almost absolutely essential to one's conception of a civilized country. These functions are protection from foreign interference, preservation of domestic peace, and — closely connected with the preservation of domestic peace — maintenance of courts of justice.

Incidental functions are those which exist for the aiding of the primary functions. Thus, incident to protection from foreign interference is maintenance of forts, of navy yards, of military schools. Incident to the preservation of domestic peace are armories and the criminal law. Incident to the administration of justice, and in general to the prevention of private disputes, are a recording system, and also statutes as to forms of instruments, as to inheritance and administration of estates, and as to weights and measures. Incident to all the primary functions is taxation, in so far as taxation simply aims to collect funds for paying public expenses; but in so far as taxation aims to encourage or discourage certain kinds of business, or to prevent the accumulation of large fortunes, taxation belongs with the enlarged functions of government.

Obviously, the primary and the incidental functions are numerous and comprehensive; but they are not the special subjects of this discussion. The present purpose is to deal with those functions to which — not wishing just now to indicate either approval or disapproval, nor even by epithet to depart from mere enumeration — I have given the colorless designation of "enlarged functions;" meaning thereby that they seem not to belong with the universal and absolutely essential primary functions, nor yet with the incidental functions, but to represent a widened conception of the sphere of government, — a conception that, whether it be right or wrong, certainly

is full of interest and importance. The enlarged scope of government, then, has to do with matters that conceivably may be, and in many countries actually are, left unrestrictedly in the hands of individuals; for example, the quality of goods offered for sale, the skill of plumbers, and the care of roads.

The vast number of interests to which modern cities turn their attention, and also the distinction as to primary, incidental, and enlarged functions, may be seen in a simple list of the administrative departments of Boston. Two departments are devoted chiefly to the primary functions, the board of police and the board of commissioners of public institutions; though, in so far as the powers of the latter board extend beyond penal institutions, and include institutions caring for paupers and lunatics, this board is employed upon the enlarged functions of government. Eleven departments are devoted chiefly to the incidental functions: the board of assessors, the city collector, the city treasurer, the city auditor, the board of commissioners of sinking funds, the superintendent of public buildings, the superintendent of public grounds, the city registrar, the registrar of voters, the superintendent of printing, and the law department managed by the corporation counsel and the city solicitor. Twenty-two departments are devoted chiefly to the enlarged functions: the overseers of the poor, the water board, the water registrar, the board of health, the inspector of milk and vinegar, the inspector of provisions, the city hospital, the board of street commissioners (a department whose jurisdiction includes, in addition to activities obviously suggested by the mere title, sanitary police, street-cleaning, street-watering, garbage removal, and sewers), the superintendent of streets, the commissioner of wires, the superintendent of lamps, the superintendent of ferries, the board of fire commissioners, the inspector of buildings, the school committee, the board of trus-

tees of the public library, the board of park commissioners, the superintendent of markets, the sealer of weights and measures, the city surveyor, the city engineer, and the trustees of Mount Hope Cemetery; and in addition there are numerous weighers of coal, measurers of grain, and inspectors, who are not attached to specific departments, and whose duties are part of the enlarged scope of government. Two important administrative departments — namely, the mayor and the city clerk — cannot be said to be devoted chiefly to any one of the three classes of functions. Doubtless there may be question as to the propriety of the classification of some of the departments, and doubtless there are differences between the functions of municipal government in Boston and those in other cities; but after all possible amendments are made, it must remain obvious that in municipal administration the enlarged functions predominate.

The functions of municipalities do not have their chief source in municipal legislative bodies. It is a fact that the ordinances adopted by these bodies are numerous and minute; but these ordinances deal almost exclusively with subjects that, expressly or by clear implication, are placed within municipal control by the statutes of the state. This is one of the reasons why, for the present purpose, it is impracticable to treat separately the municipal functions, the state functions, and the national functions.

Indeed, the real distinction that divides some of the enlarged functions from others is a distinction that has nothing to do with the boundary between city and state, nor with the boundary between state and nation. The important distinction is that in some instances government undertakes the actual doing of work, but that in other instances it simply regulates — by encouragement, partial restraint, prohibition, or otherwise — the actions of individuals. Examples are, on the one hand, the inspection

of milk and the maintenance of public schools; and on the other, the requirements that milk offered for sale shall reach a specified standard, and that children of a certain age shall go to school.

For the sake of brevity, the chief instances of enlarged functions of government, whether municipal, state, or national, will now be given in one place. It is to be understood that, unless the federal government is specially named, the functions are exercised under the direct or indirect authority of states.

The following, then, is a list of the seventeen chief groups of instances in which government merely regulates private action: —

To promote morality, there is regulation — sometimes by taxation only — of gambling and of the sale of intoxicating liquors. To the same end, the federal government does not permit lotteries to use the mails. The promotion of morality, it should be noticed, is the place where the enlarged scope of government is most nearly connected with the criminal law.

To prevent disease, whether contagious or not, there are regulations as to dangerous medicines, poisons, vaccination, the quality of food offered for sale, plumbing, and the lighting of tenement-houses. For the same purpose, the federal government regulates interstate transportation of diseased cattle.

To prevent accidents that might cause bodily injury, there are regulations as to steam-engines, elevators, belting, hatchways in factories, the fencing of some kinds of machinery, the management of mines, and the construction and management of railways (including provisions as to fencing, brakes, couplers, signals, and color-blindness). For the same general purpose, the federal statutes contain minute provisions as to steamers and sailing vessels (dealing with life-boats, life-preservers, water-tight bulkheads, stairways, transportation of nitro-glycerine,

number of passengers, signals, and rules of the road).

To prevent loss of life or of property by fire, there are regulations as to fire-escapes, and as to the height and material and construction and management of buildings (including sometimes requirements that in churches and halls doors shall open outward and there shall be no movable seats in the aisles). To prevent loss by fire in ships, the federal statutes contain provisions as to wire tiller-ropes, fire-extinguishers, fire-buckets, and the transportation of inflammable materials.

To facilitate communication, there is encouragement of turnpikes, bridges, ferries, railways, and telegraphs, by concession of the right of eminent domain; and there are regulations as to charges of hacks and of railways, both street and steam, frequency of railway trains, and consolidation of railways owning parallel lines. The federal government, for the same general purpose, has adopted minute regulations as to railway rates for interstate service, and has made as to maritime travel many regulations, some of which are named elsewhere in this enumeration.

To prevent loss to stockholders and others through mismanagement of certain large enterprises, there are minute regulations as to the finances of banks, building associations, insurance companies, and railway companies. The federal government, in turn, regulates the national banks. As to banks, the provisions are so minute as almost to constitute a textbook in themselves.

To prevent owners of land from damaging other owners or the public, there are regulations (in a general way resembling the common law of nuisances) as to stables, slaughter-houses, cemeteries, dilapidated or dangerous buildings, high buildings, high fences, barbed-wire fences, and noxious weeds.

To prevent estates from becoming too large, there are inheritance taxes and

income taxes, in addition to the long-standing abolition of primogeniture and of entail.

To encourage many kinds of business, the federal government provides a protective tariff.

To protect children, there are regulations requiring education, restricting employment in certain occupations, and forbidding the sale of cigarettes and of intoxicating liquors.

To protect workingmen in various trades, there are regulations as to the hours of labor, seats for women, and the payment of wages in cash and at certain intervals. With the same view, the federal government prohibits the importation of contract labor; and as to seamen, the federal government makes minute requirements covering mode of paying wages, medicines, provisions, clothing, and form of contract.

To protect steerage passengers, there are federal statutes as to ventilation, food, and the use of a range.

To prevent necessitous persons from suffering burdensome losses, there are usury laws, exemptions from execution, and provisions as to foreclosure of mortgages. Here belong also state insolvency laws and the national bankruptcy law, when enacted.

To secure uniformity in articles important to the public, there are provisions as to the quality of gas, the packing of fish, etc.; and here, apparently, is to be classed regulation of adulteration of food, in so far as the intent is not simply to protect health.

To prevent combinations that might result in enhancing the price of articles important to the public, the federal government legislates against trusts.

To secure the continuance of certain natural products useful to the public, there are close seasons for fish and game. To the same class belongs the federal government's attempt to protect seals.

To prevent abuses in employments of public importance, there are regulations

requiring licenses for hack-drivers, auctioneers, peddlers, keepers of intelligence offices, innkeepers, keepers of billiard-tables, keepers of public halls, plumbers, sellers of explosives, druggists, physicians.

So much for the instances of mere regulation, including restriction and encouragement. The following is a list of the fifteen chief groups of instances in which government undertakes the actual doing of work : —

To educate the young, there are public schools, colleges, and institutions for technical and professional instruction. To promote all these kinds of education, the federal government has made gifts of land to the various states.

To educate adults, there are public libraries, museums, and art galleries. For the same purpose, the nation provides the Library of Congress and the National Museum.

To disseminate useful information, especially information supposed to be useful to farmers and to mechanics, there are provisions for collecting and publishing facts as to geology, soils, plants, abandoned farms, and the statistics of labor. This class of work has largely passed into the hands of the national government. The Departments of State, of Agriculture, and of the Interior make most elaborate investigations, and publish the results in documents so numerous and valuable that a mere examination of a catalogue of governmental publications must fill any intelligent man with wonder. These investigations and publications are made, of course, under the authority of acts of Congress ; but the acts are couched in general terms, and nothing less than actual inspection of the departments and of the publications can give an adequate conception of the vast amount of scientific work now done under the federal government. One item is that the federal government supports at least one agricultural experiment station in each state. Another item is that

the Agricultural Department contains a bureau to which one may send for examination any plant suspected of being infected with disease. Another instance of enlarged activity is the weather bureau. Indeed, in almost every branch of science the federal government employs experts, who are engaged in investigation or exploration.

To promote pleasure, there are public parks, flower-gardens, menageries, gymnasiums, swimming-baths, band concerts, and displays of fireworks. It is for the same purpose, chiefly, that the federal government cares for the Yellowstone National Park and other reservations, and occasionally aids a national exposition.

To help the poor, partly for the sake of the poor themselves and partly for the sake of public peace and health, there are almshouses, outdoor relief, public hospitals, dispensaries, and other public charities. To the same end, the nation provides hospitals for merchant seamen.

To prevent disease, there are provisions for the inspection of plumbing and of food, for the cleansing or destruction of buildings dangerous to health, for the removal of garbage, and for the building and maintenance of sewers. To the same end, the federal government makes elaborate provisions as to inspection of cattle shipped from state to state and as to quarantine, and gives to the national board of health wide powers as to cholera, smallpox, and yellow fever.

To secure the performance of a service closely connected with health, and also with the extinguishment of fires, the state permits municipalities to construct and manage water-works.

To prevent accidents, the state inspects steam-engines, elevators, and mines. To the same end, the federal government inspects the hulls and boilers of vessels carrying passengers or freight.

To prevent loss of life and property by fire, the state authorizes the maintenance of local fire departments.

To prevent loss of life by shipwreck, the federal government provides life-saving stations.

To facilitate communication, the state authorizes the building and maintenance of public roads, streets, sidewalks, bridges, and ferries, the cleaning and watering and lighting of streets, sometimes even the ownership of railways. To the same end, the federal government maintains the post-office system, improves rivers and harbors, builds and maintains lighthouses, and conducts the coast survey.

To promote domestic trade in products of farmers, graziers, and fishermen, there are public market-houses. To promote a foreign demand for similar products, the federal government inspects cattle for export.

To secure a permanent supply of certain natural or semi-natural products, some states have drainage and irrigation systems, and some states exterminate noxious weeds and insects, — the latter function somewhat resembling the obsolescent payment of bounties for killing bears and wolves. For the same general purpose, the federal government distributes seeds, propagates fish, and maintains fishways.

To secure efficiency in certain matters peculiarly important to the public, there are examiners of physicians and of engineers. To the same end, the federal government examines ship captains, mates, ship engineers, and pilots.

To secure decent and permanent care of the dead, municipalities own and manage cemeteries.

Any one inspecting these lists will perceive that the classification is largely a matter of opinion, and, no doubt, that the lists omit items worthy of being included. Some omissions, however, are intentional, — for example, the encouragement that exemption from taxation gives to churches, incorporated schools, incorporated hospitals, and the like, because the reason for the exemption is

probably not a conscious desire to promote such purposes, but rather a perception that property devoted to these purposes is necessarily unproductive. Again, there has been an intentional omission of the liquor dispensaries of South Carolina, because this instance of governmental action is exceptional. The purpose, in short, has been to select and classify the instances that indicate the average condition of government throughout the United States, and the theories upon which legislators frame the laws.

Upon the very surface of the facts thus presented float in full view numerous inferences. One is that wide functions are not phenomena of the municipality as distinguished from the state and the nation. Another is that it is impossible to draw a definite line separating matters with which government interferes from matters with which government does not interfere. The general theory, obviously, is that government restricts or encourages private acts when, and only when, such acts concern the public; and that government undertakes the performance of acts when, and only when, the acts are important to the public, and are practically incapable of satisfactory performance by individuals. But this theory does not make a clear distinction, although probably it makes as clear a distinction as is practicable in a field like this, — a field where law and statesmanship seem to meet and discuss questions of expediency.

It is necessary now to pass from these obvious inferences, and to discuss the apparent change that has taken place in the theory and practice of American legislation within a hundred years.

Doubtless, in America, as in all other civilized countries, the scope of government has always exceeded the prevention of foreign aggression, the promotion of domestic tranquillity, the administration of justice, and natural incidents of

these primary functions. There have always been town clocks, town pumps, town cemeteries, and public roads. Yet surely, from the enumeration of the functions now exercised, it is clear that — with a few exceptions, such as the direct and indirect support of religion and the control of the rate of interest — the grasp of government is closer now than it was a hundred years ago.

To some extent, the increase of regulation and of activity has simply widened functions long recognized. One example is the improvement in the care of the poor; and another is the progress as to roads. In many instances, however, there has been a development of functions that a hundred years ago were wholly, or almost wholly, non-existent. Examples of new or almost new functions are education of adults, dissemination of useful information, and prevention of accidents.

Whether manifested in enlarging old functions or in creating new ones, the development has been due largely to those advances in science and skill which both create new desires and enable old desires to be gratified more abundantly. The enlargement of the postal service has been rendered possible by the use of steam, and the rise of hospitals has followed discoveries in medical science. Further, the extension of governmental functions has been promoted by another cause, — indirectly connected with advances in science and skill, — a new perception of the public value of intelligence and of æsthetic culture. Only thus can one account for the great development in the education of the young, the dissemination of information, and the maintenance of libraries, museums, and parks. Again, a more or less unconscious demand for extension has come from the growing custom — principally resultant from modern inventions — of doing all things in a large way; and so it has happened that there seems to be a need of regulating great pri-

vate enterprises, whose powers, if abused, might injure the public, and that there even seems to be an occasion now and then for the government itself to undertake important functions peculiarly suited to large treatment, and not deemed likely to be satisfactorily managed by individuals. Examples are the regulation of railways and of banks, and the construction and maintenance of water-works.

Such are some of the causes aiding the development of the enlarged functions of government. This development has involved to some extent a departure from the political theories and instincts that chiefly guided American statesmen a hundred years ago. The views then popular had their main encouragement in the works of certain French philosophers, who represented a violent revolt against governmental control. The philosophical basis for the revolt was found in the theory that, by reason of the benevolent construction of the universe, each man's pursuit of his own personal welfare must result eventually in the welfare of the whole world. From that principle political philosophers inferred that the system of natural liberty is both theoretically and practically the best, and that there should be but slight interference by government. From that school of thought, so influential in America at the time of our Revolution, the present scope of government indicates at least an apparent departure.

Indeed, a departure seemed inevitable. The true basis of the theory adopted in the eighteenth century appears to be found in the fact that in the early years of that century it was natural enough to protest against the wide powers exercised by sovereigns. Governmental control had gone very far; and even if it had not gone far, it must have excited hostility by reason of seeming to exist for the benefit, not of the many, but of the few. A protest was inevitable, and the philosophical theory as to

the benefits of natural liberty was the easy formula for the protest. As soon, however, as government became the property of the people themselves, administered by the agents of the people, and guided almost invariably — as every one believes, notwithstanding jests to the contrary — by an intention to promote the common welfare, there ceased to be a visible reason for emphasizing the old formula. From a merely practical point of view, it is reasonable enough for one to be willing that government should do to-day what in the last century might have been deemed tyrannical. If government be considered as an enemy, it may easily be called despotic; but if it be conceived as a fairly intelligent and well-meaning agency, controlled by the people themselves, “despotic” ceases to be an easy epithet. Hence it was natural that there should be a reaction from the theory of our early statesmen.

Yet does it not seem probable that the reaction would excite opposition? The fact is that it has come without elaborate discussion and almost without notice. It does not mark the success of a political party, nor even the triumph of a political thinker, whether statesman or theorist. Still less does it mark a concession to the threats of agitators. Governmental functions have grown silently, naturally, like the rings of a tree.

Why is this? Why has not the apparent departure from the old theory excited attention and opposition? One reason, as already indicated, is that the practical cause for emphasizing the importance of individual liberty has disappeared. Another reason is that the civil war seems to have diminished the willingness of our people to enter into discussion as to the proper power of government, whether state or national. Another and more important reason is that the apparent change of theory is really a mere change in the relative emphasis placed upon fundamental principles of our legal and political system.

In one aspect the common law emphasizes the sanctity of private right. That “an Englishman’s house is his castle,” that one accused of crime is entitled to a trial by jury, that private property cannot be taken save by due process of law, that private contracts shall be inviolate, — these and other formulas, ancient and modern, illustrate this phase of the law. Yet it has been possible for these formulas to exist for centuries in fairly friendly association with principles of quite opposite import. That private property must not be used in such manner as to cause a nuisance; that private property may be appropriated, fair compensation being given, under the theory of eminent domain; that private property may be destroyed in order to stop a conflagration; that contracts contrary to public policy will not be enforced, — these and numerous other doctrines have long illustrated another phase of the law, a phase indicating that private rights are sometimes to be subordinated to the interests of the public. In the *Germania* of Tacitus, the liberty of the individual is no more conspicuous than is the wide scope of the power of the community; and thus, from our very earliest glimpse of the primitive system from which our common law is believed to descend, there have been in our law two phases, private right and public interest.

This, then, is the reason why, when government after the American Revolution became more truly an agency of the people, and when the advance in our knowledge of natural forces made it more possible to do things in a large way, and when the rise of powerful combinations of capital gave occasion for turning to government to curb the increase of private power, and to assume new functions and enlarge old ones, it was possible to enlarge the scope of government without friction, and even without discussion. Legislation grew just as the common law grows, not in a spectacular way, but

along old lines, almost automatically adjusting preëxisting theories to new emergencies.

Is the result beneficial? Undoubtedly there are defects, including occasionally an unnecessary and therefore unwise assumption of work, and occasionally an unnecessary and therefore unjust encroachment upon individual liberty, — defects giving clear notice that there is necessity for the exercise of perpetual vigilance; but, looking at the question in a large way, it seems clear that the growth of governmental functions thus far has been wise and necessary. How else could the great mass of the people have secured schools, libraries, parks, water, sewers, protection against fire? How else could they have been protected against unwholesome food and against overcharges for transportation? How else could many of the advances in knowledge have been prevented from benefiting almost exclusively a narrow circle?

Nor have these desirable results been obtained at an unreasonable cost. The expenditures of the city of Boston are larger *per capita* than those of most cities. Yet for the current year, what is the total amount of taxes, for all city, county, and state purposes, paid by a Bostonian whose taxable property is reasonably worth \$15,000, and whose income from a profession or a trade is \$4000? The sum is \$221. This is about nine times the average payment made by the inhabitants of Boston on account of property and income. The city has other sources of revenue, such as license fees and the corporation tax; but, after all statistics are taken into account, it appears that the sum named, \$221, amply covers the cost of furnishing to a family of five or six persons, at the hands of the city, county, and state, the many services (primary, incidental, and enlarged) already indicated, including police, fire department, streets, parks, sewers, charitable institutions, library,

schools, and school-books. In private hands, how far would \$221 go toward securing these numerous services? Notwithstanding the extravagance of some public officials, — an extravagance that probably characterizes the same persons in private life, — so expensive is small administration as compared with large administration that the sum thus paid for those numerous public services would hardly procure from a private school the mere tuition of two children; and besides, in thoroughness of instruction and in completeness of outfit few private schools would seek comparison with the schools furnished by the public. Still further, while laziness and inefficiency are no doubt the rule in most occupations, both public and private, it is quite as invariably the rule that public service is not less skillful and satisfactory than private service. Is your cook more efficient, on the average, than the policeman or the fireman? Does the gas company give better service than the water department? Does a telegraph company give greater satisfaction than the post-office?

As to the future, what can one say? Simply that what has happened heretofore is likely to continue to happen. There is no sufficient reason to dread that by and by government will begin to interfere dangerously with individual liberty, or to undertake more than it can perform successfully; nor, on the other hand, is there sufficient reason to dread that government will fail to enlarge its scope as soon as there is seen to be a necessity for enlargement. For centuries two intents have guided the law, whether statutory or judge-made: the intent to guard individual liberty and the intent to secure the public welfare. There is no reason to believe that one of these deep-seated intents will be uprooted. The actual scope of government must continue to be the resultant of the interplay of a natural desire for

enlargement of governmental functions and an equally natural repugnance to unnecessary enlargement. Precisely what the resultant will be at any one time no one can predict; but from an

enumeration of the functions constituting the actual scope of government to-day, no one can reasonably fail to gain new respect for popular institutions and new hope for the next century.

Eugene Wambaugh.

COMPANY MANNERS.

It was the anniversary of little Harry's birthday, and he was dead. He had died seven years before, when he was three years old; and to-day, as every day, his silver mug and porridge-bowl stood ready upon the table at his place, and his high chair, with the plump little blue silk pillow in it and the bib dangling from one of the knobs, stood ready too, pushed back a little from the table as if Harry were coming next minute.

Mrs. Addington's eyes were heavy. She tossed a letter across the table towards her daughter, without other comment than a fretful downward curve of the lips, and listlessly selected another envelope from among her morning's mail. The mother and daughter were alone, sitting opposite each other at the table. The house was very quiet, and the child's empty place seemed to make the stillness more perceptible.

"I don't see anything remarkable, or new, or interesting about this 'case,'" said the girl, looking up from the letter questioningly.

"No," her mother replied in a plain-tive tone, "no; it is only immediate."

"Do you mean you would like me to take it? I thought you enjoyed the work!"

"The 'case' seems to be so inconveniently urgent," said Mrs. Addington, "I suppose it ought to be attended to to-day; the woman is in distress. But I can't to-day, — no, I can't! Nobody could expect me to." Tears had welled up into the heavy eyes, and her voice

grew painfully thin as she continued: "Not on Harry's birthday!"

"Oh, mother! is it?" cried the girl remorsefully. "Of course you can't. I'll go and see the woman. I'm sorry! I ought to have known. Dear little brother!"

She got up as she spoke, and stopped an instant to press her cheek against her mother's hair, then left the room.

"Nobody with any heart would expect me to attend to such things to-day," murmured the bereaved mother. "My baby, my little darling boy!" and she held the blue pillow hungrily against her face.

The other woman's baby had been dead three days, the Charities' letter said, and she had nothing to eat.

Grace Addington's day was full, and she was obliged to send an excuse to her literary club in order to make the time in which to visit her mother's charity subject. She felt a little bored, as she already had three cases of her own on hand, and this was not her day for attending to such matters; but it would relieve her mother.

Miss Addington was pretty, and would have looked quite like some society girls in Life if it had not been for her serious Boston finish. She was distinctly conventional along all lines, and, living in an age when conventionality seems to be growing rare among young women, she experienced a proper pride in her own exclusiveness. When she prayed she did not say, "O Lord, I am glad I

am not as other girls are!" This particular form of prayer is no longer considered the correct thing among the best people.

Never having been to college, she had neither acquired a definite idea of the intellectual limitations of her family circle, nor developed a cult for Swinburne; and she always looked a little disgusted when the New Woman was mentioned. Bohemianism she tolerated good-naturedly since it had been conventionalized by journalists and painters, but personally she approved of chaperons. She never offered wine to young men, of course, but she did not care to join the Women's Christian Temperance Union because — "Oh, I don't know! Don't you think that some of the people who belong to it are just a little queer?" And yet, she was not really a snob; she only behaved remarkably like one.

The young men made friends with her. They said she was "a bit stiff at first, when you did n't know her, and about dinner calls and such she rather made a fellow 'walk a chalk,' but she was downright dependable underneath." After all, for steady companionship, the young men do prefer an uneccentric girl, a girl who knows the proper thing and does it, and makes a man feel respectable because he happens to be talking with her. There are two other kinds of women, a better kind, perhaps, and a worse, who have not always the knack of making a man feel respectable.

She belonged to a great many clubs and classes, and as she believed, quite logically, that if every individual would be as good as he knew how to be, the millennium must approach more rapidly, she spent a large part of her time upon self-culture, in order to be able to add her increment of perfection to the coming kingdom. But, despite her exclusiveness and her individualism, she could not quite escape that feeling of responsibility towards one's neighbor which is in the air to-day. It is a difficult feeling

to translate into terms of complacency, but hers was a complacent spirit as yet, so she sharpened the feeling's vague outlines by calling it a duty, and she laid it on her conscience along with whist classes and R. S. V. P.'s, and she joined the Charities' Organization Association.

The purpose and methods of the Association were definite and such as she could understand. Her mother had been for years a valuable stereotyped member, and the work was along the line of the family tradition, which was benevolent. The girl slipped into the system without friction and performed her duties perfunctorily, questioning her "subjects" with an impersonal inquisitiveness which, according to the Board, left nothing to be desired.

It was late afternoon, an unusual time for charity visiting, when Grace set out on her errand. She studied the address of the new "case" indifferently, noting the name of the well-known tenement street, but suddenly recalled a forgotten appointment, pulled the carriage-bell, and instructed the coachman to drive first to her dressmaker's.

Mrs. Gannon, the charity case, moved slothfully about her cellar room that afternoon, doing a great deal of nothing, and her pale little daughter sat by the grimy basement window peering up into the street.

"There ain't been no new charity lady here for a long time since the last one," said the child, as she moistened her forefinger and freshened the window-pane a little.

"They git tired, Lizzie," her mother answered. "I don't blame 'em; I'd git tired, too. They like a change, — somethin' new. It's human; I'm not objectin' to somethin' new myself."

A pampered society woman could not have conveyed a more complete idea of boredom than did Mrs. Gannon.

"The baby's buryin' was new," observed the child meditatively.

Her mother gave a kind of croak, and moved clumsily into the back part of the cellar.

"You ain't got nothin' new to eat, is you, mother?" the little girl asked presently in a repressed voice, as if she half hoped she might not be heard.

"No, Lizzie, nor nothin' old, neither. I guess there ought to be a charity lady come to-day, maybe, or to-morrow, if she gits round to it. Mis' Doyle took a message for me to the 'sociation, — 'baby dead, great distitushin, immediate.' That 'll bring somebody."

"I wonder will it be a cross one, or an old one, or what? There was one had pep'mints in her pocket, — do you 'member? — but she got tired quicker 'n the rest. Thinkin' pep'mints makes me sick to my stummick to-day. My, w'at a cold feelin'!"

"Fur the Lord's sake, Lizzie, don't go to havin' one of your heart spells on the top of all this," said Mrs. Gannon in a tone of weary protest.

"'T ain't my heart. I know my heart. It's only my stummick," Lizzie explained reassuringly. "Must be four o'clock. Wonder will the next one ast you the same w'at the last one did? I knows most of them questions by heart; only their voices is different w'en they says 'em, and sometimes they folds they hands so — and sometimes they holds 'em so — and" —

"Shut up! You're worse 'n a fly-w'ee! in a fact'ry to live with, Lizzie, your tongue's that everlastin'!"

Lizzie obediently stopped speaking aloud, but carried on a pantomime instead, moving her lips, nodding her head, folding and unfolding her hands, evidently in imitation of bygone charity ladies. Once, the mother, happening to glance at her, broke into a noisy laugh, whereupon the child laughed too, shamefacedly, but continued her mimicry.

"Here's a carriage, mother!" she cried a moment later, "and it's a young one, — the youngest yet. My! but I

hope she ain't got nothin' sweet, 'cause I could n't eat it."

Pretty Grace Addington came into the cellar bedroom, and Mrs. Gannon drearily placed a chair for her, eying her watchfully beneath a slovenly air of indifference. Grace was accustomed to that furtive watchfulness; it was one of the things which had enabled her to grow impersonal towards her charity cases. "You really can't sentimentalize, you know, over people who are manifestly ready and waiting to overreach you."

She stated the reason for her visit, and there was the usual non-committal "yes" from her "subject," the usual distrustful pause, and then, "This is not the first time you have applied for help, I believe?"

The pale little girl by the window nodded her head at this remark, as a stage manager might nod when an actor gives his speech in good form. After a moment she came and leaned against Grace's knee, and looked up into her face with impressive childish gravity, as if weighing the pretty lady's words and comparing them with something else in her own mind.

Grace patted the child's hand absently, and made mental notes of the results of her inquiries: "Husband arrested last week for drunkenness. Has periodic sprees. Out of work."

"How old was the baby?"

"He was n't but two; and he always had something the matter with him."

The self-possessed young visitor searched her mind for some suitable phrase of consolation. She had never before dealt with the subject of a recently dead baby, and she felt that a married woman might have handled the conversation more skillfully, but she was not embarrassed; she did not care enough about Mrs. Gannon's opinion to feel embarrassed.

"We always have to realize that everything happens for the best," she ventured to say.

"Yes," assented Mrs. Gannon, "it was a great thing for him that he died."

Her quiet tone gave Grace a shock, and she had a vision of her mother's tear-stained, rebellious face; but then, of course, that was different.

"Did n't you love him?" she asked, a tone of reproof in her inquiry.

The woman passed that question over in curious silence, and sat with her head bent sullenly, watching her right hand, which was down at her side on the bed, punching a pin back and forth in the quilt. Finally she replied, "I could n't of raised him, ever."

"Your little girl looks rather pale," continued Grace.

"I'm hungry," explained the child, nestling closer. "Mother said there'd be more to eat when Robbie was dead, but it's a lie."

"She's always one to speak out," observed Mrs. Gannon apologetically. "She's sickly, but she's smart. If she did n't look so skinny we could get her a place to the theatre, children's parts. She can take off anybody she sees."

Lizzie continued to look at Grace steadily, and when her mother had finished speaking she put up her two little thin hands against the charity lady's fur-trimmed jacket and said, "You're awful pretty! I did n't know they ever had 'em as young as you for charity. Ain't it 'most time for you to say now, 'I will make out an order for a few groceries, which will last until you find out about the place I have in mind'?"

Grace laughed. "You funny little child!" she said. "I'm sorry you are hungry," and, looking down into the solemn, sunken eyes, it suddenly occurred to her to do a most unconventional thing. Why not? On little Harry's birthday, too! After all, it would not be so very queer to feed a little hungry child on her brother's birthday, in memory of him. And it might divert her mother; the child was so odd. "Would you like to come home with me to dinner?" she asked.

Lizzie's mouth dropped open, and she stared in astonishment a moment before she said, "That's a bran new one! None of the others ever ast that one before, sure!"

Grace Addington found herself unpleasantly warm.

"But would you like to?" she repeated, moved by an absurd desire to propitiate this elfish child.

"She ain't fit," said Mrs. Gannon regretfully; "she don't know about ways of livin', — I keep her so close here. You'd think sometimes she ain't good sense, she talks so queer. I guess she better not. Do you — do you want to go, Lizzie?"

Lizzie nodded.

"This is a sad day for my mother: it is my little brother's birthday, and he is dead. I think Lizzie could divert her," said Miss Addington. "I have some shopping to do; I shall come back in half an hour."

She was a little frightened, for how could she ever feel sure of herself if she should begin to behave in this erratic manner? She also dreaded what her mother might say about it.

Mrs. Gannon's hands trembled as she polished Lizzie off, and buttoned a faded gingham apron over the grubby little woolen frock.

"Ask them to cut your meat for you, and watch w'at the others do w'en they eat. And try and behave like a lady."

"Like a lady," repeated Lizzie gravely. "I kin; I done it ever so many times before. They're easy to take off. Shall you have somethin' to eat, too, mother?"

"Oh, I guess so."

"The pocket ain't all tore out of my dress; I'll bring you somethin' dry."

Mrs. Gannon laughed, and drew her arm across her eyes. Then the carriage drove up, and she took Lizzie out to the door. Grace noticed that the furtive, hangdog look had quite gone from her face; she seemed to have forgotten to

be on the watch, and as she lifted her little daughter into the carriage she said, "God bless you, miss!"

During the drive Lizzie gave Grace a graphic description of her "fits," and how they all came from her heart, and she could n't play out in the street with the other children because it made her "jumpy," and the doctor said he did not think she would live to grow up. Grace's uneasiness increased so that she was strongly tempted to take the child back to her home, but Lizzie assured her that she did not feel like having a fit, and that she thought it was safe to go on. She told about "the pep'mint lady," and another "lady" who told "mother" Lizzie's face was dirty, and "mother" said yes, she knew it.

"I hope you won't git tired very quick," murmured the child at last.

A questioning spirit was beating his wings against Miss Addington's heart, and before the end of the drive she had opened the door and let him in.

"Oh, mother!" she cried, coming into Mrs. Addington's room fifteen minutes before dinner, "I have done such a crazy thing; I don't know what you will say to me! I have brought the woman's little girl home to dinner. I thought you might like to have her here on Harry's birthday, for Harry's sake; and she was hungry; and she is so odd and interesting; and oh dear, she has fits! But I thought it was a happy thing to do, this special day, and I knew no one else was to dine with us; and she's such a funny, pathetic little creature."

"My dear Grace," said her mother, "must I begin to feel now, after all these years, that I cannot depend upon you? And Will Potter has come to dinner. It was thoughtless of him, — he ought to have remembered the day; but he is here now, and he is your father's cousin, so we can't excuse ourselves."

"He won't matter," said Grace; "he has queer ideas about democracy, and he takes charge of a boys' club in some set-

tlement or thing of that kind. He'll — I'm afraid he'll think it very praiseworthy of us. Anyway, he won't be half as shocked as — as I am, for instance."

She laughed uneasily, and hurried to her own room, where she had left Lizzie looking at a picture-book.

"What a nice clean mother you have!" the child exclaimed, a few minutes later, when she was being presented to Mrs. Addington in the library. Will Potter studied his cousin's bookshelves.

"And now, dear," said Grace's mother, after a feeble attempt to seem amused, "if you will ring for Jane, the little girl can go down to cook and have a nice hot dinner. I know she must be hungry."

Why, of course, that was the proper thing to do! Strange that it had not occurred to her before, Grace thought, with a sense of relief. But at the same time she felt inhospitable and ashamed, and she blushed.

"Why not give us the pleasure of this little girl's society at dinner, cousin Alice?" remarked young Potter casually. "You say that cousin James has a downtown appointment, and I know you like to balance your table. I shall consider it a privilege to sit opposite little Miss Lizzie."

"Yes, mother," said Grace in a low tone, blushing more painfully.

"Very well, my dear. I merely thought" —

Dinner being announced at this moment, Will offered Mrs. Addington his arm, and her thoughts remained unspoken.

While the first course was being served Lizzie studied the dining-room and its occupants. Presently she pointed to the maid's white muslin cap and asked, "Why does she wear that?"

"Because it is pretty," replied Grace promptly.

The child looked from her young hostess to the maid, and back again. "Then why don't you wear one?" she asked.

"Jane, I wish you would see if Thomas has returned. I am expecting a note," said Mrs. Addington.

"But why don't you?" Lizzie reiterated.

"I'll tell you why," answered Will Potter, leaning across the table and making an elaborate and mischievous pretense at a whisper: "it's because she thinks she's pretty enough without."

"I think so, too," said Lizzie gravely.

That dinner was an unusual one for all concerned. For a while the child was entirely occupied in imitating the table manners of her friends as closely as was possible on the spur of the moment; but when the dessert had arrived, and Mr. Potter was cracking and arranging her nuts for her, she remembered her mother's injunction to "try and behave like a lady," and, putting her own interpretation on that injunction, she proceeded to carry it out in a startling manner. She folded her tiny hands in her lap, and, addressing Mrs. Addington in a gentle but authoritative tone, said, "How many members of your family are earning money at present?"

Mrs. Addington stared, and Grace looked alarmed. Perhaps the child was out of her head and going to have a "fit."

Will Potter, perceiving that the little girl was laboring under some mistaken notion, asked genially, "Might I reply by another question, and ask how many of your family are earning money at present?"

"Nobody," replied Lizzie, dropping into an imitation of her mother's forlorn manner.

"I think, cousin Alice," said Will mischievously, "that, considering the fact that cousin James has retired from business, you are safe in making a similar reply."

"Has your husband any bad habits?" inquired Lizzie solemnly.

This proved almost too much for young Potter. He would undoubtedly

have disgraced himself and laughed aloud, had he not caught a glimpse of Grace's face, and seen the look of pain, almost of terror, in her eyes. Seeing that look, he became suddenly grave.

"This child is impertinent!" said Mrs. Addington in a hard, angry voice. "There is something behind that I do not understand. But I will not be insulted in my own house by those who depend upon my charity!"

They all rose hurriedly, and Lizzie began to cry.

"It was mother! She told me, 'Behave like a lady,' and they always say them things w'en they come to our house."

Mrs. Addington had left the room, and a sudden silence fell upon Grace and Will.

Little Lizzie got very white, and for a few minutes Grace had visions of a possible "fit;" but the attack was light, and the faintness soon began to pass away.

Of course Mrs. Addington could not understand when her daughter tried to explain, but she consented to believe that the child had not meant to be insulting, because the fainting-spell was so evidently genuine.

Will Potter carried Lizzie upstairs, and, opening the door of Harry's room by mistake, he laid her on Harry's bed.

"Not in here," objected Grace, following him.

"What's the odds?" said Will. "Shut the door. She's played out, poor little tot, and the bed's just right for her; it will do somebody some good for once. Harry would have let her, bless his cherub heart!"

He leaned against the mantelpiece and watched Grace as she sat by the bed. Her eyes looked startled, and she was thinking rapidly.

Lizzie moved her head weakly, and let her eyes drift about the room. As often happens after fainting-spells, she was coming back to the world dominated by the last idea which had been in her mind before she lost consciousness:

she was still intent upon trying to "behave like a lady."

"How many people sleep in this room?" she asked. "I hope not all of you!"

Harry's room was large and luxuriously furnished. Only his mother ever touched the pretty toys and books, the chairs, and the dainty nursery appointments.

"No one sleeps here now," faltered Grace. "My little brother lived in this room three years, and then he died."

Lizzie stared about once more, and then, in quaint imitation of her mother's stolid tone, she said primly, "It was a great thing for him that he died."

Will Potter could not see his cousin's face, but he crossed the room hurriedly

to stand beside her, and he thought he heard her say, "Yes, Lizzie, — I — I wonder if it was."

They were all three very still for some time after this, but at last Will said, "If this young lady is rested, and you will ring for the carriage, I'll take her home. I'm going down that way, anyhow, and I can explain the case better than the coachman would."

"Thank you," Grace answered; "and you might say that — I'll come to-morrow and see how she is. Shall I?"

"Well, yes," said Will, pulling his mustache and pretending to reflect over the matter, "I guess I would. It will seem friendly, don't you know. Good-night. Come, Miss Lizzie. Oh, what a weighty young person!"

Florence Converse.

OUR TWO MOST HONORED POETS.

It is pleasant to note the simultaneous publication of Mr. Stedman's Poems now First Collected, and the writings of Mr. Aldrich in a complete edition of eight handsome volumes, forming a kind of apt commentary upon the author's own finished and reserved workmanship. As the two most conspicuous and honorable verse men who stand between the New England school of thirty years ago and the vaguely gathering forces of the present, Mr. Stedman and Mr. Aldrich are too justly appreciated to make criticism very pertinent, but the provocation is sufficient to tempt one to look again and make clear to one's self a remembered impression.

In spite of the much greater bulk of Mr. Aldrich's prose, it is as a poet that he remains in the mind. Rivermouth is in truth a very attractive old town, where he lived for a time in contented and humorous exile; but his home is Helicon.

That goddess whose preference for garret trysts he celebrates in one of his charming early lyrics knows more of his secrets than Prudence Palfrey or the Queen of Sheba will ever coax from him. He belongs, too, to that order of singers who most often choose their material from a mood antipodal to prose. The tendency of his mind is not inward, to penetrate and interpret the world that is, but outward, to discover or build a world responsive to the more delicate cravings of the senses and the imagination. But it is the privilege of his temperament, as it was of Keats's, to give to this evasion a kind of moral and tonic meaning not inherent in the mood, which makes it something different from the idle singing of an empty day. We remember some years ago coming across a sonnet of Mr. Aldrich's called *Outward Bound*, which has remained as a metaphor of the evading spirit touched by force of wistfulness to adventurous,

almost strenuous ends. The poet has left behind him the elm-shadowed square of some New England seaport town, and has wandered through seaward-leading alleys to where, at the lane's ending, lie the

"Gaunt hulks of Norway; ships of red Ceylon;

Slim-masted lovers of the blue Azores;"

and at sight of the ships the boyish *Wanderlust* seizes him, the boyish fancy spreads wings with the brave fleet for the fairy shores which are his by right of longing. This is the poetic mood of youth, its most dynamic mood, out of which springs all its touching ideality. Mr. Aldrich has felt the mood so deeply as to make it the principle of his artistic life. He has really gone out toward those delicate coasts, and dwelt there in that softer light. Concretely, he has found there Nourmadee, dancing in her gauze of Tiflis green before the grave guests of Yussuf; Friar Jerome, bending above the intricate growing glories of his book; Judith, moving gorgeous and great-hearted in the dusk of the king's tent: but perhaps these are after all the least of the matter, since the spirit of the quest is more than the treasure.

To go in quest of pure beauty has been harder in the last decades of our century than it was at the beginning. When Keats set forth, the forces which were to make the century intellectually the most tragic in the history of the race announced themselves chiefly as a leaven, a diffused buoyancy. It was an easy thing for even so alert and masculine a spirit as his to sink itself in a dream of visionary beauty, hearing the tremendous preparations round about, if at all, only as a fruitful springtime bustle of the fields. Since Keats's day, the wildness, the incoherence, the intellectual turmoil of the age have steadily deepened. The wind has made short work of most of the fragile harps set up to tame it to melody; and even where

these have been stout enough to stand the stress, too often the unwilling blast has drawn forth strains but dubiously musical. In Mr. Aldrich's pages one comes, to be sure, upon the note of trouble; here and there a poignant perception of the human flight admonishes us that the weaving of this verse of the cloth of gold has not been accomplished without sacrifice of "modern" impulses; but in the main what makes the work refreshing is the instinctiveness with which the author turns to the specific enthusiasm of the artist, as set off from the enthusiasm of the thinker or the preacher. He has done what Herrick did in an age which was in many respects singularly like our own. In a troubled era, the work of such men offers a gracious febrifuge. One turns to it out of the hurly-burly of query and doctrine as one turns out of the glare of an Italian street into a cool chapel, rich with the abiding shadow of an old, old dream.

And along with this integrity of instinct there has gone, in Mr. Aldrich's case, an integrity of workmanship wholly fine. We are at liberty to quarrel with the ideal of workmanship which he sets up, of course. For our own part, we feel in it a too great insistence upon the visual, especially the chromatic aspect of things, and a consequent disregard of other appeal, both sensuous and imaginative. One of his *dramatis personæ*, a painter, wants to crush a star in order to obtain a pigment wherewith to paint the eyes of his beloved. That is what Mr. Aldrich is repeatedly wanting to do, forgetful for a moment that the meaning in the dullest eye outsyllables how far the whole chorus of stars! Possessing a vocabulary rich as an Oriental jewel-box, he yields to the temptation to make of his Muse a wearer of gems, when she should be a spirit and a wandering voice. Perhaps as a consequence of this, the verse sometimes lacks the high nervous organization which the occasion demands. This is the case, to our

ear, with much of the blank verse of Wyndham Towers and of Judith and Holofernes, — more noticeably the latter, because of the greater weight and passion of the theme. The old Northumbrian poet who has left us a fragment of Judith's story found a metre apter to keep pace with the throbbing of that magnificent barbaric heart. But such shortcomings in the author's poetic craftsmanship, if they exist, serve only to throw into relief the general distinction of his touch.

It is a commonplace of contemporary criticism that the work of most of our bards, even down to the tiniest, is highly finished; strictures upon the value of their poetic accomplishment are usually tempered by an acknowledgment of their conscientious mastery of form. Such an acknowledgment implies a thin and mechanical conception of the technique of verse. There is, as a matter of fact, exceedingly little minor verse which is really of high finish; and in the rare cases where this exquisite adaptation exists, it is almost sufficient of itself to lift the work out of reach of the opprobrious epithet. Nobody knows this better, or has worked more earnestly in the light of the knowledge, than Mr. Aldrich. We do not have to read the tender opening lines of his Soliloquy at the Funeral of a Minor Poet to know that he loves to lavish endless patience upon a verse, until it is rich "from end to end in blossom like a bough the May breathes on." Work done in this spirit of nature is always touched with a kind of unworldly aura, no matter how small or frivolous the form upon which the spirit wreaks itself. Everywhere, and especially in America, the spirit is rare enough. Those persons to whom the words "American literature" mean at once a small accomplished fact and a large rational hope will be grateful to Mr. Aldrich for holding up an ideal of workmanship so sound, in a generation where the temptations to flashy device are many, and the re-

wards of artistic piety must be looked for — where indeed they have always abided — in the kingdom of heaven, which is within.

Mr. Stedman's volume, too, contains much workmanship of an exquisite order. His rhythmic sense is subtle, and he often attains an aerial waywardness of melody which is of the very essence of the lyric gift. By far the most noteworthy poem in the volume, from the standpoint of expression, is the last one, entitled *Ariel*, addressed to Shelley. "*Vagliami il lungo studio e il grande amore!*" the author might have exclaimed as he began this poem, for in every stanza his lifelong devotion to the master whom he celebrates makes itself felt, — not as imitation at all, but as susceptibility to those tremulous overtones of melody and meaning which make Shelley's voice haunting to ghostliness. The hovering and aerial quality of voice in this poem is the more remarkable when taken in connection with the hearty swing of such a ballad as *The Dutch Patrol*, with the scandalous tankard measure of *Falstaff's Song*, and with the large masculine dignity of line in *The Hand of Lincoln*.

In this respect of matured verse-craft the interest of Mr. Stedman's work runs parallel with that of Mr. Aldrich, but in mood they are far asunder. Instead of a quiet putting by of the intellectual turmoil, this volume exhibits a deep spiritual restlessness darkened by a sense of doubt and bafflement, but refusing still to be hopeless or uncourageous. It exists for the most part in solution, but where it precipitates itself, as in *Corda Concordia* and *Fin de Siècle*, the lines are freighted with such earnestness as to make the remainder of the work seem, by comparison, almost occasional.

Mr. Stedman is of those who have suffered the stress of the day. He has watched the wings of speculation fall crippled from the mysterious walls against which they had flung themselves. He

Mr. Stedman's Poems now First Collected.

has marched with the armies of belief when they beheld, beyond bristling defiles of thought manfully stormed and taken, mountainous paradox rising stolidly inexpugnable. He sees the century going down on a world which science has sufficed to make only more inexplicable, and the sight is solemn. Just now we

felt grateful to Mr. Aldrich for putting all this away in order that the clarity and sweetness of his art might not suffer; now we feel something like reverence for the man who, in conditions which make for contentment and acquiescence, has not been able to escape these large afflictions.

"MORAL" MELODRAMA TO ORDER.

THE well-to-do man of the city has few ideas and scant experience: he breakfasts, puts on his overcoat, goes downtown, tarries in his office so long as the sun shines, and then returns uptown, unlocks his front door, hangs up his overcoat, and dines. These processes, with sleep and a little human companionship, make up the routine of his existence. His mind is a fair counterpart of his life. It has its little avenues where the traffic of his ideas trundles to and fro; its side streets, distinguished by Roman numerals; and occasional patches of green, on which his thoughts rarely trespass, so well are they patrolled by habit and custom in brass buttons. The ill-to-do citizen is in most matters, except pecuniary, like his well-to-do brother.

This urban nature is well understood by those persons who make a livelihood by supplying its holidays with occupations and diversions. They know its commonness, its curiosity, its cursoriness, and its fickleness; they perceive the need of startling contrast, and therefore they put melodrama on the stage, vice into novels, and crime into daily newspapers. These purveyors are of stunted understanding and confused vision; they think that a well-combined mixture of vice and crime constitutes melodrama. In reality, false melodrama is an entirely different thing from true melodrama. The latter is the region where children's

dreams assume bodily shape. The intense, the exaggerated, the improbable, the superhuman, are its principal inhabitants. Everybody who has ever read the Arabian Nights, Amadis of Gaul, Orlando Furioso, any tales about the Round Table, or almost any story told before printers were so powerful in the world, knows that the love of the humanly impossible is very deeply rooted. Every new child adds another to its band of supporters.

The true melodrama is delightful: it ignores sophistication, ennui, worldliness, the commonness of daily life; it brushes aside the superincumbent years, and puts us back into the great days of old when giants were on earth; it sends the blood tingling in our veins; it sounds the reveille to innocence; it administers most excellent medicine to the city-bred. But managers of theatres, manufacturers of novels, publishers of daily papers, have the greatest difficulty in keeping real and false melodrama separate and apart. The false appeals to curiosity, to ignorance, to envy, to meanness, to all those feelings which underlie ostentation, affectation, and vulgarity; it does not appeal to the child, but to the dwarf, to the stunted oaf in each of us. The harm of it is that children are deceived, and grown people also. Hence one need for a widely diffused literary education to teach the difference between the heroic,

the creation of the child's imagination, and the abnormal, the handiwork of those who find comfort and refreshment in vice and crime.

There is no doubt that novelists experience especial difficulty in distinguishing clearly between the two, because, in addition to a certain resemblance between false and true melodrama, there is, in writing novels, the confusion caused by tragedy. In old times, plays used always to be divided into two classes, comedies and tragedies, — there was no middle ground; and a playwright wrote either the one or the other. The drama, when withdrawing in favor of the younger sister, the novel, handed on to her sundry precepts, among them this one of conventional classification; and to this day, novelists, although they have no excuse of limitations imposed by the stage, make up their minds to write a tragedy or a comedy instead of proposing to write a story. The novel, thus hindered and thwarted, has committed the further error of acknowledging the prestige of tragedy. In hurly-burly times, when men's minds were upset by great causes, when a nation's existence was at stake, when strange gods threatened to invade, when a different race with monstrous customs tramped in with scimiters, — in such times fears and exultations spoke through the voices of the people. Then men of genius flung themselves into the heady current of life, and floated towards the swiftest eddy and the biggest waves. But those times have gone; new conditions of life give new matter for words. Persians, Turks, Spaniards, no longer burst in upon us; our back doors are safe; if we lie awake at night, it is over the obstacles to our pursuit of private happiness. Nevertheless, the burden of tragedy weighs upon novelists as heavily as it did upon playwrights. They accept their lofty vocation with funereal brows; hardly a man of them refuses the summons of duty to write three volumes of distress.

There can be no quarrel between us and men who are sensitive to the griefs of life. Death and pain stay as close to us as they did to our fathers. A man cannot write a story of many persons, or of a single person throughout his whole life, without telling of sorrow; but the sadder the story, the more difficult it is to tell. No man knows tragedy unless he knows how noble humanity can be; no man may say sin is terrible unless he appreciates the possibilities in human nature. There is no tragedy among animals. No poet has ever made tragedy out of physical pain. Even we, common men and women, are "so made, thanks be to God, that such misery does not offend us." The suffering soul alone makes tragedy. Its pains are measured by its capability; great tragedy is when a noble soul, like Othello's, descends into hell. Men who would write tragedy must brood over life. They need not master any branch of science, they may neglect history and pathology, they need not travel.

Mr. Hall Caine has come to grief because of his disregard of these obvious facts. Ignorant of real melodrama, he has grasped at tragedy like a baby reaching for the moon, and has tumbled head over heels into the slough of false melodrama. He goes up to London, studies the woman of the street, the man of the club, the hospital, the doings of lord and prelate, of lady and ballet girl, of monk and costermonger, and then sits down to write a book¹ that shall show forth the woes, wickedness, and hypocrisy of London. He will redress wrong and pluck the beam from the world's eye. Excellent purpose, and yet how has Mr. Caine the boldness publicly to express his wish to win the great prize of life, this righting of wrong? How has he deserved it? When has he refined himself by the profound comparison necessary to understand a single hu-

¹ *The Christian. A Story.* By HALL CAINE. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1897.

man soul? To know that there are sin and sorrow in London is hardly enough to justify a man in the belief that he can pick up his pen and cross them out.

Many men feel the tragedy of life; many well know "the expense of spirit in a waste of shame," avarice, and vulgarity; they are eager for sympathy; they go to plays, they read books, stuffed full of misery, seeking in vain for the kindly medicine which real tragedy administers. They are conscious of the larger life introduced by it. The common belief that before each person stretches immortal life is closely allied to tragedy. It may be that only the hero

"Mounts, and that hardly to eternal life,"

but the importance of this belief in immortality, for the novelist, is that most men and women feel that they are entitled, by virtue of their souls, to experience for themselves that life which is the home of tragedy, the life of the spirit. A dim perception of this alliance between aspiration and tragedy has thrown a fresh fog of obscurity around Mr. Caine; in the confusion he flings out a life-line, and, as if he were a life-boat's crew, hallooes to painted men drowning in a painted ocean.

The Christian is the story of John Storm and Glory Quayle. Storm is the son of an English lord, and has been educated by his father for the purpose of dissolving the British Empire, and of combining the fragments into "the United States of Great Britain." "So the boy was taken through Europe and Asia, and learned something of many languages. . . . Conventional morality was considered mawkish. The chief aim of home training was to bring children up in total ignorance, if possible, of the most important facts and functions of life. But it was *not* possible, and hence suppression, dissimulation, lying, and, under the ban of secret sin, one half the world's woes. So the boy was taken to the temples of Greece and

India, and even to Western casinos and dancing-gardens." Father and son went back to the Isle of Man: there the son met Glory, the granddaughter of an old clergyman, and there he learned serious views, and determined to forsake the "United States of Great Britain" and betake himself to a religious life. Glory, half boy, bored with the island and her aunts, is eager to see the world and to develop her own powers. "One of her eyes had a brown spot, which gave at the first glance the effect of a squint, at the next glance a coquettish expression, and ever after a sense of tremendous power and passion." The "depth" of her voice was "capable of every shade of color." She resolves to be a nurse in a London hospital in which John Storm is to be chaplain; and the two travel to London together. Storm finds himself curate to a fashionable preacher, whose worldliness, frivolity, and hypocrisy he is unable to endure. At the hospital Glory makes friends with Polly Love, who takes her to the theatre, to a dance, and to the chambers of some fashionable young gentlemen, where Glory dresses herself up in man's clothes. The mingling of ignorance and audacity in Glory is very remarkable; for though she knew Byron and Sir Charles Grandison, and some other matters, nevertheless at the play (and she herself desired to be an actress) she was entirely deceived into thinking she beheld reality. Polly is the mistress of Lord Robert, one of the fashionable young gentlemen; and when it is apparent that she is with child, she is summoned before the trustees of the hospital and is denounced by the fashionable preacher. Glory steps to Polly's side and takes her part. John Storm demands that after her expulsion the name of her seducer shall be made public and stricken from the roll of governors. The demand is refused, and Polly is forbidden to mention the man's name. The consequences of this incident are that Storm enters a brotherhood, and

that Glory, discharged from the hospital, goes on the stage.

In the second book Mr. Caine describes life in the monastery. There Storm meets Paul, brother to Polly Love, and tells him of Polly's seduction. Paul, through the connivance of Storm, who is on duty as guardian of the gate, goes out from the monastery by night in search of his sister. Once before Paul had gone out from the monastery, on the occasion of the seduction of his other sister, and had murdered the seducer. This night he cannot find Polly or Lord Robert, and comes back to die of exhaustion. Storm, fearful of the fate that may await Glory, determines to leave the monastery. He is unfrocked with ceremony, and goes out into the world in time to see large placards on sandwich-men announcing "Gloria, the great singer." Glory, in the meantime, has lived with a certain Mrs. Jupe, who combines the two callings of tobacconist and concealer of illegitimate babies. For a time Glory served behind the counter, and there made the acquaintance of some ballet girls, and from a *début* in a music hall suddenly jumped into fame as a favorite of London society. John Storm, on quitting the monastery, betakes himself to the slums, and preaches repentance and the end of the world, which shall come to pass on Derby day. He has been unable to break the bond that binds him to Glory, and twice she has promised to forsake the world, marry him, and live in the slums or go to tend lepers in Samoa, and twice she has drawn back. Glory frequents the society of the world, but not of the world's wife, and on the eventful day of prediction drives out on the coach of Sir Francis Horatio Nelson Drake to see his horse win the Derby. The day ends in a carouse. Storm, under the strain of his emotional life and maddened by jealousy, goes to Glory's apartments for the purpose of killing her body that he may save her

soul. She returns from the carouse, and, in terror for her life, induces Storm to break the chief of his triple vows. The next day he is arrested as legally responsible for the death of a brawler killed in a fray with his fanatical followers. He is released on bail, and straightway is assaulted in the street by some ruffians who have become angry at being cheated into the belief that the end of the world had come. Glory puts off her theatrical dress, gets into her gown of hospital nurse, and hurries to Storm's death-bed, where the two are married, and the book ends with the words of the marriage service.

Persons in whose lives books play a large part incline to judge a book by a literary standard: such people push aside a novel like *The Christian* with a shrug and a few words of jest or contempt. In *Cosmopolis* Mr. Lang treats it with great levity. But there are others who read novels for instruction, from ignorance and curiosity to learn the facts of life outside of their own experience, and they, readily accepting Mr. Caine as an authority, believe that this compound of intemperance, irreverence, and acquaintance with vice is to be taken seriously by virtuous men and women. Books are too closely connected with our daily life to permit us to measure them by other standards than those which we use with regard to the conduct of life. We have heard many persons talk about the world of art as if it were a big soap-bubble, utterly unrelated to our world of flesh and blood, — one with which the ten commandments have no concern, wrapped round by an atmosphere where dull conscience cannot live. Human life, however, retains its supremacy; art depends upon it for all vitality, and willy-nilly must acknowledge, in deed if not in word, that morality is the chief factor in shaping beauty and taste.

If a novelist chooses to write about vice as a fashion of contemporary manners, we feel that Grylle is Grylle, and

may write as he pleases ; but when Mr. Hall Caine takes advantage of the sacred name "Christian" in order to attract decent people, and in the same pages describes vice in frequent repetition of similar scenes, we think he must be held to be liming his twig to catch at the same time a different class of readers, and we feel that any question as to jurisdiction of morality with regard to this book cannot fairly be raised. We believe that Mr. Caine would not urge such a question. Apparently he has meant to write a new allegory of Christian journeying through life. First Christian bends his steps to the Church, and finds Canon Worldly and Reverend Hypocrisy ; then he betakes himself to the monastery, and finds in it the chill of the obsolete ; all the time he is struggling against Mistress Flesh, and seeking succor among the poor and the wrong-doers, until he comes to the valley of the shadow of death, where he fights with a hydra-headed Apollyon in the form of fashionable society. He is seemingly conquered by Mistress Flesh, who comes to the rescue of Apollyon ; but he dies at last a martyr, and as victorious as (in the opinion of the author) is possible for the Christian who fights against the powers of Satan.

There is no reader but must be astonished by the great lack of refinement throughout, by the want of education in life, by the absence of even rudimentary art, by the pitiful intemperance of the book. An artist takes a fact very much as a juggler does, holds it in his hands, makes a few quick movements, stretches it out to the beholder, and lo ! the fact is entirely changed from what it had first seemed to be. This faculty has the power of throwing light on a subject, so that the humanly interesting element disentangles itself, and stands out like the spirit of the fact quite extricated from its trappings. It is the lack of this faculty, in both writers and readers, that brought philo-realism into passing fashion. "Let us

get at facts," said the crowd ; but they could not, for the facts of life are spirit, which appears to the crowd only in multitudinous disguises. To take an illustration : the crowd, through its mouth-piece, history, says that Queen Elizabeth was half in love with Leicester, and that she tickled the back of his neck when he knelt to receive his earldom. Shakespeare says

"the imperial votaress passed on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free."

This disagreement shows us the difference between the pseudo-Elizabeth of history, who slept and ate, who walked about in state, accompanied by wise men and by fools, and the Elizabeth of England, who has been created by poet, sailor, and Protestant, and who will live an immortal queen. Is that real which passes away like the down of the dandelion, or that which is an ideal compact of many excellencies,

"Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty,"

and such other qualities as lovers give ?

It is our inability to believe that other men are greater than we, that they have "larger other eyes than ours," that has bestowed so much rash flattery upon this realism which has so bewildered Mr. Caine. We common men see a poor dumb fact come limping in, and our dreamy, unconsidered neighbor's face lights up ; he greets it, and, to our bewilderment, at the touch of his hand the fact stands up and speaks. It is this power gained from life that guides the master's pen.

We are often surprised at the neglect of pure comedy. The prestige of tragedy, the disquieting desire for theatrical effect, the wish to benefit our brothers whom we have not seen, the stupidity of the English language in having no adjective for "comedy" but "comic," do not seem to us sufficient causes to account for this neglect. It is clear that if we look to the classics we find great comedy as

rare as great tragedy. Shakespeare and Cervantes stand alone; after a long interval come Molière, Fielding, Dickens. If we consider the books which have been proved by their popularity to be acceptable to men, we find that Robinson Crusoe, Pickwick Papers, Huckleberry Finn, have called forth more gratitude than most sad stories have. Miss Austen's fame is as secure as that of any English novelist except Sir Walter Scott, and she has written only comedies. But Mr. Hall Caine eschews the ways of peace, and proceeds in King Cambyzes' vein. To find any such blood-curdling events as there are in *The Christian* we must go to Marlowe or to the Bowery. Mr. Caine has put in —

Item, one suicide.

Item, three murders.

Item, one bloodhound.

Item, four seductions.

Item, ballet girls, gamblers, monks.

Item, two deaths in bed.

Item, music halls, thieves' dens.

Item, one impossible heroine.

Item, one impossible hero.

Item, one ha'penny worth of purpose to this intolerable deal of bombast.

It may be that greater genius is required to write tragedy than to write comedy. The critics say so. Nevertheless, courage, devotion, loyalty, love, are not less difficult to delineate when happy than when unhappy. The virtues of life are as hard to portray as they are to acquire. No man need fear that his pen is doing an unworthily easy task because he describes virtue and happiness. We know of no explanation of the neglect of comedy, unless it be that Satan has taken some of our novelists to the top of a high mountain and shown them the vices and miseries of the world in order to tempt them. Satan, we know, has no power to show them the joys and happi-

ness of life. Like one-eyed calendars the melancholy novelists go, blind to one half of life.

The Christian is said to have many readers in the United States. This interest shows the gloomy side of our great national virtue, good nature. For the sake of Mr. Caine's proclaimed purpose, the public endures such a book. It does not stop to think that if Mr. Caine in truth had had a noble purpose at heart, he would not have frustrated that purpose by a slovenly book; rather would he have waited, and by long preparation, by temperance, by refraining from the stretch of life beyond his powers, would have put his two talents to usury, and have brought back the increase to his conscience.

We ourselves have an inclination for sentiment (a word avoided by most people). By sentiment we mean that power of abstraction which distills finer elements from companionship of baser materials, to which the chances of mortal hours had bound them; we mean the friendliness of the cultivated mind which makes wholesome poor maimed matter. Sentiment is a great comforter. It is noiseless music.

"Leise zieht durch mein Gemüth
Liebliches Gelaute."

Goethe is the great master of sentiment. Mr. Caine is utterly devoid of it; and so innocent is he of any suspicion of his lack that in the middle of his melodrama — as upon tinsel falls a jet of sunshine — he quotes,

"Du liebes Kind, komm' geh' mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir,"

in utter unconsciousness of the effect which these two lines of poetry produce upon his readers. They show his self-deceit, and they drive us back to men of imagination, who learn from life, and tell us what they know.